



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



NEW

Barker







NO  
Bar

10/

[Lakes: Manhattan]

T



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



THE  
OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

2590



E

LONDON:  
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
*Instituted 1799.*

SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW,  
AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND  
BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

1853

TE

THE NEW YORK

PUBLIC LIBRARY

**264276B**

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

1944

L

# CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Some account of the old sea Captain, his cottage, and curiosities—The summer harbour, with the union-jack—School-boys—Heaving up the sheet anchor—Baling out water from the hold—Taking in a reef of the maintop-sail—Shot in the locker—Storm at sea—The ocean—The voyage of life—Going by the board—Bearing a hand—A shipwreck 1

## CHAPTER II.

Figure-head—Wake of a ship—Commodore—Mother Carey's chickens—Conger eels—Cornish fishermen—Harbour-master—Catching a shark—The cockatoo—The chameleon—The sword-fish—The man-of-war—the keel—the head—the stern—the decks—the masts—the yards—the sails—the rigging—Lines on the life-boat. . . . . 14

## CHAPTER III.

The Captain tells them about whales, and about the food they eat—He describes the catching of a whale, and the different kinds of whale-fishery—Field-fishing, Pack-fishing, and Bay-ice fishing—He relates the account of the loss of the Essex, a whale ship, that was struck and wrecked by a whale in the South Seas . . . . . 28

Marked 23 Nov. 1913

## CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

Noah's ark—The cutter—The gun-boat—The bomb-ketch— The privateer—The frigate—The man-of-war—The long boat—The launch—The barge—The pinnacle—The cutter —The yawl—The gig—The jolly boat—The galley—The merchant ship—The East Indiaman—The brig—The schooner—The sloop—The slave ship .....	39
--	----

## CHAPTER V.

Up all hammocks—A bo's'un—The ship-captain's address— Grog—The old bo's'uns speech at the temperance meet- ing—His drunken son—His conduct to his father—Intem- perance like Goliath—The resolution—Its great success —The only cure for hard drinkers .....	50
--	----

## CHAPTER VI.

The wreck of the Royal George—The explosion—The water thrown up fifty or sixty feet high—The log—The water- spout—The narrow escape—The explanation—The foun- dering of the Royal George—The parliament heel—The sheathing of a ship—Three hundred women aboard—The false pride of the second lieutenant—More than a thou- sand persons drowned—Cowper's lines on the Royal George .....	60
---	----

## CHAPTER VII.

Heaving the lead—To heave a-head—To heave astern—To heave at the capstan—To heave a flag aboard—The ship Bounty—Captain Bligh sails from Spithead—Cape Horn— Cape of Good Hope—Otaheite—Bread-fruit plants—Cap- tain Bligh seized in his cabin—The mutineers, headed by Christian, force him and eighteen others into a boat— They are turned adrift on the wide ocean—The mutineer sail to Toobonai, and then to Otaheite—They take away	
--	--

# CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

some of the natives, run the ship <i>Bounty</i> on an island, and set her on fire—Captain Bligh meets with great hardships, but gets safe to land—The <i>Pandora</i> frigate goes in quest of the mutineers—Part of them brought home, and three executed—Pitcairn's Island—Christian—John Adams—The islanders .....	73
--	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

A cruise—Lieutenant Archer's account of the <i>Phoenix</i> —Sailed for Port Royal—Two sandy islands—Catching turtle and parrots—The dollar bag—A sail on the weather bow—The little doctor—The disappointment—Breakers a-head—Heaving the lead—Three fathom—No ground with a hundred fathom—A squall—Mainmast sprung half through—Chased a man-of-war—A blow—Gale increases—Birds fall on the deck—A hurricane—The fore rigging manned—Pumps at work—Ship almost on her beam ends—Main and mizen masts carried away—The ship strikes—Crew get to land—Archer sails in a boat to Jamaica, and brings assistance.....	85
---	----

## CHAPTER IX.

A breeze—A steady breeze—A gale—A hurricane—A squall—Telescope—Quadrant—Compass—The <i>Prince East</i> Indiaman on fire—Soldiers ordered under arms—Yawl hoisted out—The long boat falls over the guns—Spars and yards thrown over—The flames increase—Distress on board the yawl—Arrive at Tresson Bay, on the coast of Brazil. ....	110
---	-----

## CHAPTER X.

Hailing a ship—Crossing the line—La <i>Meduse</i> frigate runs aground—The raft—Scarcity of provisions—Calamities on the raft—Desperation and bad conduct of the men—A	
--	--

	PAGE
fearful conflict between the officers and mutineers— Dreadful distress—Distressing state of the raft, when re- lieved by the Argus brig .....	121

## CHAPTER XI.

The hovel—The old sea Captain talks seriously to his young friends—Civilized and savage people—Doubling the Cape—Population of the globe—The number of pagans —The largest ocean, sea, and lake—The highest mountain, the longest river, and the best country—Points of the compass, latitude, and longitude—Bower-anchor—Stream- anchor—Kedge-anchor—Pilot's anchor—Floating anchor .....	131
--	-----

## CHAPTER XII.

Close hauled—A top-gallant gale—Ships of different kinds —The Alceste, Lyra, and the General Hewitt leave Ply- mouth—The Alceste, on her return, strikes on a reef of sunken rocks—Lord Amherst goes ashore, and afterwards embarks for Java—Captain Maxwell's steadiness and re- solution—Good conduct of the men—The Malay pirates —An alarm given by a baboon—The Pirates increase— The Alceste burned—Attack on the pirates—Arrival of the Ternate.....	142
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIII.

The first, middle, morning, starboard, and larboard watches —The missionaries—Meeting at St. Kitt's—The Maria mail boat—Antigua in sight—The ship on her beam ends —Distress of the captain—Negro and mate borne away in the boat by the waves—The ship broken up, and part of the crew drowned—A missionary's wife saved—The drowning dog—A signal hoisted—The cook and steward washed away—Two missionaries drowned in swimming to the shore—Death of the last missionary, and the captain—Mrs. Jones rescued from the wreck. ....	153
---	-----



## CONTENTS.

IX

### CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE

The miniature ship—Flag—Sudden death terrible to the wicked—Neva leaves Cork with convicts on board—Sea phrases—Ship strikes on a reef—Distress of the crew—Loss of the pinnace and long boat—A vessel arrives, and takes them away—Life-boats and rafts—Tackle. . . . . 164

### CHAPTER XV.

Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry—Baffin's Bay—Whales—Esquimaux Indians—Pulling noses—The looking-glass—Red snow—Return home—Hecla and Griper—Ships frozen up—White whales—Winter at Melville Island—Snow blindness—Fury and Hecla—Captain Parry reaches Hudson's Bay and Savage Islands—Aurora Borealis—Scurvy—Captain Parry returns home—Another expedition—Fury lost—The last attempts to discover a northern passage—Captain Back goes in search of Captain Ross—Both return safe. . . . . 174

### CHAPTER XVI.

Scudding—Trade winds—A Jack Tar has affections in his heart—Captain Back leaves Liverpool—Lake Superior—Fall of Kakabikka—The Great Slave Lake—The river Thlew-ee-choh—Chipewyans and Yellow Knives—Pemmican—Fort Reliance—Indian chief, Akaitcho—The sabbath day—Rugged ground—Fearful falls—Fogs—Return to Fort Reliance—Captain Back returns home . . . . . 186

### CHAPTER XVII.

The old sea Captain's first voyage—Sails from Liverpool in the Dolphin—Sea sickness—Bay of Biscay—A storm—The strange sail—Signals of distress hoisted—The long boat swamped—The Pirate goes down—Gibraltar—Ships from Tripoli and Algiers—Egyptian schooners—

Mediterranean squall—Constantinople—Mohammed— Alexandria—Funchal—The Franciscan convent—Ship on her beam-ends—Safe arrival .....	197
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A sham sailor—The Macaroni frigate—Captain Forecastle —Ben Bowlinè—The tobacco box—The impostor—Being at sea—Sharks, whales, porpoises, and flying-fish—A burning mountain—Storms, icebergs, whirlpools, water- spouts, mountains, waterfalls. ....	207
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIX.

Punishments—Flogging—Different opinions about punish- ments—Old Flog-hard—A spread eagle—Injustice and cruelty of the captain—The French frigate—The deck cleared for action—The captain's threat—The first broad- side—The death of Old Flog-hard—The officers and sea- men—The chase—Deck cleared for action—Up all hammocks—The waist of the ship—The top—The bo's'un —The carpenter—The gunner—The master—The lieute- nant—The captain—The surgeon—The battle—Round, grape, and canister shot, with chain, double-headed, and langrel .....	216
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX.

The joke of the old sea Captain—Blocks—The Governor Fenner and the Nottingham steamer—A hundred and twenty-two persons perish—Mid-ships—Spinning yarns —Rogue's yarn—The fierce cratur—Articles of war— Sentence of death—Yards—Court-martial. ....	229
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXI.

The way that sailors speak of ships—Columbus—Vasco de Gama—Cabot—Cortes—Pizarro—Pedro de Mendoza— Hudson—Cartier—La Roche—Ribault—Forbisher—Sir	
---	--

# CONTENTS.

xi  
PAGE

Walter Raleigh—Magellan—Cano—Sir Francis Drake— Noort—Spilbergen—Le Maire—Schouten—John Cook —Rogers, Cooke, and Courtney—Clipperton and Shelvoek —Commodore Byron—Wallis—Carteret—Captain James Cook—Portlock—Pérouse—De Langle—Flinders—Von Krusenstern—The helm—Knots—Bending a course ..	241
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXII.

Why the sea is salt—All hands piped on deck—Saluting the quarter-deck—The crew of a first-rate man-of-war— Sunday at sea—Hammocks piped up—Clear for muster —Beat to divisions—Inspection—Rig the church—The pulpit—The hassock—The congregation—Divine service —Drum beats to quarters—Reef topsails—Stand by the hammocks—Pipe down—Roll up the cloths—Call the watch .....	253
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Coming to an anchor—The American skipper—Sailor's library—Port of London—The wreck of the Atalanta— The great steadiness of Captain Hickey—Every one of the crew saved—Bells of the watch—Sailors' biscuits—Jack of the bread room—Box-hauling .....	264
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Cables—Nails—Ribands and Harpings—The severe captain —The strange sail—Chase and order for action—The refusal of the crew to fight—The captain's amazement and rage— The ship is boarded and taken—The stilling effect of oil on the waves—Pilots—Cats, hounds, bears, and horses —Weighing anchor by the long-boat .....	275
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXV.

Quarantine—The sparkling of the sea—The grassy sea—A storm and a calm—A sail at a sea-port—Rowing—A	
--	--

French galley—An Algerine galley boarding a merchant ship—Sailor's funeral—Ship-lanterns—Lighthouses—The Bell-rock—The Casket lights—The Dudgeon light—The Eddystone—Lizard point—The Needles—Portland—St. Anne's and South Foreland lights—Salutes—Brailing up and hauling down a main-top-mast-stay-sail—Making a good board—Making sail .....	287
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Arrival at Cape Come-again—The note of invitation—Barbary dates—Captain's biscuits—Slavery—The garden—The summer-house—The goodly prospect—The pocket compass—The old sea Captain's address .....	298
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Cape Come-again—The first meeting with the old sea Captain—Account of a storm in the Bible—Ships of different kinds—Wreck of the Royal George—Ben Bowline and Captain Forecastle—Crossing the line—Loss of the Alceste frigate, and of the Neva convict ship—Captains Ross, Parry, and Back—The first voyage of the old sea Captain—Blocks of different sorts—Navigators and Circumnavigators—Captain Hickey of the Atalanta—Cables—Close-hauling—Nails—Oil on the waters—Bidding farewell to the old sea Captain—Parting salute at Cape Come-again.....	310
--	-----

# THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN.



## CHAPTER I.

Some account of the old Sea Captain, his cottage and curiosities  
—The summer arbour with the Union Jack—Schoolboys—  
Heaving up the sheet anchor—Baling out water from the hold  
—Taking in a reef of the maintop-sail—Shot in the locker—  
Storm at sea—The ocean—The voyage of life—Going by the  
board—Bearing a hand—A shipwreck

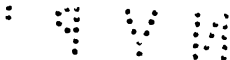
**SEE !** yonder comes the old Sea Captain in his p.-jacket,  
but he has on a straw hat, instead of his sou'-wester.

A p.-jacket is a short, rough, shaggy great coat, to keep out the storm; and it is called p.-jacket, in short for pilot jacket. A sou'-wester, or south-wester, is a cap which almost covers the head, neck, and face. The captain is dressed much the same as if he was on board ship: he usually dresses like a sailor.

The old Captain, when a lad, was on board a barge in the river; then he went on board a collier trading to Newcastle; then entered the merchant service: afterwards he served on board a king's ship, and then came back again to the merchant service, as captain. Many a storm has he weathered in his time, though he has given over a seafaring life now. His face has been tanned by the sun, and frozen by the frost.

You cannot do a better thing than to get acquainted with the old Sea Captain; for he has been in all parts of the world, and knows every thing about ships and shipwrecks. He will talk with you by the hour, about line of battle ships, and frigates, and brigs, and merchantmen, and cutters, and barges, and yawls, and pin-naces, and boats. He is acquainted with every mast, sail, rope, flag, and pendant on board a king's ship, from the stem to the stern; from the keel under the water, to the sky-scraper on the top of the mast.

He has seen a good deal of fighting, but he says very little about that, being a peaceable man, and a dear lover of his Bible, which he reads continually: he likes better to talk about voyages and adventures. If you can once get him to tell you about the sea, he will be quite at home directly. When he talks to sailors, you would



hardly understand him, he uses so many sea phrases; but when he speaks to young people, though he may sometimes puzzle them, yet he makes every thing so plain when they are attentive, that they all know what he means; or when it happens that they do not, if they ask him, he tells them directly.

His cottage is a pretty place; besides, he has got in it a capital model of a man-of-war, a merchant ship, a mariner's compass, a quadrant, and a telescope. A cockatoo, and cocoa nuts from the East Indies; bamboos from the West Indies; a live tortoise, and an ostrich's egg from Africa; and a stuffed chameleon from South America. Then he has marine curiosities; the jaw of a shark, the sword of a sword-fish, a nautilus, and beautiful pearl shells, and red and white coral. Pay a visit to his cottage, if you can; and be sure you get leave to go into his summer house, with the Union Jack flying at the top of it. The old Sea Captain is coming this way, and so I will leave you and him together! Farewell.

"Let us speak to the old Sea Captain, for he looks very good natured. Yes, let us speak to him.

"Good day, Captain! Can you please to tell us what you think the weather will be?"

"Wet, boys, wet! The wind is south west by south; and if it does not shift, we shall have a squall before we get many knots farther, sail at what rate we may."

"What do you mean by a knot, Captain?"

"Why, I thought all the world knew what a knot was. What you on the land call a mile, we sailors, at

sea, call a knot. If we sail at ten miles an hour, we say we are sailing at ten knots."

"Oh that is quite plain; we thank you for telling us, and shall not soon forget what a knot is."

"You are very welcome, boys, to what little knowledge I can give you. I suppose you are from the school yonder."

"Yes! We have been there only a few days, and have never walked so far as this before. It was the flag on the top of the summer house that brought us up here. We can see it very well from the playground."

"No doubt, boys. A squall is coming on now, or else you should go into my cottage, and see a model of a ship that I have there. Should you like to see it?"

"Very much indeed, Captain; we are fond of looking at the picture of a ship, and should, all of us, like to be sailors."

"Ay! Ay! This is the case with most young people who look at a blue jacket, just come off a cruise, when he is rigged out in his holiday gear, and has plenty of shot in his locker. You think it must be a rare thing to be a sailor, and do little or nothing; but if you were to see Jack heaving up the sheet anchor, or baling out water from the hold, or taking in a reef of the top-sails in a squall, or floating on a piece of the mast among the breakers in a wreck, you might alter your opinion. The sheet anchor is the largest of all anchors, and is not used on common occasions. Heaving up the sheet anchor, boys, is raising it out of the ground with the cable; baling out water, is handing up water in a bucket, and



throwing it overboard, when the ship is leaky, or has sprung a leak ; taking in a reef, is to make a sail less by tying a part of it up close together ; and floating on a broken mast among the billows, I need not explain to you."

"What do you mean by shot in the locker?"

"A shot-locker is the place in the hold of a ship where the shot is kept for action ; and so long as a Jack Tar has a shiner in his pocket, he is said to have a shot in his locker."

"We shall not forget that, Captain."

"Let me tell you this, boys, no one has any business at sea, who has not pluck enough to endure great hardships, and to do his duty in rough weather. There is something that wraps round the heart of a sailor, in the hardest service, when he knows that he is doing his duty. A willing disposition makes hard things easy, both at sea and on shore ; and a cheerful spirit throws off trouble, as a taught rope (which I dare say you know is a tight one) throws off a stone that is flung against it."

"Is a sailor's life a very hard one?"

"I have been a sailor the best part of my life, boys, but never yet complained of doing my duty. If, however, you wish to walk through the world like a dancing master, with silk stockings on your legs and feet, and white kid gloves on your fingers, you must keep away from the sea. No doubt, before now, you have pitied a chimney-sweep, when you have seen him limping through the streets with a soot-bag on his back ; but a man

before the mast, or common sailor, works three times as hard as any sweep that ever mounted a chimney."

"We should not have thought that, however."

"I dare say not, boys, and yet it is true. Hard work, however, hurts few people who are well fed, and regular in their habits. When once we are used to our work, it comes handy to us. With health of body, a willing mind, and help from above, a man may do wonders."

"No doubt you like the sea, Captain."

"I do, boys; but my poor crazy hull is fitter to be laid up in ordinary now, than to be put in commission for the public service. The sea is glorious to look upon in a calm, or when ruffled by a breeze; but in a storm it is one of the sublimest sights in the whole world. The finest description of a storm at sea, that I ever read, is to be found in the 107th Psalm. These are the words, and very expressive they are.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired

haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !”

“ We never took notice before, that there was such a beautiful account of a sea storm in the Bible.”

“ Ay, boys, if we read our Bible more than we do, and searched it more diligently, we should find a great deal more in it than we ever thought it contained. ‘ Like the sea ?’ Ay, indeed I do like it, and have loved it from a child.

“ Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,  
Mild, majestic, foaming, free ;  
Over time itself victorious ;  
Image of eternity.

“ Such art thou, stupendous Ocean !  
But if overawed by thee,  
Can we think without emotion,  
What must thy Creator be !”

“ We should like to see the sea when it runs mountains high.”

“ May be not, boys, unless you were standing on firm ground. See it, however, how and when you may, it will always be a glorious object to gaze on. Silvered by the moon, blackened by the storm, or when the sun flings upon it his rays of flaming gold.”

“ But does it not always look a good deal the same ?”

“ The same, boys ! No, for it is always changing ; and as you sail onwards there is something new to look at continually. Plenty of variety at sea. Hot and cold, wet and dry, calm and stormy, light and dark. One

while, the water is green as a leek; at another blue as the sky. Night often makes it as black as ink, and the storm fringes it with foam as white as snow. Then there are ebbs and flows, and shiftings of the wind, sea gulls, whales, porpoises, and flying-fish. Icebergs here, islands of sea-weed there, reefs and coral rocks, marine plants, water spouts, and whirlpools."

"We should never have thought of these things."

"Oh these are not half of them, boys; to say nothing of the ships you meet with, and the strange countries you visit. Human life has been likened to a voyage. See, here are some lines on the subject, that I copied into my log the other day, from a book that I fell in with. They are not perfect, certainly, for nothing in this world is so; but they suit an old weather-beaten sailor, like me, very well. I will read them to you.

"Events are flowing *waves* that onward roll,  
And Providence the *tide* that doth control;  
The *ocean*, life; the *bark*, the human soul.  
The word of God, the *chart* by which we steer;  
Conscience the *watch on deck* where danger's near;  
The *rock*, traced clearly on the *chart*, is sin;  
Hope is the *anchor* cast the vail within;  
The *cable*, the sure promises of God;  
The *wake*, the separate path by each that's trod;  
Reason, the *rudder*; Faith, the *magnet* true;  
And Heaven, the *harbour* to be kept in view.  
Jesus, as *Pilot* at the helm doth stand;  
The Spirit is the *breeze* that wafts to land.  
The *sails* to catch the breeze, the means of grace;  
The *masts*, occasions given for their embrace.

Our days to number, is the *log* to heave ;  
Our age, the *rate of vessel* through the wave ;  
Life's pulse, the *line* the water's depth to find ;  
The *crew*, the thoughts and feelings of the mind :  
The *freight* of holy tempers, rich supplies  
Intended for the harbour of the skies ;  
Death, the last *billow*, soon to break on shore ;  
Eternity, the *coast*, where time's no more. "

" Every thing about a ship and the sea is brought together there in a few lines, Captain."

" Life is but a short cruise at the best of it ; and the main-mast of the stoutest ship may go by the board without a moment's warning. Mind your reckoning, boys ; bear a hand cheerily to help your messmates in fair weather and foul ; and whether above or below, fore or aft, striking sail, or heaving anchor, always be found doing your duty."

" What do you mean by 'going by the board,' and 'bearing a hand,' Captain?"

" 'Going by the board,' is going over the ship's side ; and 'bearing a hand,' is to be quick in taking part when occasion requires ; but if I explain every thing, you will be such sailors that the old Sea Captain will be set little store by."

" Oh, no ! It is very kind of you to make things so plain to us ; but we must go to sea before we can be sailors. You must, some day, if you please, tell us of a shipwreck."

" A shipwreck ! I could tell you of too many ! Th old Sea Captain has often battled with the breakers"

Three times have I been wrecked, and once I was picked up for dead. I can say with the apostle Paul, 'A night and a day I have been in the deep.' In my pocket is a short account of a shipwreck which has been read by me twenty times over. If you like, while we walk on, I will read part of it to you. It is in this little book that I always carry with me."

"Why, Captain, that is a pocket Bible! There can be nothing about shipwrecks there."

"You are altogether out in your reckoning, boys. The shipwreck of Paul is full of interest, and it is told with great simplicity and power."

"We are quite astonished. But please to read a little of it."

"A little of it! Oh it is not a word too long; but I will pick you out a bit here and there. Now, listen then:— 'Not long after there arose a tempestuous wind.—And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive, [take her course.] And running under a certain island,—we had much work to come by the boat: which when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and, fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail, and so were driven. And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship; and the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship. And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away.'"

"Well, really it is a shipwreck! Please to read on."

“I will, boys. ‘When the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down,—about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country; and sounded, and found it twenty fathoms, [a hundred and twenty feet:] and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms, [ninety feet.] Then fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day. And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under colour as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship, Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.’ Well, boys, have you had enough of it now?”

“No, no! Please to go on to the very end.”

“The wind has shifted with you, it seems; but I will go on. ‘Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off.—And we were in all in the ship two hundred threescore and sixteen souls. And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea. And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship. And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder bands, and hoised up the mainsail to the wind, and made toward shore. And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the forepart stuck fast, and remained

unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves. And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape. But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which



could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.'" See Acts xxvii.

"We never knew before that there was such a beautiful account of a shipwreck as that in the Bible."

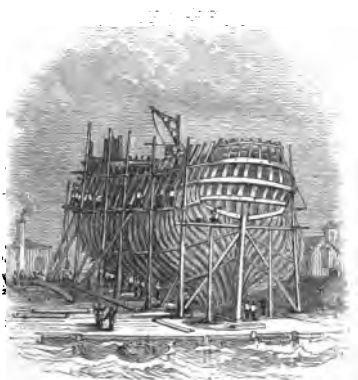
"Perhaps you may be led, then, to read your Bible a little more, boys. Haply, with God's blessing, you may



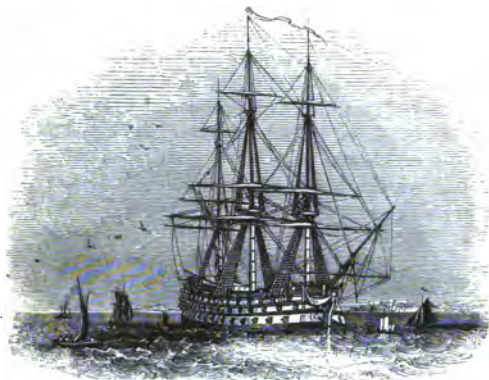
find that in it which may keep you from being shipwrecked for ever; even that hope of eternal life which believers possess, and which is 'as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus,' Heb. vi. 19, 20. But, see! It begins to drizzle. I told you we should have wet weather. Bear up, boys, and make all sail before the wind, and you will get into port yet right and tight, with your tackle undamaged. My sou'-wester and p.-jacket have stood many a storm."

"Thank you, Captain, for what you have told us: we shall soon see you again."

"Farewell, boys, farewell!"



SHIP IN FRAME



FIRST RATE MAN-OF-WAR, AT ANCHOR.

## CHAPTER II.

Figure-head—Wake of a ship—Commodore—Mother Carey's chickens—Conger eels—Cornish fishermen—Harbour master—Catching a shark—The cockatoo—The chameleon—The sword-fish—The man-of-war—the keel—the head—the stern—the decks—the masts—the yards—the sails—the rigging—Lines on the life-boat.

“WELL, boys! I suppose you are on a cruise of pleasure-taking. Your figure-heads are as ruddy as health can make them, and your eyes sparkle as bright as the wake of a ship that is cutting her way through the salt seas by the light of the stars. Do not forget God's goodness,

while you remember your own pastime. He made you and fashioned you, from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet, and gave you the life and spirits you enjoy. Remember your Creator in your youth, if you wish him to remember you in old age. On what tack are you sailing now?"

"We were coming up to you, Captain, to see your cottage, and curiosities, and summer arbour, and to ask you to tell us about the sea."

"Say you so? Then I must put about ship, and return into port. Come along, boys, and I will be your commodore. While we talk about the sea, let us not forget that God made it: 'The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land,' Psalms. xcv. 5.

"What is the meaning of figure-head, wake of a ship, and commodore?"

"A figure-head is the carved figure at the stem, or head of a vessel; the wake of a ship is the sparkling track left by her on the water; and a commodore is a general officer in the British navy, though the word means also the convoy-ship in a fleet of merchantmen, and in that sense I used it."

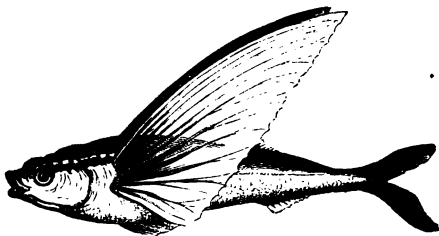
"Thank you, Captain: we shall remember all that you tell us."

"I wish you had a better instructor, boys; but in my poor way, I will tell you all I can. No one wishes more than the old Sea Captain to make young folks happy; but, then, he likes to know that they are brought up in the fear of the Lord, because without that, it is not possible for any one to be long happy. If I do what I can

to amuse you, you must take in good part my graver remarks."

"We will, Captain. We will, and thank you for them."

"My heart is light enough, boys, and I often think too light: seldom am I better pleased than when I have young people about me. It was but yesterday that half a dozen young folks, like yourselves, bore down upon me as I lay at anchor. I gave them such an allowance of mother Carey's chickens, prawns and porpoises, sharks and shipwrecks, flying fish and floating islands,



A FLYING FISH.

negroes, Esquimaux, and red Indians, canary birds and conger eels, wigwams, whales, and walruses, that, I warrant you, they have enough to talk about for the next fortnight at least."

"Mother Carey's chickens! What can they be?"

"Oh! sea-birds, that the blue-jackets call mother Carey's chickens."

"Do tell us about conger eels! What sort of creatures are they?"

"Odd creatures enough; and if you grapple them, they will grapple you. They run nine or ten feet long, and sometimes weigh a hundredweight. The fishermen on the Cornish coast catch a great number of them, with lines more than a hundred and fifty yards long, with three-scope baited hooks. I have known a conger twist himself so stiffly round a man's legs as to throw him down."

"We will have nothing to do with conger eels, Captain!"

"Better not, boys; every one to his station. Let the fisherman attend to his fish, and the schoolboy to his books; that's the way to make way through the world. But see, we are near the harbour; and as it is easy to enter, and has good anchorage, we cannot do better than stand for it. I have been your commodore, and now I will be your harbour-master."

"What is a harbour-master? We never heard of one before!"

"A harbour-master is an officer whose duty it is to inspect the moorings, and to see that the harbour regulations are properly observed. Well! now we are safe moored for the present."

"Oh, what a beautiful ship! And here is another! Look at the bird! It is a cockatoo. What a top knot he has and how he climbs up the cage with his beak! This is a cocoa-nut; but what the other things are, we cannot tell."

"You shall examine them all. This is the jaw of a

shark that was caught off Barbadoes, in the West Indies. We were lying to, that is, we were making little or no way, and some of the hands wanted to bathe, for it was very hot; but two or three sharks were seen darting about near the stern. A piece of salt beef was stuck on a large hook fastened to a chain, and the chain was made fast to a rope. This was hoisted overboard, and presently a spanking shark turned up his silvery belly a little on one side, and took in at once the beef, the hook, and a part of the chain."

"The sailors were glad of that, no doubt."

"Ay, boys! Sailors are too fond of cruel sport. It is all well enough to destroy God's creatures when they are wanted for food, or when they annoy us; but needlessly to inflict pain and death, is not to be justified. However, they hauled the shark on deck over the taffril, slipping a running bowline-knot down the rope, half over his body; his tail was then cut off with an axe, and with boarding pikes they soon finished him."

"Poor fellow, he fared but badly. Where did the cockatoo come from?"

"Cockatoos are found all over India, and the Indian isles. That one came from the Philippines, in the China sea, and a saucy fellow he is, as ever wore a topknot. See how his red eye sparkles! This stuffed animal is a chameleon. You have heard of the creature, I dare say; he is found in Syria, in the south of Europe, and in the north of Africa."

"Yes, we have heard of the chameleon changing into all manner of colours, and living on the air."

"Ay, boys, strange tales are told in the world. The chameleon feeds on insects, and his colour is changed, principally, by the great quantity of air that he draws in; this makes him more transparent, and also affects his blood, so that his colour is more rapidly changed than that of any other animal. See, this is the snout of a sword-fish. Most likely the fish took the ship for a whale, for he rushed at her, and left his sword, which snapped off, sticking fast in her hull."

"What a vicious creature he must have been!"

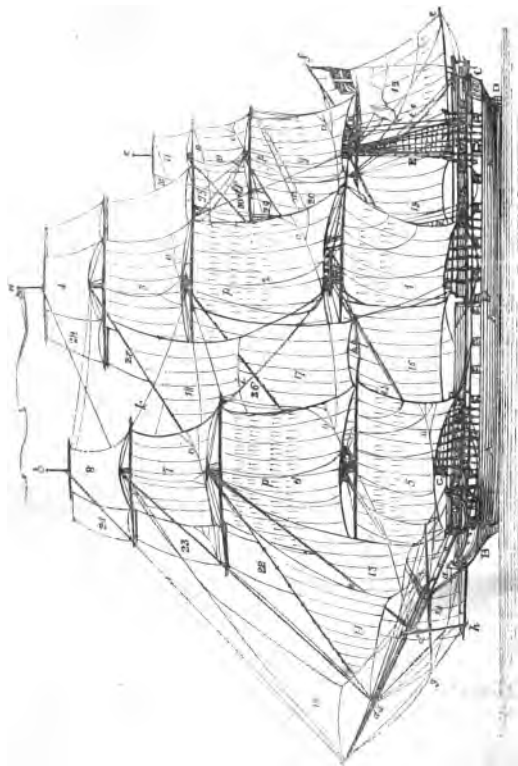
"We ought not to blame him for the nature that God gave him. The sea is full of wonders, fish of all kinds, and 'things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts,' *Psa. civ. 25*. We are poor ignorant creatures, and understand not God's designs. If we knew more than we do, we should plainly discern his power, his wisdom, and his goodness. Truly may it be said, 'The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods,'" *Psa. xcv. 3*.

"Please to tell us about the ship; this ship with so many masts, and sails, and so much rigging. Please to tell us all about it?"

"If I tell you half about it, you need ask me no questions about any thing else. That is a model of a first-rate man-of-war, of a hundred and twenty guns; and a finer model never was rigged."\*

\* The reader will be assisted by the picture on page 20, and by the following description.

A, A, A. THE HULL.—This term, in a general sense, comprehends the vessel, exclusive of masts, rigging, and sails.—B. The bows,



FRIGATE WITH ALL ITS SAILS SET.



“It is beautiful. Please to begin at one end of it, and go all through to the other.”

figure-head, cutwater, etc.—c. The stern.—d. The rudder.—e. The mizen shrouds.—f. The main shrouds.—g. The fore shrouds.

**MASTS.**—a. The Main-mast, in three lengths, including the mast, top mast, and top-gallant-mast; the royal mast being the elongation of the top-gallant-mast.—b. The fore-mast, similarly divided.—c. The mizen-mast, similarly divided.—d. The bowsprit.—dd. The jib-boom, beyond which extends the flying-jib-boom.—e. The mizen-boom.—f. The mizen-gaft, the outer extremity of which is called the mizen-peak.—g. The sprit-sail-yard.—h. The martingale.

**SAILS.**—1. The Main-sail, suspended from the main-yard.—2. The main-top-sail, suspended from the main-top-sail-yard.—3. The main-top-gallant-sail, suspended from the main-top-gallant-yard.—4. The main-royal, from the main-royal-yard.—5. The fore-sail.—6. The fore-top-sail.—7. The fore-top-gallant-sail.—8. The fore-royal.—9. The mizen-top-sail.—10. The mizen-top-gallant-sail.—11. The mizen-royal.—12. The mizen-sail, with its respective boom and gaft.

**STAYSAILS.**—13. The fore-top-mast stay-sail, running upon the fore-top-mast stay.—14. The jib.—15. The flying jib.—16. The main-stay-sail.—17. The main-top-mast stay-sail.—18. The main-top-gallant stay-sail.—19. The mizen-stay-sail.—20. The mizen-top-mast stay-sail.

**STUDDING SAILS.**—21. The fore-studding-sail.—22. The fore-top-mast ditto.—23. The fore-top-gallant ditto.—24. The fore-royal ditto.—25. The main-studding-sail.—26. The main-top-mast ditto.—27. The main-top-gallant-mast ditto.—28. The main-royal ditto.—29. The mizen-top-mast ditto.—30. The mizen-top-gallant-mast ditto.—31. The mizen-royal ditto.

**BRACES.**—ee. The main-brace.—ff. The main-top-sail ditto.—gg. The main-top-gallant-sail ditto.—hh. The fore-brace.—i. The fore-

"No, no, boys, that will never do. If I describe every thing, we shall never get to our hammocks to night. Be content with a little."

"Oh, we should so like to hear it all."

"Should you, indeed? It would tire out your patience. Now I will just travel with my finger up one of the masts, from the deck to the standard. See! here are the shrouds and ratlines, the stay, preventer-stay, stay-tackles, yard-tackles, lifts, and braces; the horse, the sheets, tack, bowlines, and bridles; top, cap, yard and course, with studding-sail-booms, and futtock-shrouds. We have now got up to the main-top-mast; are you tired?"

"Oh no! please to go on."

"Well! these are the shrouds and lanyards, and the yard and sail, with studding-sail-booms. Then come the back-stay, and preventer-stay, the stay and sail, the hal-yards, lifts, and braces; the horse-sheets, bowlines, and bridles, cross-trees, and cap; and now we are at the foot of the main-top-gallant-mast. Shall we go up any higher?"

"Up to the very top, Captain, where the flag is flying."

"You know what these are now, I dare say; they are shrouds, then come the yard and sail, back-stay, stay, hal-yard and sail, lifts, braces, bowlines, and bridles; royal

top-sail ditto.—*k*. The fore-top-gallant-sail ditto.—*l*. The mizen-brace.—*m*. The mizen-top-sail ditto.—*n*. The mizen-top-gallant-sail ditto.—*oo*, etc. The bowlines.—*pp*, etc. The reefs.

**SHEETS.**—The sheets are attached to the lower, outer angles of each sail, to secure them to their respective yards, etc.

stay, back-stay, royal yard and sail, royal braces, royal lifts; and, last of all, the royal standard. Well! Now you are very little wiser at the mast-head than you were on the deck below. Better let me describe the ship in my own way, boys."

"Then do, if you please, and we will pay all attention."

"This is a ship-of-war, boys: pity it is that there should be such a thing as war in the world. If we loved God better, we should love one another better, and live in peace and charity with all men: 'but now for the ship. See what a beautiful hull she has. There's a clean sweep for you, just what the hull of a vessel should have; made to resist the storm, and to cut her way through the bounding billows! The lowest part of the hull is the false keel. It is fastened under the keel to keep it from injury, in case the ship should strike against the ground."

"Ay! that must often happen when a ship is dashed on the rocks, or driven on the sands."

"Yes, and frequently, too, from a mistake in the ship's reckoning, or when sailing in a part not well known. Next to the keel comes the keelson, or kelson; this is laid exactly over the keel, to strengthen the ship. The timbers, or ribs, start off on each side from the keel, and inside and outside these, come the planking. That is the head of the ship where you see the figure of Britannia, and you know the stern by the rudder, which serves to direct the vessel in her course."

"Yes! There is the rudder, just under the cabin windows."

“ A ship of the first rate has three whole decks, besides the orlop, the forecastle, and quarter decks. The orlop deck, where the cabins and store rooms of the purser, the surgeon, the boatswain, the gunner, and the carpenters are, is under the lower gun deck. The cockpit is also under the lower gun deck, and near the after hatchway. Many a poor fellow is carried here during an engagement, that the surgeons may take away his shattered leg or arm.

“ Poor fellows ! We have often heard of the cockpit.”

“ War is a dreadful evil, boys, and we ought to pray every day of our lives to the Father of mercies that he would put an end to it, and establish peace for ever on the earth. The lower gun deck is called the first deck, it is broader and stronger than the others ; the middle deck is the second ; and the upper, or main deck is the third ; over this are the forecastle and quarter deck.”

“ We understand more about a ship when it is explained in this way, a great deal.”

“ A man-of-war has three masts, and the use of these masts is to carry the yards, the sails, and the rigging. The masts are divided into three parts. The lowest part of the main-mast is called the lower mast, or the main-mast ; the next part is the main-top-mast ; and the third part the main-top-gallant-mast.”

“ That is very plain, however !”

“ The fore-mast, and mizen-mast, are divided in the same way as the main-mast. So there are the fore-mast, the fore-top-mast, and the fore-top-gallant-mast ; the mizen-mast, the mizen-top-mast, and the mizen-top-

gallant-mast. Sometimes there is a smaller mast still higher up than those I have mentioned. That on the main-mast is called the main-top-gallant-royal-mast; that on the fore mast is the fore-top-gallant-royal-mast; and that on the mizen is the mizen-top-gallant-royal-mast. The bowsprit is a mast, or boom, which runs out over the stem, or head of the ship. See! this is the bowsprit."

"Ay! It runs out very different to the other masts."

"Now, then, for the sails and yards. A yard is a long piece of timber hung on the masts, to bear up, and stretch out the sails. See! This is a yard, it is the main-yard, for it hangs from the main-mast, and bears up the main-sail. The yards and sails are named after the masts they belong to."

"We should soon know all about a ship, if we had you, Captain, to instruct us."

"It is a new thing, boys, and you like it. We are sure to learn fast, when we like what we learn. The principal sails are the courses, or lower sails, the top-sails, the top-gallant-sails, and the top-gallant-royal-sails. Sometimes there is another above all, and that is the sky-scraper."

"We do not wonder at their calling it a sky-scraper."

"The courses, or lower sails, are the main-sail, the fore-sail, and mizen, the main-stay-sail, fore-stay-sail, and mizen-stay-sail; but, except in small vessels, the main-stay-sail is seldom used. There are so many sails about a first rate, that it is better to know a few of them

at a time, and to understand them, than to run over the names of them all."

"Yes! we like that plan better a great deal."

"The rigging of a ship is the rope part of it. Rigging is a general name given to the ropes used to support the masts, and to stretch out, take in, and secure the sails in all circumstances, let the wind blow which way it will. The lower rigging consists of the shrouds, (you would call them rope ladders,) and stays which support the lower masts. The standing rigging is what is fixed, and the running rigging is that which is moved in arranging the sails and the yards. Well now, boys, you have a general notion of the principal parts of a ship,—the hull, the masts, the yards, the sails, and the rigging, and that must serve you for the time present; for I must tell you that I happen to be under sailing orders just now, and it is time for me to get out of harbour."

"We will not keep you any longer, though it is very pleasant to stay here, and to hear you talk to us. Perhaps, some day, you will tell us a little more about your curiosities; though we should like an account of voyages and shipwrecks still better."

"I will be on the look-out for you, boys; and will tell you about a shipwreck, if that will please you."

"And, perhaps, you will tell us, too, about a life-boat."

"Ay, and welcome, boys—

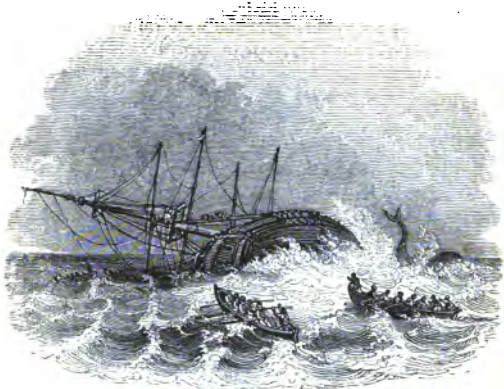
"The life-boat! the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain,  
And white-crested breakers, oppose her in vain;  
Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch,  
She's the vessel of mercy; good speed to her launch!

The life-boat ! the life boat ! how fearless and free  
 She wins her bold course o'er the wide rolling sea !  
 She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain ;  
 She has stemmed them before, and she'll stem them again !

“ But now farewell ! The promises of God are an  
 eternal life-boat : let us keep our eyes upon them, and  
 then we shall be safe for time and eternity.”



THE LIFE-BOAT.



LOSS OF THE ESSEX. SEE PAGE 33.

## CHAPTER III.

The Captain tells them about whales, and about the food they eat—He describes the catching of a whale, and the different kinds of whale-fishery—Field-fishing, Pack-fishing, and Bay-ice fishing—He relates the account of the loss of the *Essex*, a whale ship, that was struck and wrecked by a whale in the South Seas.

“Now, Captain, will you please to tell us about a whale? You must have seen a great many whales in your time.”

“True, boys, I have seen a great many, and am quite willing to tell you what I know of them; for it may be a long while before you see one for yourselves.”



“ How big is a whale ? ”

“ Whales are of different sizes, but I never saw one more than seventy feet long. The throat of the fish\* is narrow, but the mouth is very wide, almost, or quite wide enough to take in a ship's jolly boat, with eight or ten men in her. You stare at me, as if you could hardly believe it; but it is quite true.”

“ If whales have such wide mouths, it is a wonder that they do not eat up all the fish in the sea.”

“ All the fish in the sea ! Why they hardly eat any of them ; the creatures they feed on are, for the most part, not much larger than pins' heads.”

“ Is that possible ! It must take thousands and thousands of such little creatures to feed them.”

“ Thousands and thousands ! Ay, millions and millions. The whale, that is, the black, or bone whale, found in the Northern Ocean, has no teeth, for he does not want any. Instead of them, he has a fringe of whalebone round his jaws ; so that, as he goes through the water with his mouth open, he takes in hogsheds of these small creatures. The water runs out of his mouth again when he closes it, but the whalebone fringe catches the insects. So you see that the largest creature lives on almost the smallest.”

“ That is very strange ! ”

“ Almost all things seem strange that we are not accustomed to ; and the strangest things do not surprise us when they become common. The sperm-whale of the

\* In scientific books, the whale is placed under the Class *Mammalia*, in the Order *Cetacea*.

South Seas, from which spermaceti is obtained, has teeth. Some people think that Leviathan, mentioned in the book of Job, means the whale; but those who are better informed are pretty well agreed that it means the crocodile."

"Please to tell us how they catch whales. They are big enough to swim away with the boat and the men too."

"Very true, and sometimes they do this; but I will tell you all about it. Whale ships set off from Hull and Peterhead, and other places, so as to put in Baffin's Bay about the month of May, that is, if they are North Sea whalers; and when they see a whale spouting out his hot steaming breath, they man two or three boats directly, and set out after him."

"Now we shall hear how they manage him."

"I should have told you, that to man a boat, is to put into her as many men as are wanted. Well, these men set out as coolly and as collectedly as if it were on a party of pleasure, and yet they go with their lives in their hands. They may get entangled with their lines, or their boat may be pulled under water by the whale, or be capsized with a stroke of his tail; yet they fear not. Custom and habit render hard things easy, and take away fear from the minds of men. Yet oftentimes terrible accidents occur. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they are called into eternity. Whale-fishing is of different kinds. *Field-fishing* is catching whales among large sheets of strong, solid ice. *Pack-fishing* is taking fish where drift ice is closely packed together;

and *Bay-ice-fishing*, is catching whales where the ice is thin, and will not bear a man's weight."

"We must remember that, however."

"I could amuse you for a week about whale-fishing, but that would hardly suit either of us. Well, the men in the boats have their different duties to perform. Some steer the boats, some manage the lines, and some harpoon the whales; they have plenty of harpoons and lines with them."

"How big are the harpoons? and how long are the lines?"

"The harpoon is a piece of iron about three feet long, with a strong barb at one end; the other end is made fast to a line, and the line may, perhaps, be about a hundred and twenty fathoms."

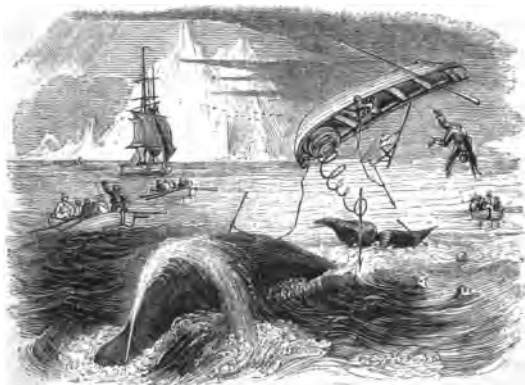
"What a length! Why there are six feet to a fathom! so the line must be more than seven hundred feet long."

"Right, boys, and every boat carries six of these lines. The whale is a fish that must come to the top of the water very often to breathe; and when the men in the boats see him, and can get near enough, they drive a harpoon into his back. This is sometimes done with the hand, and sometimes the harpoon is fired from a carronade, or small cannon, fixed at the boat's head."

"Sad work for the poor whale!"

"Sad, indeed, boys! As soon as the fish is struck, down he goes to the bottom of the sea; running out the rope so fast, that it would set fire to the edge of the boat, if water was not thrown upon it. After stopping down some time, the whale comes up again; but no

sooner does his back appear above water, than other harpoons are plunged into him ; and besides this, he is stabbed with their sharp spears, six feet long. At times, he runs out the lines from several boats, and now and



WHALE-FISHING.

then takes a boat with him, but not often. When he is exhausted with his wounds from the harpoons and spears, he turns on one side to die, and then the crews of the several boats give three loud cheers."

"Poor whale ! All his great strength cannot save him."

"No ; for God has given man power over the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea.

Sometimes, whales have been furious, and done much mischief to ships. Should you like to hear the account of the loss of the Essex whaler, that was wrecked by a whale?"

"Oh yes, Captain! We should like to hear it of all things!"

"Well, then, you shall hear it; though I cannot afford the time to dwell much upon it."

"Nantucket is a sea port in North America; and it was from this place that the Essex set sail, on the 19th of November, 1819, to go to the South Seas to catch whales. George Pollard was the name of her captain. The crew had no reason to complain of bad success; for they killed several whales, and soon had seven or eight hundred barrels of oil on board."

"Seven or eight hundred barrels! Why where could they put so many?"

"Oh, there was plenty of room in the ship. Many more barrels than these may be stowed away in the hull of a whaler. Well, all at once several fish were seen, (whales are called fish by those who catch them,) and two or three boats were soon after them. The captain was in one of the boats, and the second mate in another."

"Does the captain ever go into the boat to catch whales?"

"The captain, ay! why not. I suppose that you think the captain of a whaler is dressed up in blue, and gold lace, with a wide cocked hat upon his head; but this is not the case. He wears a jacket as rough as

mine is, and a cap that you would play at football with. The captain soon struck a whale; and the second mate had struck another, when a black man who was in the mate's boat cried out, 'Massa! where ship?' Several of the hands, (men are often called hands on board ship,)—several of the hands looked round, and there lay the Essex on her beam ends!"

"What do you mean by lying on her beam ends, Captain?"

"A ship is said to lie on her beam ends, when she lies all along on her side, in the water. There she lay, and a large whale near her."

"Ay! It was that whale that did the mischief."

"You are right, boys. The captain and the mate came back to the ship with their men, for they had cut their lines, and set the whales they had struck at liberty. It appeared that the vessel had been struck by a whale, which rose near the ship, and darted under her, knocking off a great part of her false keel."

"We remember what you told us about false keels."

"Yes, I told you that a false keel is a thick piece of timber bolted, or fastened to the bottom of the real keel, to preserve it from injury. The fish that had done the mischief went off as much as a quarter of a mile; and then came back, rushing through the water at a furious rate, and dashing itself headlong once more against the ship. The shock was so violent, that the ship was thrown again on her beam ends; and, besides that, she filled with water, for her bows were stove in. When the masts were cut away, she righted once more; but it

was impossible to save her, such a wreck as she was, so the captain ordered out the boats; and the crew having got at a little wet biscuit and some fresh water, to take with them, left the ship."

"And did the ship sink, Captain?"

"No doubt she did, boys. The boats remained alongside her for three days, and then left her; sailing for twenty three days without seeing land. All this time they had nothing but half a biscuit and a pint of water for each man every day."

"A pint of water might do pretty well; but only half a biscuit for a whole day! They must have been as hungry as rats."

"No doubt they were. The broken victuals that we give to the beggar at the door, even a mouldy crust, would have been a treat to them. These things should teach us to value more highly our common daily blessings, to eat our food more thankfully, and to praise God more heartily for the comforts we enjoy. They stopped six days in Elizabeth's island; but finding no food there, and very little water, they all left it but the second mate and two seamen. The three boats set off together, hoping to fall in with some ship, for they were a thousand miles from land; but they soon parted company, and one boat with her crew, no doubt, went to the bottom."

"And what became of the other two boats?"

"One of them was picked up by a brig, after having been at sea ninety-three days; but there were only three men alive in it,—Owen Chase, the first mate, who was a

brave resolute man, and two seamen. The other boat was at sea sixty days, and then fell in with a whaler ; but the crew had endured such hardships, that they all sank under it, but the captain and a boy. Only five out of the crews of the three boats were saved. Seventeen were lost."

"That was a sad affair, indeed ! But what became of the mate and the two men left on the island ? Were they ever heard of after ?"

"Yes ! But I should tell you a little of their sufferings. They dug a well, but they found no water ; and had it not been for the showers that fell, they must have perished. Oh, boys, be thankful for every drop of cold water you drink ! We drink little of water because it is plentiful with us, but that ought only to make us the more grateful. The water that we throw away would, in many cases, save the life of a perishing seaman. For food, they caught small birds at night, when they were at roost ; and from some of the trees of the island they gathered a few berries ; besides these, they caught five turtles, but before they had eaten one, the others were too bad to eat."

"Poor fellows ! And did they get away at last ?"

"Don't be in a hurry, boys. In looking for water among the rocks, they found eight human skeletons. This was enough to make them melancholy ; for no doubt these were the remains of seamen who had taken refuge on the island when shipwrecked. They looked forward to the time when their bones, also, would be whitening on the shore.



"It was on the morning of the 5th of April, 1820, that they heard a sound like thunder. At this time they were in the woods, looking about them for food and water. What was their joy, on turning their faces seaward, to observe a ship in the offing, that is, out at sea a good distance from the shore. It was a gun fired by the ship that made the noise."

"How glad they must have been."

"They were, indeed; and down they fell on their bended knees, to thank God for his goodness in saving them from a lingering death. Ay, boys! we are all ready enough to thank God when he does any thing to please us; but we are backward enough when, in his wisdom, he does that which displeases us. It is a good thing to thank God at all times, and to have, as the psalmist says, his praise 'continually' in our mouths."

"But did the mate and the two sailors really get safe away from the island?"

"Yes; for though the boat that the ship sent to them could not reach the shore, it was so dangerous, the mate dashed among the billows, and was taken up half drowned. The other two were also saved; and being kindly treated by the captain of the Surry, the ship that saved them, they soon recovered their health and strength."

"Such things as these ought to make us feel for sailors."

"I am glad that you think so, boys. When you grow older, you may be able to do something for their good, and until then you can put them in your prayers."

Many and many a night, when we are snugly tucked up in our warm blankets, poor shipwrecked sailors, hanging on the rigging of a foundering vessel, or bestriding a broken mast, or clinging to a rugged rock, are drenched by the roaring billows of the ocean, with nothing but death and eternity before them. Think of these things, boys, and then you will be the more likely to bear your own troubles bravely, and, one day or other, to befriend the sailor.



SHIPWRECKED MARINERS.



SLAVE SHIP. SEE PAGE 48.

## CHAPTER IV.

Noah's ark—The cutter—The gun-boat—The bomb-ketch—The privateer—The frigate—The man-of-war—The long-boat—The launch—The barge—The pinnace—The cutter—The yawl—The gig—The jolly-boat—The galley—The merchant-ship—The East Indiaman—The brig—The schooner—The sloop—The slave ship.

“ HERE we are, Captain, to hear your account of ships. You said that you would tell us of some of the different

vessels that are used in war and peace. Now we are quite ready to hear all about them."

"If I promised to tell you about ships, I ought to keep my word; for the sailor who breaks his promises at one time, is not likely to be trusted at another. No time like the present time; so I will, as we tars say, get under weigh directly. But, before I describe the ships of the present day, let me speak a word about the first ship of which we have any account. The first ship, boys,



NOAH'S ARK.

as far as we know, that ever floated on the waters, was the ark of Noah, at the time of the flood. It was built of gopher wood, supposed to be from the cypress tree; the least subject to decay, perhaps, of all kinds of wood. This was more than four thousand years

ago, but we may learn a lesson from it now; for as the ark was a place of refuge from the flood, so is the Saviour of sinners a refuge from the flood of sin that has deluged the world.

"The ships that are now used are very many. The smallest vessel for war, is a *Cutter*. It is like a long-boat, only it has a deck, a mast, and boom mail-sail

fore-sail, and gibs, which are hoisted on ropes running from the head of the mast down to the bowsprit. Cutters are very fast sailers. They are called cutters, because they cut the water by their sharpness."

"Yes, we have heard of cutters running after smugglers."

"True, boys. Smuggling is a bad trade; better fear God, and trust him for a biscuit, or a crust of bread, than get rich by smuggling. A *Gun-boat* is built with a flat bottom, that it may draw but little water. It is broad, according to its size, and carries a large long gun, or cannon."

"Ay, gun-boats are what Buonaparte intended to invade England with. We have read of them."

"I dare say you have. Had Buonaparte made good his boast of invading us, nobody knows how it might have fared with us. Buonaparte was a great man among men, but he was no more than the dust of the balance in the hands of the Almighty."

"A *Bomb-ketch* is a strong vessel, built to carry a mortar, or very short cannon, from which are fired hollow iron balls, filled with gunpowder, and other destructive materials."

"Bomb-shells must be terrible things."

"They are, boys. But all weapons of war are terrible. May God, in his goodness, do away with them all."

"A *Privateer* is a ship built by private persons, and licensed by government, to be sent out in times of war, to bring in prizes. They are of different sizes, and sometimes carry many guns."

Indiamen have three masts, and carry as many as twenty guns, in case they should be attacked by an enemy. Their burden is, sometimes, twelve or fifteen hundred tons."

"Ay, they must want guns, when they have so much property in them."

"I heard of a merchant-ship, a short time ago, that left England with a cargo worth half a million of money. Such a cargo is seldom heard of. Look at my model of a merchant-ship—a perfect beauty! A *Brig* is generally used for short voyages. It carries two masts, and is square rigged; having yards or spars across the masts, like a ship. I am not speaking of a brig-of-war now, but a merchant-ship."

"How many kinds of ships there are!"

"Yes, boys; but I can only undertake to tell you about a part of them. A *Schooner*, like a brig, has two masts; but it is not usually square rigged. Some schooners are large, and some small; and many of them sail very fast. It is a rare thing for a schooner to make a very long voyage. The *Sloop* has but one mast; it is used for coasting: but there are war sloops that will sail every where."

"We have often heard of ships being laden with slaves."

"Ay, too many of them. Pity that good timber should ever be put to so bad a purpose. The slave trade, boys, is one of the blackest blots on the foreheads of human beings. England has nobly wiped it away from her brow; but other nations wear it still, for they

carry on the trade with as much ardour as ever. Slave ships are fitted out, for the purpose of bearing the captured negroes away from their native land, to return no more; and hundreds of thousands are thus carried across the wide Atlantic.

“Many of these poor slaves die on their passage, for want of fresh air, being packed as close together as they can well sit; many are flung into the sea alive, to prevent their being taken by British cruisers; and still more wear out their lives in bondage, oppressed by their cruel masters, and lashed by their iron-hearted overseers. Oh boys! when you put up your prayers, forget not the poor slaves in their bondage; and pray, too, that the hearts of their masters may be softened, and their eyes opened to see the coming judgments of God on unrepentant transgressors.”

“We must not forget to do that; for the slave trade is a shocking trade!”

“Shocking, indeed! Some years ago, the whole crew of a slaver fell victims to a pestilence on board the ship, brought on by the crowded state of the slaves, and their dead bodies. I have a fine piece of poetry, written on the subject, and may as well read it to you. The writer has, no doubt, taken some liberties; but it strikingly sets forth the misery on board a slave ship, and the joy that a slave would probably feel at the death of his tormentors.”

“We should like to hear the lines, and we will not interrupt you with a single word.”

“Well, then, I will now read them.

## THE SLAVE SHIP.

## THE SLAVE SHIP.

“ There was no sound upon the deep  
The breeze lay cradled there ;  
The motionless waters sunk to sleep  
Beneath the sultry air :  
Out of the cooling brine to leap,  
The dolphin scarce would dare.

Becalm'd on that Atlantic plain,  
A Spanish ship did lie ;  
She stopp'd at once upon the main,  
For not a wave rolled by :  
And she watch'd six dreary days, in vain,  
For the storm-bird's fearful cry.

But the storm came not, and still the ray  
Of the red and lurid sun  
Wax'd hotter and hotter every day,  
Till her crew sank one by one ;  
And not a man could endure to stay  
By the helm, or by the gun.

Deep in the dark and fetid hold  
Six hundred wretches wept ;  
They were slaves, that the cursed lust of gold  
From their native land had swept ;  
And there they stood, the young and old,  
While a pestilence o'er them crept.

Cramm'd in that dungeon-hold they stood,  
For many a day and night,  
Till the love of life was all subdued  
By the fever's scorching blight ;  
And their dim eyes wept, half tears, half blood,  
But still they stood upright.



And there they stood, the quick and dead,  
Propp'd by that dungeon's wall,  
And the dying mother bent her head  
On her child—but she could not fall ;  
In one dread night the life had fled,  
From half that were there in thrall.

The morning came, and the sleepless crew  
Threw the hatchways open wide ;  
Then the sickening fumes of death up-flew  
And spread on every side ;  
And ere that eve, of the tyrant few,  
Full twenty souls had died.

They died, the gaoler and the slave—  
They died with the self-same pain ;  
They were equal then, for no cry could save  
Those who bound, or who wore the chain ;  
And the robber-white found a common grave .  
With him of the negro stain.

The pest-ship slept on her ocean bed,  
As still as any wreck,  
Till they all, save one old man, were dead  
In her hold, or on her deck :—  
That man, as life around him fled,  
Bow'd not his sturdy neck.

He arose, the chain was on his hands,  
But he climb'd from that dismal place,  
And he saw the men, who forg'd his bands,  
Lie each upon his face ;  
There on the deck that old man stands  
The lord of all the space.

He sat him down, and he watched a cloud  
Just cross the setting sun,  
And he heard the light breeze heave the shroud,  
Ere that sultry day was done ;  
When the night came on, the gale was loud,  
And the clouds rose thick and dun.

And still the negro boldly walk'd  
The lone and silent ship ;  
With a step of vengeful pride he stalk'd,  
And a sneer was on his lip—  
For he laugh'd to think how death had baulk'd  
The fetters and the whip.

At last, he slept ; the lightning flash  
Played round the creaking mast,  
And the sails were wet with the ocean's plash,  
But the ship was anchor'd fast ;  
Till, at length, with a loud and fearful crash,  
From her cable's strain she past.

Away she swept, as with instinct rife,  
O'er her broad and dangerous path,  
And the midnight tempest's sudden strife  
Had gathering sounds of wrath ;  
Yet on board that ship was no sound of life,  
Save the song of that captive swarth.

He sang of his Afric's distant sands,  
As the slippery deck he trod ;  
He fear'd to die in other lands  
'Neath a tyrant master's rod ;  
And he lifted his hard and fettered hands  
In a prayer to the negro's God.

He touch'd not the sail nor the driving helm,  
But he looked on the raging sea,  
And he joy'd—for the waves that would overwhelm  
Would leave his spirit free ;  
And he pray'd that the ship to no Christian realm  
Before the storm might flee.

He smiled amidst the tempest's frown,  
He sang amidst its roar ;  
His joy no fear of death could drown—  
He was a slave no more.  
The helmless ship that night went down  
On Senegambia's shore."

"Poor old man! we are sorry for him; and yet he seemed glad, and, indeed, happy, to think that his enemies were dead."

"Yes, boys; he felt as a savage would feel on such an occasion. Heathens are taught that revenge is virtue; but the Christian religion teaches us to forgive and love our enemies. 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you,' Matt. v. 44. I might keep you another hour; but now it is time for you to be weighing anchor, and making off for Cape Academy, under press of sail. Always obey flag-ship signals, never neglect your duty, and who can tell but you may sail yourselves some day with a red flag at the fore. Farewell!"

"Farewell, Captain, and thank you."



CABIN OF TIPPOO SAIB.

## CHAPTER V.

Up all hammocks—A bo's'un—The ship-captain's address—Grog—The old bo's'uns speech at the temperance meeting—His drunken son—His conduct to his father—Intemperance like Goliath—The resolution—Its great success—The only cure for hard drinkers.

“How do you do, Captain! What picture is that you were looking at?”

“Oh, this is the cabin of the Tippoo Saib, boys; it shows the officers at their mess.”

“We hope that you are in a good humour, Captain, for we are come to make war upon you all at once.”

“Oh ho! then I must clear the deck, up all hammocks, and prepare for action. I suppose you'll be

throwing your grapplings, boarding me to windward and leeward, larboard and starboard, at the same time."

"What is the meaning of 'up all hammocks'?"

"There's little time to be lost in explanations when a battle is going to begin, so that I must tell you at a word that hammocks are the sailor's hanging-beds. These must be removed before an engagement, to make more room, and stowed so as to defend the ship. A grappling is a small anchor, used to lay hold of a ship that is intended to be boarded. But come! what tack are you upon, my boys; for I have no notion of striking my colours for a trifle?"

"Well, then, we are come to talk with you about sailors being such sad swearers and drunkards. Every body tells us so. They are bold and brave fellows; but still, Captain, they are sad swearers and drinkers."

"You're bringing your heavy carronades to bear upon me now, however; and I must either sheer off to prevent mischief, or return the compliment with a broadside. To own the truth, boys, it is as you say, and I am very sorry for it. The commandment says, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain,' Exod. xx. 7. And in the New Testament it says, 'Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool,' Matt. v. 34, 35. Sailors are sadly neglectful of God's commands; but let me speak one word here for poor Jack. You must remember, boys, that sailors have not been brought up as you have been. Many of them are

the children of thoughtless and ungodly parents, who never set them a good example. At an early age, mayhap, they took to the sea, where a drinking and swearing captain, a drinking and swearing bo's'un, and drinking and swearing messmates, made them worse than they were before."

"A bo's'un! What is a bo's'un?"

"A bo's'un is a boatswain, the officer on board ship who has the boats, sails, rigging, colours, anchors, cables, and cordage, under his care; but I forgot that I am not talking to my brother shipmates, and must speak a little plainer. Suppose I call him a boats'un, and that will be half land, and half water, and will suit us both. But, as I was saying, sailors have not been brought up as you have been; and, therefore, you must not be too hard upon them."

"But has any thing been done to teach them better, Captain?"

"Oh yes, a great deal; though not half so much as there ought to be. Sailors neither swear nor drink as they did, years ago."

"We are glad to hear that they are mending, however."

"I will tell you, boys, a curious circumstance of a ship captain, that I lately heard of. He stood on the quarter-deck to read his orders to the crew, when he took the command of his vessel, and he spoke to them something after this manner:—

"My lads, I am going to propose something to you in which I expect to be obeyed; I am going to make a

law, and shall insist upon its being kept. Indeed, for the matter of that, I shall be well content to ask it as a favour, and I trust, as British seamen, you won't refuse it to a British officer. What say you, my lads! Are you willing to grant your new captain a favour?" There was not a hand on board that did not sing out, 'Ay, ay, sir! we will;' and then they wished to know what it was that he wanted of them.

" 'Why, my lads,' cried the captain, 'it is this, that, as commander of the ship, you will let me swear the first oath that is sworn on board; not a man nor an officer on board this ship is to let an oath divide his lips, till I have sworn one first. Come, my fine fellows! what say you! Am I to have my way, or not? I am pretty sure that before long you will, some of you, be coming aft to ask favours of me; and, therefore, you ought to begin by granting me one. What do you say, my lads? Am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board this ship?'

"The men stood as stiff as the masts of the vessel, all staring at the captain; they had never heard of such an odd request before, and were taken 'all aback,' they were brought up 'all standing;' but the captain at them again.

" 'Now, my fine fellows, you know what it is that I want of you! Speak out. Am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board my own ship?'

"The manner of the new captain was so full of good nature, and so upright and straightforward, that every hand was pleased with him, and shouted out, 'Ay, ay,

sir! giving, at the same time, three hearty cheers; but the best part of the story is to come, and that is this, the captain was no swearer; the crew kept their promise, and no oaths were sworn on board that ship."

"Ay! If every ship had such a captain as that, swearing would be soon done away with."

"I don't know that, boys. It may be easy to stop the mouth, but hard to alter the heart. God's goodness and grace can only convince a swearing sailor of the error of his ways."

"Did the captain try to cure them of drinking, as well as of swearing?"

"I don't know, boys. I can't tell; but as he tried to cure them of the one, he was likely enough to attempt the other. Sailors are too fond of grog a great deal."

"What is grog? for we hardly know."

"Grog is a general name for spirits and water; but, generally, it means rum and cold water, mixed together without sugar."

"Why not give the sailors beer, instead of rum?"

"In the first place, in warm latitudes, beer would not keep; and in the next, if it would keep, it would take up too much room in the stowage of it. Water is mixed with the spirit, to keep the sailors from intoxication, and to prevent the mischief it otherwise would do them. You must not think that seamen are always 'half seas over,' or fuddled with liquor: it is when they get a double allowance, or at holiday times, that they usually give way so much to drinking. You have heard of temperance meetings, I dare say?"



“ Oh yes, we have ; but we never heard of one among sailors.”

“ Mayhap not ; but if you like to hear the account of an old boats'un who attended one of them, I will give it you.”

“ Yes ! Yes ! We should like to, hear it very much. We like to hear every thing that you are so good as to tell us.”

“ Then the sooner I get under weigh with my tale, the better ; for after I have told it, we must part company. An old companion and I are about, at some distance from here, to overhaul the log of our past days together, for an hour or two ; and most likely, we shall talk a bit of the breakers that are a-head, and the heavenly haven that we hope to enter at the last. But now to my tale. A captain, who was friendly to temperance meetings, sent his boats'un to one that was about to be held. The boats'un listened for some time to what was going on, and then it came to his turn to speak.

“ ‘ Ay, ay, sir,’ said he, and all eyes were turned upon him, as he rose, in his shaggy p.-jacket, clean shirt collar, tidy black silk neck-cloth, loose grey locks, and sedate expression of face : he might have passed for the very patriarch of the flood. ‘ Please your honour,’ said the old boatswain, ‘ I’ve come down here by the captain’s orders ; and if there’s anything stowed away in my old weather-beaten, sea-chest of a head, that may be of any use to a brother sailor, or a landsman either, they’re heartily welcome. If it will do any good in such a cause as this, that you’re all come here to talk about, ye may

go down below, and overhaul the lockers of an old man's heart. It may seem a little strange, that an old sailor should put his helm hard up, to get out of the way of a glass of grog; but, if it wasn't for the shame, old as I am, I'd be tied up to the rigging, and take a dozen, rather than suffer a drop to go down my gangway.'

"By this time, all eyes and ears were rivetted upon the speaker. His voice, though he spoke at the natural pitch of it, was remarkably clear and strong, and his whole manner was calculated to create a feeling of respect. He stood as firmly as a main-mast, and a well-carved image of him, p.-jacket and all, would have made a fine figure-head for a ship.

" 'Please your honour,' the old sailor continued, 'it is no very pleasant matter for a poor sailor to go over the old shoal, where he lost a fine ship; but he must be a shabby fellow that wouldn't stick up a beacon, if he could, and fetch home soundings and bearings, for the good of all others who may sail in those seas. I've followed the sea for fifty years. I had good and kind parents: thank God for both. They brought me up to read the Bible, and keep the sabbath. My father drank spirits sparingly; my mother never drank any. Whenever I asked for a taste, he always was wise enough to put me off. "Milk for babes, my lad!" he used to say; "children must take care how they meddle with edge-tools." When I was twelve, I went to sea, cabin boy of the 'Tippoo Saib'; and the captain promised my father, to let me have no grog, and he kept his word. After my father's death, I began to drink spirits, and I con-

tinued to drink till I was forty-two. I never remember to have been tipsy in my life; but I was greatly afflicted with head-ache and rheumatism for several years. I got married when I was twenty-three. We had two boys, one of them is now living. My eldest boy went to sea with me three voyages, and a finer lad'—Just then, something seemed to stick in the old boatswain's throat; but he was speedily relieved, and proceeded in his remarks.

“ ‘I used to think my father was over strict about spirits, and when it was cold or wet, I didn't see any harm in giving Jack a little, though he was only fourteen. When he got ashore, where he could serve out his own allowance, I soon saw that he doubled the quantity. I gave him a talk; he promised to do better, but he did'nt. I gave him another: but he grew worse; and, finally, in spite of his mother's prayers and my own, he became a drunkard. It sunk my poor wife's spirits entirely, and brought me to the water's edge. Jack became very bad, and I lost all control over him.

“ ‘One day, I saw a gang of men and boys, poking fun at a poor fellow who was reeling about in the middle of the circle, and swearing terribly. Nobody likes to see his profession dishonoured, so I thought I'd run down and take him in tow. Your honour knows what a sailor's heart is made of: what do you think I felt when I found it was my own son! I could'nt resist the sense of duty, and I spoke to him pretty sharply; but his answer threw me all aback, like a white squall in the Levant. He heard me through, and doubling his fist in

my face, he exclaimed, "You made me a drunkard." It cut me to the heart, like a chain shot from an eighteen pounder, and I felt as if I should have gone by the board.'

"As he uttered these words, the tears ran down the channels of the old man's cheeks like rain. After wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his jacket, the old sailor proceeded.

"'I tried, night and day, to think of the best plan to keep my other son from following on to destruction, in the wake of his elder brother. I gave him daily lessons of temperance. I held up before him the example of his poor brother. I cautioned him not to drink spirits on an empty stomach, and I kept my eye constantly upon him. Still I daily took my allowance; and the sight of the dram bottle, the smell of the liquor, and the example of his own father, were abler lawyers on t'other side. I saw the breakers a-head, and I prayed God to preserve not only my child, but myself; for I was sometimes alarmed for my own safety.

"'One Sunday, I heard the minister read the account of the overthrow of Goliath. As I returned home, I compared intemperance, in my own mind, to the giant of Gath, and I asked myself why there might not be found some remedy for the evil, as simple as the means employed for his destruction. For the first time, the thought of going altogether without spirits came into my mind: 'This, then,' said I, 'is the smooth stone from the brook, and the shepherd's sling!'

"'I told my wife what I had been thinking of. She said, she had no doubt that God had put the thought

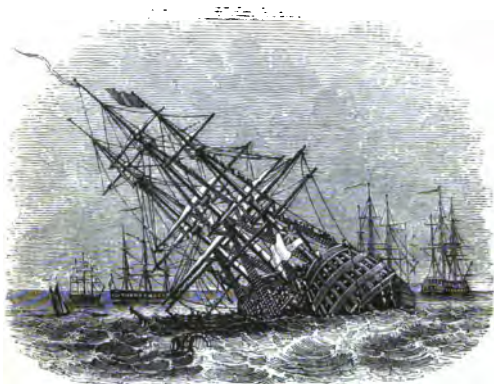
into my mind. I called in Tom, my youngest son, and told him I had resolved never to taste another drop, blow high, or blow low. I called for all there was in the house, and threw it out of the window. Tom promised to take no more. I never have had reason to doubt that he has kept his promise: he is now first mate of an Indiaman. Now, your honour, I have said all I had to say about my own experience. My opinion is this, that to go without spirits altogether, is the only cure for hard drinkers; and the evils of intemperance will fall before this simple remedy alone, as the giant of Gath fell before a smooth stone from the brook, and a shepherd's sling.' "

"Well done, old boatswain! Thank you, Captain! Thank you for your capital account. We shall come again as soon as we can, if you will give us leave."

"Come when you like, boys; for you need no convoy. Most likely you will find the old sea Captain riding at anchor in the roadstead here, or else cruising about Summer Arbour Cove. Come when you like, boys; but now let us set our studding sails to the breeze, and stand to the point we are making for."

"Farewell, Captain. Once more we thank you for the account of the hearty old boatswain."

"Farewell, boys! You're heartily welcome. Farewell."



FOUNDERING OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

## CHAPTER VI.

The wreck of the Royal George—The explosion—The water thrown up fifty or sixty feet high—The log—The water-spout—The narrow escape—The explanation—The foundering of the Royal George—The parliament heel—The sheathing of a ship—Three hundred women aboard—The false pride of the second lieutenant—More than a thousand persons drowned—Cowper's lines on the Royal George.

“SEE here, Captain!” See here! We have got a newspaper that tells us about the wreck of the Royal George. A man went down, and placed a great quantity of gun-

powder in the wreck, and the gunpowder blew up the water fifty or sixty feet high in the air!"

"But if the powder only blew up the water, it was of very little use, boys. Fifty or sixty feet high! Why that would look a great deal like a water-spout, only too broad at the bottom."

"Would it? Oh, do tell us about a water-spout."

"I thought you were after telling me about the wreck of the Royal George; and now you want me to overhaul my log, and to tell you about a water-spout!"

"What does overhauling a log mean? for we do not know."

"A log is a piece of board with a line to it, whereby is measured the rate or speed at which a ship sails; but the log-book is called the log by sailors, and in that is kept the account of the ship's course, the rate at which she sails, the weather, the wind, and such matters as turn up every day, or hour, during a voyage: and if I am to palaver about a water-spout, I must overhaul the log of my memory."

"True, Captain! True. Now do tell us about the very biggest water-spout you ever saw in all your life."

"I have seen many; but the very biggest of them was off the coast of the Canaries. We were sailing easy, at about half a dozen knots, the weather gloomy, when a man from the mizen sang out, 'A spout a head!' And sure enough there was a spout. The water of the sea was gathered up, like a hillock with a sharp point; from this point it seemed to run upwards, as smoke runs up a chimney, to a heavy dark cloud that stood over it;

but the cloud was white enough on the upper side of it. There was a loud hissing noise, and a commotion in the sea; and we thought, that if the spout should burst when we were under the cloud, we should soon be food for the fishes."

"How terrible! What did you do?"

"We laid the sails a-back, to prevent our running into danger, and fired a gun or two at the spout; but we could not hit it.

The water went up with a swift, whirling motion, making a noise like a mill; and all at once, when we were only a couple of cables apart, the spout broke off at the bottom, and down came a flood enough to swamp a seventy-four: it was a narrow escape."

"Indeed it was."

"We pitched about for some time, but thought right little of God's goodness, in saving us from destruction. Sailors are a sad, thoughtless set of people. Often are they singing songs in praise of themselves, when they ought to be praising Him who has snatched them from the jaws of sudden death."





"Well now, Captain, we will show you the newspaper account of the wreck of the Royal George. It will be just the very thing for you."

"Thank you, boys, thank you! Small sailing craft often get a-head of ships of the line: but in this matter, you are lagging astern, in the wake of the old sea Captain. I have been spelling over the whole account, while you lay in the offing: (the offing is out at sea, or a good way off.) I have been spelling over the whole account, I say; so that your bringing me the paper, though kindly meant, is like bearing up with the news of a victory, after it has been telegraphed through the whole fleet."

"We thought that you knew nothing about it, or we should not have brought the newspaper: but now, Captain, will you please to tell us how it was that the Royal George foundered?"

"Ay, and welcome, boys. But first let me explain to you, why it was that Colonel Pasley let off such a heavy charge of powder against the wreck. The Royal George has been under water near threescore years; and though a few years ago some brass cannon were got out of her, yet nothing was done to make the anchorage good, by removing the wreck. For some time back, however, the colonel has been at work with his divers, and his charges of powder, to blow up the wreck, and take it away."

"He must have a pretty tough job of it."

"He has, boys; but he knows well what he is about. Some heavy charges of powder had been fired to split the timbers of the ship; and the divers at last got down,

in one part, to the keelson, or kelson, a heavy piece of timber that lies just above the keel; but the quantity of mud, in which the hull stuck fast, was so great, that until it was removed, there was but little hope of clearing away the wreck."

"How can they possibly get the mud away?"

"It was to do this that they fired off the charge that you have read of. As you know, this charge was enclosed in a cylinder, and consisted of twenty-five barrels: two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds weight of powder. A pretty commotion it made: most likely it has blown away a great part of the mud, and loosened some of the rest, so that the tide will wash it away."

"If so, it will be a capital affair: but now please to tell us how it was that the Royal George foundered?"

"The Royal George was a fine ship, of a hundred or of a hundred and eight guns, I forget which, with very high upperworks. At one time, her guns were all of brass; thirty-two pounders on her middle deck, with twenty-four pounders above, and forty-two pounders below; but these last were changed for iron thirty-twos, being thought heavier than they ought to be. Had you seen the ship lying at Spithead, after returning from a cruise, you would not have thought there could be any danger in going aboard her. Ay, boys! we are always in danger; and sometimes, too, when we think ourselves the most secure. When God keeps us, we are safe; but otherwise, we are always in peril."

"But where was the danger, if the Royal George was in Spithead harbour?"

"I did not say that she was in harbour; for Spithead is not a harbour for ships. Lord Howe's fleet was at Spithead at the time; and a fine fleet it was. I cannot exactly say how many three deckers there were among them; but I know that the Victory was one, and the Ocean another. Whether the Royal George was all right and tight, is a matter that may be a little uncertain; but, at any rate, the water-cock was out of order. This was found out the day before, when the first lieutenant was attending to the washing the decks. It was not thought necessary to haul the ship in dock; for shipwrights, in fair weather, can give a vessel the parliament heel outside the dock as well as inside."

"The parliament heel! what is that, Captain?"

"When the hull of a ship is damaged in any part which can be got at by making her lean on one side, they adopt this plan by removing some of the heavy furniture to the opposite side of the vessel; by this means, the ship is heeled up till the damaged part is above water. This heeling the ship on one side, is called the parliament heel."

"We understand it now very well."

"The Royal George was the flag ship of Admiral Kempenfelt, whose blue flag flew at the mizen; and as the admiral was about to go in a few days on another cruise, a gang of men from the Portsmouth dockyard went on board the vessel, to assist the ship's carpenters. A gang of men, I should tell you, is a number of men equal to the repairs they undertake. It was on the 29th of August, 1782, that they began, early in the morning,

to heel the ship, that her damage might be all set right. A part of her sheathing was soon torn off by the shipwrights."

"What is the sheathing, Captain?"

"The sheathing of a ship is a casing, or covering, that is nailed all over a ship's bottom. It is done to keep the hull of the vessel free from worms: these, in hot climates, are very destructive. The sheathing of ships often consists of fir boards, or deals of fir; but the ships of the royal navy, and those in the East India company's service, too, are all sheathed with copper. If all ships were sheathed with copper, it would be a capital thing. The Royal George was at this time crowded with people; for not only were the usual hands on board, with their officers, but many of their relations also, who had come to welcome them after their cruise. The men had been paid off in golden guineas, and there were many Jews aboard dealing with them. Ay, boys! money is money, all the world over; but gladly would they have parted with their treasures, to have escaped the destruction that came upon them: 'skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.' It is thought, that not less than three hundred women were aboard."

"We are almost afraid to listen to the account. Three hundred women on board! and, perhaps, all of them lost."

"I suppose that, what with her complement of men and officers, with the workmen and the strangers that were aboard, many more than a thousand persons were

in the Royal George, when the sudden destruction came upon them."

"Did the ship turn over with them?"

"You shall hear. The larboard guns, those on the left side the ship, had been run out as far as they could be, and the starboard guns run in amid-ships, being well secured. Now you must needs think that the great weight of these guns, shifted as they had been, must have heeled up the ship to larboard, so that the starboard side of her was much above the other."

"Yes, we understand that."

"And you must understand, too, that as the guns on the larboard were run out of the port holes, the port holes on that side must, of necessity, be open."

"Ay! That is quite clear : and if once they got under the water, it would soon be all over with the Royal George."

"Well! When the ship was heeled up in the way that I have told you, so that the workmen could get at the mouth of the water pipe, the last lighter, laden with rum, came alongside; and very soon, the hands being piped to clear her, the slinging of the casks began. Now the larboard lower deck port cills were almost level with the water before the lighter came alongside. It followed, then, as a matter of course, that when the hands went to larboard to clear the lighter, they would be sure to heel up the ship more than ever; and another thing that added to the danger was, the weather got a little rougher, so that the lower deck ports had some water washed into them."

"Why, what with the heavy guns, and the men, and the water, and the rum casks, it was enough to turn the vessel right over."

"Sure enough the danger was great; and the carpenter thought so: for he went to the second lieutenant, who was officer of the watch, and told him that the ship could never stand it long, and that she must be righted a little directly. The lieutenant, however, was a little nettled in being told his duty by the carpenter, and sent him off in a crack. Pride and self-conceit, boys, are the ruin of a great many. That text of Scripture was fearfully true, when applied to the second lieutenant, which says, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' " Prov. xvi. 18.

"He was a very foolish man; that is certain."

"The carpenter was so convinced of the danger, that once more he went on the quarter-deck to the lieutenant, and told him, in a more positive way than before, how necessary it was to have the ship righted; but the lieutenant was more angry than ever, telling him, with an oath, that he had better take the command of the ship at once, if he thought himself so much cleverer than other people."

"There never was a sillier man than that lieutenant! And did he not order the ship to be righted?"

"He did, boys, just when it was too late. A man's doing his duty stands for nothing, unless it is done in proper time. At last, the lieutenant ordered the drummer to beat to quarters; but before he had laid hold of his drum, the ship heeled over a little more, and the men

began to tumble down the hatchways as fast as they could, that the guns might be run to their proper places. Alas! it was all in vain: in rushed the water, till the ship lay completely down on her larboard broadside. It was a dreadful situation; but it did not last long, for the vessel filled apace, and down went the Royal George, with Admiral Kempenfelt, officers, men, and all the strangers who were aboard; among these, as I said before, were many Jews, and a matter of three hundred women."

"What a shocking thing!"

"Shocking, indeed, boys, thus to be hurried at once into eternity without a moment's warning, and to find a watery grave! Sailors coming home from a cruise are not usually in a fit state for death, and that made the matter more awful. The loss of the Royal George ought to be a warning, not only to sailors, but to every one who hears of it. Remember, boys, in an unlooked for moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we may be called from this world to another. Are we ready? Have we a well-grounded hope, that rests solely upon Christ, who died to save sinners? Can we say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God,'"  
Job xix. 25, 26.

"Were none of the people saved?"

"Almost all that were between decks went down, for those who got out at the port holes were not many; but the guard, and those on the upper deck, for the most

part, fared better. There was no time lost in getting out the boats of the fleet; but minutes are like hours to drowning men. However, many were saved, though more than a thousand are supposed to have perished in the ship."

"What a whirlpool must have been made as the vessel went down!"

"True, boys. Such a commotion took place in the water, that many smaller vessels, at a distance, were in danger, and one, that happened to be nearer, filled and went down. There's a great difference between hearing of such a sight, and seeing it. I have been present at many a trying scene, but never did I see a thousand people swallowed up at once by the watery deep!"

"If we ever see any thing more in a newspaper about the getting up the wreck of the Royal George, we shall think of the account that you have given us."

"Cowper, the Christian poet, wrote a very affecting piece about the going down of the Royal George. I will read it to you; and then, once more, you must part company with the old sea Captain."

"We hope it is a long account."

"No, not very long; however, it is beautifully written: but you shall judge for yourselves.

"Toll for the brave!

The brave that are no more,  
All sank beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore.



Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
 And she was overset ;  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;  
 His last sea fight is fought,  
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,  
 No tempest gave the shock ;  
 She sprang no fatal leak ;  
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down,  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up  
 Once dreaded by our foes,  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full charged with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His victories are o'er ;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more.' "

“Poor Admiral Kempenfelt! What a rich place the bottom of the sea must be!”

“Ay, boys, many a well-rigged, richly-freighted ship has gone down through the deep dark waters; but the ships and their merchandize were nothing compared to the loss of human life. By and by, the sea will give up its dead, and great and small will appear before the judgment seat of Christ. What a day will that be for us all! Little will it matter then, boys, whether we have lived upon the land, or sailed upon the ocean. Happy those who, with a willing mind, have obeyed the great Captain of their salvation.

“But now scud away, boys! and forget not what you have heard from the old sea Captain.”



## HEAVING THE LEAD.



HEAVING THE LEAD.

## CHAPTER VII.

Heaving the lead—To heave a-head—To heave astern—To heave at the capstan—To heave a flag aboard—The ship *Bounty*—Captain Bligh sails from Spithead—Cape Horn—Cape of Good Hope—Otaheite—Bread-fruit plants—Captain Bligh seized in his cabin—The mutineers, headed by Christian, force him and eighteen others into a boat—They are turned adrift on the wide ocean—The mutineers sail to Toobonai, and then to Otaheite—They take away some of the natives, run the ship *Bounty* on an island, and set her on fire—Captain Bligh meets with great hardships, but gets safe to land—The *Pandora* frigate goes in quest of the mutineers—Part of them brought home, and three executed—Pitcairn's Island—Christian—John Adams—The islanders.

“ Good day to you, Captain! Good day to you. We

want to know what is the meaning of 'heaving the lead.' You have told us about 'the log,' now please to tell us about 'the lead.'"

"The lead, boys, is an instrument for measuring the depth of the water. It is a piece of lead weighing eight or ten pounds, fastened by a strap to the lead-line, which may be about twenty fathoms long. The bottom of the lead has a hollow, which is filled up with tallow, that makes known what sort of ground it strikes against; and the lead-line is marked, at different distances, by pieces of black leather, and coloured rag. What is called the 'deep-sea-lead,' is much bigger, for it weighs from twenty to thirty pounds, and has a longer line than the other. To 'heave the lead,' is to throw it properly into the sea, to measure the depth of the water."

"Thank you, Captain! Thank you."

"'Heaving,' is quite a sea phrase. To 'heave a thing overboard,' is to throw it into the water; to 'heave a-head,' is to draw a ship forward, by pulling at a rope fastened to an anchor; to 'heave astern,' is to draw the ship backwards, in the same way; to 'heave at the capstan,' or 'at the windlass,' is to turn it round with handspikes; to 'heave a flag aboard,' is to hang it out; and there are a great many terms about 'heaving,' besides these. Having told you about the loss of the Royal George, if you are disposed to listen, you shall now hear about the loss of the Bounty, by mutiny."

"We will be sure to listen to every word. We should like to know all about the mutiny."

"You know that a mutiny is a rising up against those

who are in command. I could tell you of many mutinies; but, 'one thing at a time,' is a good motto: so now for the mutiny of the ship *Bounty*."

"We are all attention, Captain."

"Well, then, we will get under weigh without loss of time."

"It was in the *Bounty*, a ship of two hundred and fifteen tons, that Lieutenant Bligh set sail from Spithead, on the 23rd of December, 1787, with a crew of men and officers, amounting to forty-six. His ship was right and tight, and his men equal to their duty; and I suppose the commander thought but little of the breakers a-head, or the squalls that he afterwards fell in with."

"What part of the world was he sailing to? a hot country, or a cold one?"

"The people who live at Otaheite are not very subject to cold weather; and I never heard of much frost and snow, boys, at the West Indies. Lieutenant Bligh was bound to Otaheite, to get a cargo of bread-fruit plants; and these plants he had to take to the West Indies; for it was thought, that if bread-fruit trees prospered there, they would supply a great deal of food for the inhabitants, with very little trouble."

"Come, that was a good errand to go upon: had he ever been at Otaheite before?"

"Oh yes; for he had been there with Captain Cook, on a voyage of discovery. Well! A seaman can't always do what he would, and Lieutenant Bligh could not clear Cape Horn. He tried hard for it; but after thirty days' buffeting, the helm was put a-weather, and

he ran for the Cape of Good Hope. It is often the case at sea, that

Where the winds blow  
A sailor must go.

The lieutenant had no more business at the Cape than you have ; but it is the Almighty alone who can gather the wind in his fists : to the Cape he was compelled to go, so that he did not get to Otaheite till ten months after he quitted Spithead."

"That seems a long while, however !"

"Though he looked about him sharply at Otaheite, it was six months before he could get his bread-fruit plants on board. When he had procured a thousand of them, he again weighed anchor, with the West Indies for his destination."

"We hope he did not get buffeted about so much this time."

"You shall hear. A man never knows for an hour together, either at sea or on land, which way the wind will blow ; and the commander of a ship may be out of his reckoning without knowing it. A storm was brewing on board the Bounty, that the commander could not bear up against ; never was a seaman taken aback more suddenly."

"What do you mean by being taken aback ?"

"A ship is said to be taken aback, when a sudden shifting of the wind presses the sails against the mast : a careless helmsman sometimes brings this about. But you shall hear how it fared with the lieutenant. It

was on the 28th of April, that the *Bounty* was making sail, with all right above and below, from larboard to starboard, from stem to stern. The bread-fruit plants were as fresh as need be, the crew in good health, the ship making way with plenty of sea room before her, and the commander asleep in the cabin, when, just before sunrise—”

“We are almost afraid to hear the account.”

“Just before sunrise, the officer of the watch, whose name was Christian, though it was not a Christian part that he acted, entered the commander’s cabin, with the ship’s corporal, the gunner’s mate, and a seaman, and laying hold of the lieutenant, they tied his hands fast behind his back; at the same time, threatening to kill him if he made the least noise.”

“How shocking! What villains they must have been!”

“In spite of their threats, the lieutenant sang out as loud as he could for help; but it was of no use, for the other officers had been secured. He was forced, at the point of the bayonet, on deck in his shirt, where he could do nothing to help himself: the storm had burst over him, while he was asleep in his cabin.”

“What did they do with him? Surely they did not kill him.”

“No, boys; they forced him and eighteen others, mostly officers, into a boat, and turned them adrift on the wide ocean, with some thousands of miles between them and the nearest civilized land, where they were likely to find shelter, provisions, and safety.”

"Dreadful! Why, they must have been starved to death! Had they any thing to eat?"

"Not a great deal. A little bread and water, and a scanty supply of wine and rum, with a chest of tools, a compass, a quadrant, some clothes, and a few cutlasses, made up the whole of their cargo. They had but a dark look out; for the edge of the boat was within a few inches of the water, and every wave was dangerous to them. If ever men had need of help from God, they had; for he alone could save them. The mutineers first ran their ship to Toobonai, one of the Friendly Islands, and then to Otaheite."

"Why, that was where they had been before, for the bread-fruit plants."

"Right, boys. Being afraid lest by any chance Lieutenant Bligh, their old commander, should get safe to land, and that a ship should be sent after them, they were afraid to stop at Otaheite; so taking with them a few natives, mostly women, they again set sail, leaving ten of their party on the island."

"Where did they go to next?"

"After sailing for some time, Christian having the command, the mutineers run the ship aground on an island, took out of her what they wanted, and then set her on fire, lest she should be the means of making it known where they were; and so there was an end of the good ship Bounty."

"But what became of poor Lieutenant Bligh, and the rest of them in the boat? Did they ever get to land?"



"You shall hear. After overhauling their provisions, they made for the isle of Tofoa, where they got a little water, a few cocoa nuts, bread-fruit, and plantains; but the natives rose against them, killing Norton, the quarter-master, so they were obliged to push away from the island."

"Now then they must cross the wide ocean."

"It was twelve hundred leagues, that is, three thousand six hundred miles, to Timor, the island they then made for: now if you think of their crazy boat, their shortness of provisions, the storms they might reasonably expect to contend with, and the length of their voyage, you will know that little less than a miracle could ever have brought them safe to land."

"And did they get safe at last, then?"

"Drop astern, boys, and let me go a-head a little longer, and my signals will tell you all about it. Lieutenant Bligh was every inch a sailor, though he was too stern and arbitrary with his men, and by his passionate temper and over severity, had, in some measure, led to this sad affair; this, however was no justification or excuse for them. They knew they were acting contrary to the laws of God and man, in thus rising against lawful authority. In this emergency, however, he acted with great prudence and courage, and never once lost his presence of mind. He weighed out the provisions, not letting one have more than another; he encouraged his companions to act like men; he prayed with them for Divine protection, and spread such a confidence among them, that they hoped for the best, and

bore their privations patiently. He who knows all things only knows what they had to bear; but, after enduring every hardship that toil, and danger, and hunger, and heat, and cold, could bring upon them, of God's great mercy, they at last arrived at Timor."

"Well, that was a capital thing! Poor fellows! how thankful they must have been!"

"In a little time, Lieutenant Bligh got a passage to England; and no sooner was the mutiny made known, than the Pandora frigate, of twenty-four guns, and a hundred and sixty men, commanded by Captain Edwards, was prepared, and sent off to sea after the mutineers."

"Ay, now they will have reason to tremble."

"All have reason to tremble who do wrong, boys. It is written in the Bible, 'There is no peace unto the wicked,' Isa. xlviii. 22; and the mutineers found it true. The Pandora could not find the Bounty; but she brought away from Otaheite all the party that had been left there. Some of them had been forced to join the mutineers, and they were pardoned; but three of the others suffered death in England for their crime. Always sail in the wake of duty, boys; for 'though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished,'" Prov. xi. 21.

"Were the other mutineers ever heard of?"

"Yes! It was about twenty years after Lieutenant Bligh was sent adrift in the boat, that an American vessel landed at Pitcairn's Island, which lies south east of Otaheite, and found there at least thirty people, and among them Alexander Smith, one of the mutineers."

"Did they bring him away?"

"No, boys, they did not. Some years after this, two English ships arrived there, and no sooner did they draw near the coast, than some boats made towards them, manned by natives of the place. One of the natives cried out in English, 'Won't you heave us a rope?' In a little time, a fine young man was on board. He had no clothes on, but a straw hat, and a piece of cloth round his loins. This was the son of Christian, the ringleader of the mutineers; and his name was Thursday October Christian."

"And where was his father?"

"He was dead, boys. Several of the other natives came on board the English ships, and breakfasted there; but they would not touch the food till, in a very reverent manner, they had asked a blessing from God. Nor did they forget to return thanks, after the meal was ended."

"Who would have expected that from them?"

"There was a cow on board, and the natives were much surprised at it; for they had never seen a cow before. They took it to be a great goat; and after that, they thought it was a pig with horns."

"A pig with horns! They must have been astonished, indeed."

"There were more than forty people in the island; and Alexander Smith, the mutineer, who had changed his name to Adams, was among them. They lived in a neat little village, formed of small but comfortable houses; and Adams was looked upon as the father of the whole settlement. Having heartily repented of his crime, he had done his best to bring up the people in

good habits. It was a custom among them to assemble together to prayer, at the rise of the sun. The captains, who went ashore among them, were astonished at the order and good conduct of the whole party."

"Did they take Adams, or any of them from the island?"

"No, boys! So many years had passed by, since the mutiny on board the *Bounty* had taken place, and so much good conduct was observed among the natives, that they were not molested. Adams was then an old man, and I dare say the English captain would not much like the thought of bringing him to England, to be hung like a dog, after he had so long repented of the wicked course he had taken."

"It would have been a very hard case, certainly."

"The old man, at first, thought they would be sure to take him away; but no sooner did he hear that the captains had no arms with them, than he met them at the beach, took them to his house, and answered all their questions about the mutineers."

"Was it true that they burned the ship *Bounty*?"

"Yes, boys! Old John Adams told them, that after the hogs, goats, poultry, and other things on board, had been got on shore, the *Bounty* was set on fire. He told them, too, that Christian, and almost all the rest of the mutineers, had died violent deaths, which they had brought upon themselves by their brutal and violent conduct one towards another."

"Ay, then, their mutiny did them no good, after all."

"No; but it did them a deal of evil. Old John Adams

felt disposed to go aboard one of the ships, and return home, though he knew that if he did, he would be in danger of being hanged."

"What, then, did he want to come home for?"

"Ah, boys, the love of country is strong in the hearts of mutineers, as well as in the hearts of other people. No doubt, there were those in England that he hoped to see; and then, perhaps, he wished his bones to rest in his native land. When it was known, however, that he had thoughts of such a thing, his people got round him, clinging to him, and imploring him not to leave them; so he stayed."

"It would have been a sad thing to have left them."

"The captains gave them a supply of hooks, kettles, and tools of various kinds, and then quitted them. A dozen years after, the frigate Blossom, captain Beechy, touched at Pitcairn's Island. Adams died in the year 1829; and in a year after, a good supply of sailors' blue jackets and trowsers, shoes, stockings, flannel waist-coats, and women's apparel, was sent out to the islanders; who, since then, have all been removed to Otaheite, as the island was too small to support their increasing number."

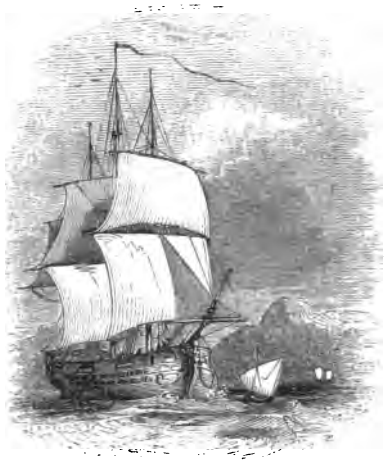
"We hope they will be taught by the missionaries to fear God, and to keep his commandments."

"Yes, I hope so, boys; for there is no other way of obtaining 'peace at the last.' The mutineers forgot that God's eye was upon them, and that his hand could, at any time, reach them. What did they get by their

villany? Three were hung, and almost all the rest died by violence.

The stroke of judgment may be slow,  
Yet sure and certain is the blow.

“Again I say, boys, ‘Fear God, and keep his commandments,’” Eccles. xii. 13.





THE SHIP PHOENIX IN A STORM.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A cruise—Lieutenant Archer's account of the Phoenix—Sailed for Port Royal—Two sandy islands—Catching turtle and parrots—The dollar bag—A sail on the weather bow—The little doctor—The disappointment—Breakers a-head—Heaving the lead—Three fathom—No ground with a hundred fathom—A squall—Mainmast sprung half through—Chased a man-of-war—A blow—Gale increases—Birds fall on the deck—A hurricane—The fore rigging manned—Pumps at work—Ship almost on her beam ends—Main and mizen masts carried away—The ship strikes—Crew get to land—Archer sails in a boat to Jamaica, and brings assistance.

“WE are glad to find you in your summer arbour,

Captain! We want to hear all about a cruise. But please to tell us what a cruise is first. We expect that it means to go after the French."

"Why, no, boys, you are sailing on the wrong tack there; for the French are friends with us now, and not enemies. A cruise is a voyage, or an expedition, made to look after the ships of an enemy, when they are expected to be abroad. If an enemy's ship or fleet is about to pass a particular latitude, it is called the cruising latitude; and then the cruiser, or ship employed in cruising, sails about, expecting to fall in with a prize."

"If you can remember a good long account of a cruise, it will be the very thing: we are in no hurry, for we have a holiday."

"Let me see! Instead of my spinning a long yarn from my memory, boys, I'll give you the cruise and shipwreck of the Phoenix. The Phoenix was lost off the isle of Cuba, in the West Indies, in the year 1780. I have got the account here by one who had a hand in the affair; and you shall have it partly in his own words. He writes the whole narrative to his mother."

"Do let us have every word of his letter. Now please to begin."

"You expect me to get under weigh with right little notice, boys. The wind may be in the wrong quarter, or the old sea Captain may require a biscuit or two in the bread room for the voyage. But, however, I won't keep you in port when you want to be scudding before the wind. Lieutenant Archer's account is as follows:—



“ ‘ My dear mother,

“ ‘ I am now going to give you an account of our last cruise in the Phoenix, and must premise, that should any one see it besides yourself, they must put this construction on it, that it was originally intended for the eyes of a mother, and a mother only ; as, upon that supposition, my feelings may be tolerated. You will, also, meet with a number of sea terms, which, if you don't understand, why, I cannot help you, as I am unable to give a sea description in any other words.’ ”

“ If his mother could not understand him, we shall never make out his meaning ; but please to go on.”

“ Let him tell his own tale in his own way, boys ; and if you like to ask me any questions after, you may. ‘ To begin then : On the 2nd of August, 1780, we weighed and sailed for Port Royal, bound for Pensacola ; having two store ships under convoy, and to see safe in, then cruise off the Havanna, and in the gulf of Mexico, for six weeks. In a few days, we made the two sandy islands, that look as if they had just risen out of the sea, or fallen from the sky ; inhabited, nevertheless, by upwards of three hundred English, who get their bread by catching turtle and parrots, and raising vegetables, which they exchange, with ships that pass, for clothing and a few of the luxuries of life.’ ”

“ A comical way of getting a living, catching turtle and parrots ! ”

“ ‘ About the 12th, we arrived at Pensacola, without any thing remarkable happening, except our catching

a vast quantity of fish, sharks, dolphins, and bonettas. On the 13th, sailed snugly; and on the 14th, had a very heavy gale of wind at north, right off the land; so that we soon left the sweet place, Pensacola, a distance astern. We then looked into the Havanna, saw a number of ships there, and knowing that some of them were bound round the bay, we cruised in the track; a fortnight, however, passed, and not a single ship hove in sight to cheer our spirits. We then took a turn or two round the gulf, but not near enough to be seen from the shore. Vera Cruz we expected would have made us happy, but the same luck still continued; day followed day, and no sail. The dollar bag began to grow a little bulky; for every one had put a dollar into a bag, and fixed on a day when we should see a sail, but no two persons were to name the same day; and whoever guessed right first, was to have the bag.'"

"That would keep them all alive; plenty of looking out for a sail, no doubt."

"Being now tired of our situation, and glad the cruise was almost out, (for we found the navigation very dangerous, owing to unaccountable currents,) we shaped our course for cape Antonio. The next day, the man at the mast-head, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, called out, 'A sail upon the weather bow! Ha! ha! Mr. Spaniard, I think we have you at last. Turn out all hands! make sail! All hands give chase!' There was scarcely any occasion for this order, for the sound of a sail being in sight flew like wildfire through the ship, and every sail was set in an instant, almost before

the orders were given. A lieutenant at the mast-head, with a spy glass. 'What is she?' 'A large ship standing athwart, right before the wind. P-o-r-t! Keep her away! set the studding sails!' Up comes the little doctor, rubbing his hands; 'Ha! ha! I have won the bag.' 'Look, master doctor, what's a-head will fill all our bags.' Mast-head again: 'Two more sail on the larboard beam!' 'Archer, go up, and see what you can make of them.' 'Upon deck there: I see a whole fleet of twenty sail, coming right before the wind.' 'This is some convoy or other; but we must try if we can pick some of them out.' 'Haul down the studding-sails! Luff! bring her to the wind! Let us see what we can make of them.'"

"They seem not to be much afraid, though there are so many of them."

"About five, we got pretty near them, and found them to be twenty-six sail of Spanish merchantmen, under convoy of three line-of-battle ships, one of which chased us; but when she found we were playing with her, (for the old Phoenix had heels,) she gave up the chase, and joined the convoy, which they drew up into a lump, and placed themselves at the outside; but we still kept smelling about till after dark. Oh for the Hector, the Albion, and a frigate, and we should take the whole fleet and convoy, worth some millions!"

"Millions! why, what a rich fleet it must have been!"

"About eight o'clock, perceived three sail at some distance from the fleet; dashed in between them, and gave chase, and were happy to find they steered from

the fleet. About twelve, came up with a large ship of twenty-six guns. 'Archer, every man to his quarters! run the lower deck guns out, and light the ship up: show this fellow our force; it may prevent his firing into us, and killing a man or two.' No sooner said than done. 'Hoe, the ship ahoy, lower all your sails down, and bring in instantly, or I'll sink you.' Clatter, clatter, went the blocks, and away flew all their sails, in proper confusion. 'What ship is that?' 'The Polly.' 'Whence come you?' 'From Jamaica.' 'Where are you bound?' 'To New York.' 'What ship is that?' 'The Phœnix.' Huzza, three times, by the whole ship's company. Upon examination, we found it to be as he reported, and that they had fallen in with the Spanish fleet that morning, and were chased the whole day, and that nothing saved them but our stepping in between; for the Spaniards took us for three consorts; and the Polly took the Phœnix for a Spanish frigate, till we hailed them. The other vessel in company was likewise bound to New York. Thus was I, from being worth thousands in idea, reduced to the old four and sixpence a day again: for the little doctor made the most prize money of us all that day, by winning the bag, which contained between thirty and forty dollars. But this is nothing to what we sailors sometimes undergo.'"

"How the little doctor would laugh at them all!"

"After parting company, we steered south-south-east, to go round Antonio, and so to Jamaica, our cruise being out, with our fingers in our mouths, and all of us as green as you please. It happened to be my middle

watch, and about three o'clock, when a man upon the forecastle bawls out, 'Breakers a-head, and land upon the lee-bow!' I looked out, and it was so, sure enough. 'Ready about; put the helm down! Helm a lee!' Sir Hyde, hearing me put the ship about, jumped upon deck. 'Archer, what's the matter? You are putting the ship about without my orders!' 'Sir, it is time to go about; the ship is almost ashore: there is the land.' 'So it is! Will the ship stay?' 'Yes, sir, I believe she will, if we don't make any confusion; she's all aback-forward now.' 'Well,' says he, 'work the ship, I will not speak a single word.' The ship stayed very well. 'Then, heave the lead! see what water we have!' 'Three fathom.' 'Keep the ship away, west-north-west.' 'By the mark three.' 'This won't do, Archer.' 'No, sir, we had better haul more to the northward; we came south-south-east, and had better steer north-north-west.' 'Steady, and a quarter three.'"

"Now he is beginning his lingo."

"This may do as we deepen a little.' 'By the deep four.' 'Very well, my lad, heave quick.' 'Five fathom.' 'That's a fine fellow! another cast nimbly.' 'Quarter less eight.' 'That will do; come, we shall get clear by and bye.' 'Mark under water five.' 'What's that?' 'Only five fathom, sir.' 'Turn all hands up; bring the ship to an anchor!' 'Are the anchors clear?' 'In a moment, sir.' 'All clear.' 'What water have you in the chains now?' 'Eight, half nine.' 'Keep fast the anchors till I tell you.' 'Ay, ay, sir, all fast.'

‘I have no ground with this line.’ ‘How many fathoms have you out? pass along the deep-sea line.’ ‘Ay, ay, sir.’ ‘Come, are you all ready?’ ‘All ready, sir.’ ‘Heave away, watch! watch! veer away, veer away; no ground, sir, with a hundred fathom.’ ‘That’s clever! Come, madam Phoenix, there is another squeak in you yet! all down but the watch; secure the anchors again; heave the main-top-sail to the mast; luff, and bring her to the wind.’”

“He is a sailor all over in his language.”

“He is, boys. He goes on thus:—‘I told you, madam, you should have a little sea-jargon: if you can understand half of what is already said, I wonder at it; though it is nothing to what is to come yet, when the old hurricane begins. As soon as the ship was a little to rights, and all quiet again, Sir Hyde came to me in the most friendly manner, the tears almost starting from his eyes. ‘Archer, we ought all to be much obliged to you, for the safety of the ship, and, perhaps, of ourselves. I am particularly so. Nothing but that instantaneous presence of mind, and calmness, saved her; another ship’s length, and we should have been fast on shore; had you been the least diffident, or made the least confusion, so as to make the ship baulk in her stays, she must have been inevitably lost.’ ‘Sir, you are very good; but I have done nothing that I suppose any body else would not have done, in the same situation. I did not turn all the hands up, knowing the watch able to work the ship; besides, had it spread immediately about the ship

that she was almost ashore, it might have created a confusion that was better avoided.' 'Well,' says he, ' 'tis well indeed.' "

"Archer must have been a clever fellow."

"At daylight, we found that the current had set us between the Collarado rocks and cape Antonio, and that we could not have got out any other way than we did; there was a chance, but Providence is the best pilot. We had sunset that day twenty leagues to the south-east of our reckoning by the current."

"Out of their reckoning! that's a bad affair."

"After getting clear of this scrape, we made sail for Jamaica; but misfortune seemed to follow misfortune. The next night, my watch upon deck too, we were overtaken by a squall, like a hurricane while it lasted; for, though I saw it coming, and prepared for it, yet when it took the ship, it roared, and laid her down so, that I thought she would never get up again. However, by keeping her away, and clearing away every thing, she righted. The remainder of the night we had very heavy squalls; and in the morning, found the main-mast sprung half the way through: one hundred and twenty three leagues to the leeward of Jamaica, the hurricane months coming on, the head of the main-mast almost off, and at a short allowance! well, we must make the best of it. The main-mast was well fished, but we were obliged to be very tender of carrying sail."

"Ay, they begin to be in danger."

"Nothing remarkable happened for ten days after-

wards, when we chased a man-of-war for six hours, but could not get near enough to her, before it was dark, to keep sight of her; so that we lost her, because unable to carry any sail on the main-mast. In about twelve days more, made the island of Jamaica, having weathered all the squalls, and put into Montego Bay for water; so that we had a strong party for kicking up a dust on shore, having found three men-of-war lying there. Dancing, etc., etc., till two o'clock every morning; little thinking what was to happen in four days' time; for out of the four men-of-war that were there, not one was in being at the end of that time, and not a soul alive but those left of our crew."

"Terrible! Terrible!"

"Many of the houses where we had been so merry were so completely destroyed, that scarcely a vestige remained to mark where they stood. Thy works are wonderful, O God! praised be thy holy name!"

"We can't help liking Archer."

"September the 30th, weighed; bound for Port Royal, round the eastward of the island: the Barbadoes and Victor had sailed the day before, and the Scarborough was to sail the next. Moderate weather until October the 2nd. Spoke to the Barbadoes, off Port Antonio, in the evening. At eleven at night, it began to snuffle, with a monstrous heavy appearance from the eastward. Close reefed the top-sails. Sir Hyde sent for me. 'What sort of weather have we, Archer?' 'It blows a little, and has a very ugly look: if in any other quarter but this, I should say we were going to have



a gale of wind.' 'Ay, it looks so very often here, when there is no wind at all: however, don't hoist the top sails till it clears a little; there is no trusting any country.' At twelve, I was relieved: the weather had the same rough look; however, they made sail upon her, but had a very dirty night. At eight in the morning, I came up again, found it blowing hard from the east-north-east, with close-reefed top-sails upon the ship, and heavy squalls at times. Sir Hyde came upon deck. 'Well, Archer, what do you think of it?' 'Oh, sir, 'tis only a touch of the times: we shall have an observation at twelve o'clock; the clouds are beginning to break: it will clear up at noon, or else blow very hard afterwards.' 'I wish it would clear up, but I doubt it much. I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies, and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this. So take in the top-sails; we have plenty of sea room.'"

"Sir Hyde begins to be a little afraid."

"At twelve, the gale still increasing, wore ship, to keep as near mid-channel, between Jamaica and Cuba, as possible. At one, the gale increasing still; at two, harder yet: it still blows harder! Reefed the courses, and furled them; brought to, under a foul-weather mizen-stay-sail-head, to the northward. In the evening, no sign of the weather taking off, but every appearance of the storm increasing; prepared for a proper gale of wind; secured all the sails with spare gaskets; got rolling tackles upon the yards; secured the booms; saw the boats all made fast; now lashed the guns; double breeched the lower deckers; saw that the carpenters had

the tarpaulings and battens all ready for hatchways ; got the top-gallant-masts down upon the deck ; in jib-boom, and got the sprit-sail-yard fore and aft : in fact, every thing we could think of to make a snug ship.”

“What a deal of care is required on board ship !”

“The poor birds now began to find the uproar in the elements ; for numbers, both of sea and land kinds, came on board of us. I took notice of some, which happened to be to leeward, turned to windward, like a ship, tack and tack, for they could not fly against it. When they came over the ship, they dashed themselves down upon the deck, without attempting to stir till picked up ; and when let go again, they would not leave the ship, but endeavoured to hide themselves from the wind.”

“Poor birds ! They had nowhere but the ship to fly to.”

“At eight o’clock, a hurricane ; the sea roaring, but the wind still steady to a point : did not ship a spoonful of water. However, got the hatchways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence, should the wind shift ; placed the carpenters by the main-mast, with broad axes, knowing, from experience, that at the moment you may want to cut it away to save the ship, an axe may not be found. Went to supper ; bread, cheese, and porter. The purser frightened out of his wits about his bread bags ; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship’s working so much, and the noise of the lower deck guns, which by this time made a pretty screeching to people not used to it ; it seemed as if the whole ship’s side were

going at each roll. Wooden, our carpenter, was all this time smoking his pipe, and laughing at the doctor; the second lieutenant upon deck, and the third in his hammock."

"Laughing at the doctor! the doctor laughed at them before."

"At ten o'clock, I thought to get a little sleep; came to look into my cot, it was full of water; for every seam, by the straining of the ship, had begun to leak. Stretched myself, therefore, upon deck, between two chests, and left orders to be called, should the least thing happen. At twelve, a midshipman came to me: 'Mr. Archer, we are just going to wear ship, sir!' 'Oh, very well, I'll be up directly; what sort of weather have you got?' 'It blows a hurricane.' Went upon deck; found Sir Hyde there. 'It blows hard, Archer.' 'It does, indeed, sir.' 'I don't know that I ever remember it blowing so hard before; but the ship makes a very good weather of it upon this tack, as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the south-east, and we were drawing right upon Cuba; so do you go forward, and have some hands ready stand by, to loose the lee yard-arm of the fore-sail, and, when she is right before the wind, whip the clue-garnet close up, and roll up the sail.' 'Sir, there is no canvass can stand against this a moment; if we attempt to loose him, he will fly into ribands in an instant, and we may lose three or four of our people; she'll wear by manning the fore-shrouds.' 'No, I don't think she will.' 'I'll

answer for it, sir ; I have seen it tried several times on the coast of America with success.' ”

“Nothing seems to daunt Archer.”

“A true sailor will not be overcome by trifles. ‘Well, try it,’ said Sir Hyde, ‘and if she does not wear, we can only loose the fore-sail afterwards.’ This was a great condescension from such a man as Sir Hyde. However, by sending about two hundred people into the fore-rigging, after a hard struggle, she wore : found she did not make so good weather on this tack as on the other ; for as the sea began to run across, she had not time to rise from one sea, before another lashed against her. Began to think we should lose our masts, as the ship lay very much along, by the pressure of the wind constantly upon the yards and masts above ; for the poor mizen-stay-sail had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards, through the gaskets, into coach whips. To think that the wind could have such force ! ”

“It is wonderful that such winds do not blow the men off the deck and the rigging.”

“It does do so, boys, sometimes ; but such accidents are not thought so much of at sea, perhaps, as they are on land. ‘Sir Hyde now sent me to see what was the matter between decks, as there was a good deal of noise. As soon as I was below, one of the marine officers calls out, ‘Mr. Archer, we are sinking ; the water is up to the bottom of my cot.’ ‘Pooh, pooh ! as long as it is not over your mouth, you are well off ; what do you make this noise for ?’ I found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at : scuttled

the deck, and let it run into the well; found we had only two feet of water in the well, but expected to be kept constantly at work now, as the ship laboured much, with scarcely a part of her above water but the quarter deck, and that but seldom. 'Come, pump away, my boys. Carpenters, get the weather chain-pump rigged.' 'All ready, sir.' 'Then man it, and keep both pumps going.'"

"Now they are getting in for it; when the pumps begin to work, there must be danger."

"At two o'clock, the chain-pump was choked; set the carpenters at work to clear it; the two head pumps at work upon deck. The ship gained upon us while our chain-pumps were idle: in a quarter of an hour they were at work again, and we began to gain upon her. While I was standing at the pumps, cheering the people, the carpenter's mate came running to me, with a face as long as my arm: 'Oh, sir! the ship has sprung a leak in the gunner's room.' 'Go, then, and tell the carpenter to come to me; but don't speak a word to any one else.' 'Mr. Goodinoh, I am told there is a leak in the gunner's room; go and see what is the matter: but don't alarm any body, and come and make your report privately to me.' In a short time, he returned: 'Sir, there's nothing there; it is only the water washing up between the timbers, that this booby has taken for a leak.' 'Oh, very well; go upon deck, and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below.' 'Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchways secure, but there is such a weight of water

upon the deck, that nobody can stand it when the ship rolls.' The gunner soon afterwards came to me : ' Mr. Archer, I should be glad if you would step this way, into the magazine, a moment.' I thought something was the matter, and run directly. ' Well, what is the matter here?' ' The ground-tier of powder is spoiled, and I want to show you that it is not out of carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed. Now, sir, what am I to do; if you don't speak to Sir Hyde, he will be angry with me.' I could not forbear smiling, to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him, ' Let us shake off this gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterwards.' "

" Poor gunner ! he did not forget his duty in all the danger."

" ' At four, we had gained upon the ship a little, and I went upon deck, it being my watch. The second lieutenant relieved me at the pumps. Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck ! If I were to write for ever, I could not give you an idea of it : a total darkness all above ; the sea on fire, running, as it were, in Alps, or Peaks of Teneriffe,—mountains are too common an idea ; the wind roaring louder than thunder, absolutely no flight of imagination ; the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue lightning ; the poor ship was very much pressed, yet doing what she could, shaking her sides, and groaning at every stroke. Sir Hyde upon deck, lashed to windward.' "

"Lashed! that is, tied, is it not? We have heard the term, 'lashed to the helm.'"

"It is, boys; and if sailors did not at times lash themselves, and pretty tightly too, they would fare badly. Archer goes on thus: 'I soon lashed myself alongside of him, and told him the situation of things below, saying the ship did not make more water than might be expected in such weather, and that I was only afraid of a gun breaking loose. 'I am not in the least afraid of that: I have commanded her six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her; so that her iron work, which always gives way first, is pretty well tried. Hold fast! that was an ugly sea: we must lower the yards, I believe, Archer; the ship is much pressed.' 'If we attempt it, sir, we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing; besides, their being down would ease the ship very little; the main-mast is a sprung mast; I wish it was overboard, without carrying any thing else along with it; but that can soon be done; the gale cannot last for ever; it will soon be daylight now.' Found by the master's watch, that it was five o'clock, though but a little after four by ours; glad it was so near daylight, and looked for it with much anxiety. Cuba, thou art much in our way! Another ugly sea: sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps; the ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broken one of their chains, but it was almost mended again. News from the pumps again: 'She still gains! a heavy lee!' Back water from leeward, half way up the quarter deck; filled one of the cutters upon the booms, and tore her all to pieces; the

ship lying almost on her beam-ends, and not attempting to right again. Word from below, that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along. I said to Sir Hyde, 'This is no time, sir, to think of saving the masts, shall we cut the main-mast away?' 'Ay, as fast as you can.' I accordingly went into the chains with a pole axe, to cut away the lanyards, the boatswain went to leeward, and the carpenters stood by the mast. We were all ready, when a very violent sea broke right on board of us, carried every thing upon deck away, filled the ship with water, the main and mizen masts went, the ship righted, but was in the last struggle of sinking under us.' "

"What a dreadful situation! There seems to be no hope for them now."

"As soon as we could shake our heads above water, Sir Hyde exclaimed, 'We are gone at last, Archer! foundered at sea!' 'Yes, sir, farewell; and the Lord have mercy upon us!' I then turned about to look forward at the ship, and thought she was struggling to get rid of some of the water; but all in vain, she was almost full below. 'Almighty God! I thank thee, that, now I am leaving this world, which I have always considered as only a passage to a better, I die with a full hope of thy mercy, through the merits of Jesus Christ thy Son, our Saviour!'"

"Poor Archer! And did he really put up that prayer?"

"He says so in his letter, boys; and we have no reason, that I know of, to doubt it. He then adds, 'I felt



sorry that I could swim, as by that means I might be a quarter of an hour longer dying than a man who could not, and it is impossible to divest ourselves of a wish to preserve life. At the end of these reflections, I thought I heard the ship thump, and grinding under our feet; it was so: 'Sir, the ship is ashore!' 'What do you say?' 'The ship is ashore, and we may save ourselves yet!' By this time, the quarter deck was full of men who had come up from below, and, 'The Lord have mercy upon us!' flying about from all quarters. You see, boys, how men cry out to the Lord for mercy in danger, who seldom think of him at other times. 'The ship now made every body sensible that she was ashore; for every stroke threatened a total dissolution of her whole frame; found she was stern ashore, and the bow broke the sea a good deal, though it was washing clean over at every stroke. Sir Hyde cried out, 'Keep to the quarter deck, my lads; when she goes to pieces, 'tis your last chance!' Providentially got the fore-mast cut away, that she might not pay round broadside. Lost five men cutting away the fore-mast, by the breaking of a sea on board just as the mast went. That was nothing; every one expected it would be his own fate next; looked for daybreak with the greatest impatience. At last, it came; but what a scene did it show us! The ship upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side, and Cordilleras of water on the other; our poor ship grinding and crying out at every stroke between them, going away by piecemeal' However, to show the unaccountable workings of Providence, that which often appears to be the greatest e

proves to be the greatest good. That unmerciful sea lifted and beat us up so high among the rocks, that at last the ship scarcely moved. She was very strong, and did not go to pieces at the first thumping, though her decks tumbled in. We found, afterwards, that she had beat over a ledge of rocks, almost a quarter of a mile in extent beyond us, where, if she had struck, every soul of us must have perished.' "

"This is a terrible shipwreck, indeed, Captain. Five men lost in cutting away the mast, and little thought of it! We should have thought a great deal of it."

"I now began to think of getting on shore; so stripped off my coat and shoes for a swim, and looked for a line to carry the end with me. Luckily could not find one, which gave me time for recollection: 'This won't do, for me to be the first man out of the ship, and first lieutenant; we may get to England again, and people may think I paid a great deal of attention to myself, and did not care for any body else. No, that won't do; instead of being the first, I'll see every man, sick and well, out of her before me.' "

"There's a noble fellow! We like him now better than ever."

"I now thought there was no probability of the ship's soon going to pieces, therefore had not a thought of instant death: took a look round, with a kind of philosophic eye, to see how the same situation affected my companions, and was surprised to find the most swaggering swearing bullies in fine weather, now the most pitiful wretches on earth, when death appeared before

them. However, two got safe; by which means, with a line, we got a hawser on shore, and made fast to the rocks, upon which many ventured, and arrived safe. There were some sick and wounded on board, who could not avail themselves of this method; we, therefore, got a spare top-sail-yard from the chains, and placed one end a shore, and the other on the cabin window, so that most of the sick got ashore this way.'"

"What ways and contrivances they have at sea! And so all the sick were saved."

"Yes, boys; and one would think that such a deliverance would make them thankful to God all their future days; but we too soon forget God's mercies. 'As I had determined,' says Archer, 'so I was the last man out of the ship; this was about ten o'clock. The gale now began to break. Sir Hyde came to me, and taking me by the hand, was so affected that he was scarcely able to speak. 'Archer, I am happy beyond expression to see you on shore, but look at our poor Phoenix!' I turned about, but could not say a single word, being too full: my mind had been too intensely occupied before; but every thing now rushed upon me at once, so that I could not contain myself, and I indulged for a full quarter of an hour in tears.'"

"We don't wonder at it, indeed, Captain."

"Nor I neither, boys. It is no proof of weakness, for a man, in such circumstances, to shed tears. Archer played the man while he had a duty to perform, and only gave way when his duty was done. 'By twelve he says, 'it was pretty moderate; got some sails

shore, and made tents; found great quantities of fish driven up by the sea into holes of the rocks; knocked up a fire, and had a most comfortable dinner. In the afternoon, made a stage from the cabin windows to the rocks, and got out some provisions and water, lest the ship should go to pieces, in which case we must all have perished of hunger and thirst; for we were upon a desolate part of the coast, and under a rocky mountain, that could not supply us with a single drop of water.'"

"Then they were in almost as much danger as before!"

"Slept comfortably this night, and the next day, the idea of death vanishing by degrees, the prospect of being prisoners during the war at Havannah, and walking three hundred miles to it through the woods, was rather unpleasant. However, to save life for the present, we employed this day in getting more provisions and water on shore, which was not an easy matter, on account of decks, guns, and rubbish, and ten feet water that lay over them. In the evening, I proposed to Sir Hyde to repair the remains of the only boat left, and to venture in her to Jamaica myself, and, in case I arrived safe, to bring vessels to take them all off; a proposal worthy of consideration. It was, next day, agreed to; therefore, got the cutter on shore, and set the carpenters to work on her; in two days she was ready, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I embarked, with four volunteers, and a fortnight's provision, hoisted English colours as we put off from the shore, and received three cheers from the lads left behind, which we returned, and set

sail with a light heart, having not the least doubt that, with God's assistance, we should come and bring them all off. Had a very squally night, and a very leaky boat, so as to keep two buckets constantly bailing. Steered her myself the whole night by the stars, and in the morning saw the coast of Jamaica, distant twelve leagues. At eight in the evening, arrived at Montego Bay."

"Capital! capital! Well done, brave Archer!"

"I must now begin to leave off, particularly as I have but half an hour to conclude; else my pretty little short letter will lose its passage, which I should not like after being ten days, at different times, writing it, beating up with the convoy to the northward, which is a reason that this epistle will never read well; for I never sat down with a proper disposition to go on with it; but as I knew something of the kind would please you, I was resolved to finish it: yet it will not bear an overhaul; so don't expose your son's nonsense.

"But to proceed: I instantly sent off an express to the admiral, another to the Porcupine man-of-war, and went myself to Martha Bay to get vessels; for all their vessels here, as well as many of their houses, were gone to moco."

"What does he mean by 'gone to moco'?"

"Oh! he means that they had been carried away by the storm. 'Got three small vessels, and set out back again to Cuba, where I arrived the fourth day after leaving my companions. I thought the ship's crew would have devoured me on my landing; they presently whisked

me up on their shoulders, and carried me to the tent where Sir Hyde was.’”

“They did very right ! Why he had ventured his life to save theirs.”

“I must omit many little occurrences that happened on shore, for want of time ; but I shall have a number of stories to tell when I get alongside of you ; and the next time I visit you, I shall not be in such a hurry to quit you, as I was the last ; for then I hoped my nest would have been pretty well feathered : but my tale is forgotten. I found the Porcupine had arrived that day, and the lads had built a boat, almost ready for launching, that would hold fifty of them, which was intended for another trial, in case I had foundered. Next day embarked all our people that were left, amounting to two hundred and fifty ; for some had died of their wounds they had received in getting on shore, others of drinking rum, and others had straggled into the country. All our vessels were so full of people, that we could not take away the few clothes that were saved from the wreck ; but that was a trifle, since we had preserved our lives and liberty.

“To make short of my story, we all arrived safe at Montego Bay, and shortly after, at Port Royal, in the Yanus, which was sent on purpose for us, and were all honourably acquitted for the loss of the ship. I was made admiral’s aid-de-camp, and a little time afterwards sent down to St. Juan’s, as captain of the Resource. Found in my absence that I had been appointed captain

of the Tobago, where I remain his majesty's most true and faithful servant, and my dear mother's

Most dutiful son,

ARCHER.' ”

“ Well, that is a most capital account ; and Archer deserved, indeed, to be a captain.”

“ Having finished our cruise, boys, we must now again part company ; for I have some stores to overhaul that will occupy me some time.”

“ Farewell, and thank you heartily, Captain, very heartily.”





THE TELESCOPE, QUADRANT, AND COMPASS.

## CHAPTER IX.

A breeze—A steady breeze—A gale—A hurricane—A squall—  
—Telescope—Quadrant—Compass—The Prince East India-  
man on fire—Soldiers ordered under arms—Yawl hoisted out  
—The long boat falls over the guns—Spars and yards thrown  
over—The flames increase—Distress on board the yawl—  
Arrive at Tresson Bay, on the coast of Brazil.

“WHAT weather may be expected to-day, Captain?”



"Windy, boys, windy! It has shifted two points since sunrise. There will be some blowing about in the chops of the channel. A steady breeze, and perhaps a gale."

"What is a steady breeze? When the wind blows steadily?"

"When the wind blows gently, it is a breeze; when it blows moderately, it is a steady breeze. But I will give you the terms that we sailors make use of concerning the weather on board a man-of-war: we say, a calm, a light air, a light breeze, a moderate breeze, a fresh breeze, a strong breeze, a gale, a fresh gale, a hard gale, a storm, and a hurricane, as the case may be."

"That is very plain; we shall know, if ever we go to sea, what name to give to the weather."

"That I much question, boys. They who go to sea, for the first time, are apt to mistake a gale for a storm, and a squall for a hurricane."

"What is a squall? You have not told us that."

"A squall is a sudden and violent gust of wind, that soon comes and soon goes. In the Levant, or eastern part of the Mediterranean, owing to the number of islands there, the wind is almost always blowing in squalls, changing suddenly: at one time, whistling on the starboard; at another, blustering in the larboard; and a minute after, roaring right ahead. Many a small craft has been capsized there without warning."

"Why, those who sail there must be always in danger of their lives."

"A sailor is always in danger. There is but a step

between him and death. This may, indeed, be said of us all, for our lives are a vapour; dust we are, and unto dust must we return; and this should never be lost sight of, whether we are on the land or the water."

"You have got a nice telescope hanging up against the wall."

"Ay, boys; for I find it fills up the time bravely, when I have no other companion. A man with a telescope lives in a wider neighbourhood than another man, for he sees so much farther."

"A telescope must be very useful at sea. Is yours a good one?"

"A capital one! You are welcome to look through it, and see for yourselves. The telescope is a most noble and useful invention; it has made known the wonders of the heavenly bodies, so that a Christian man cannot look at them without exclaiming, 'The heavens declare the glory of God:



and the firmament sheweth his handy work,' *Psa. xix. 1.* At sea, we could hardly do without it; it tells us our friends from our enemies, before they come up to us, and it enables us to discover dangerous rocks, and to see land a long way off."

"What is the quadrant used for, Captain?"

"O, for many things; but principally for taking altitudes, by which the latitude is found. Mine is a right down good one, and has helped me out of many a scrape in my reckoning."

"Now we want to know what reckoning means; we have often met with the word."

"A ship's reckoning is the account kept on board ship, whereby it is known where the vessel is at any time. *Dead* reckoning is mere guess work, without making an observation, that is, without calculating the altitude of the heavenly bodies. You may always give a shrewd guess where you are at sea, if you examine the log carefully, with the course steered by the compass, making the necessary allowances for drift, leeway, and other matters; but it is always better to take an observation when you can."

"But neither the telescope nor the quadrant are so useful as the compass!"

"There you're right enough, boys. The compass is worth them both put together. Just have a look at mine. See, it consists of three parts, the box, the card, or fly, and the needle. On the card are marked the thirty-two points; the four principal ones are called cardinal points; these are the east, west, north, and

south. The needle is a small bar of magnetic steel, which always points with the end towards the north."

"It is, indeed, very curious. We must look at these things, another time, more particularly; but we want you now, Captain, to treat us with another shipwreck."

"Another shipwreck! Ay, boys, the account may be a treat to you; but a shipwreck is no treat to those who have anything to do with it. However, a shipwreck you shall hear about; so take your stations alongside the old sea Captain, and no time shall be lost."

"Let it be something very striking."

"Well, then, I will tell you of the burning of the Prince. The great loss of lives, and the dreadful trials the crew had to endure, make the account fearful. Of all calamities that can overtake a ship at sea, boys, a fire is the worst: bad enough is a fire on land, but there you may sheer off, plenty of small craft to lend a hand in securing your cargo, and obtaining you another birth; you may hoist your flag on board another ship. But at sea, it is a different thing altogether. You may be gliding on with your sails set one hour, and the next, your hull, sails, and rigging may be all in a blaze. No back door, boys. No opportunity to get away."

"It must be very terrible, indeed."

"It was on the 10th of July, 1752, that the French East Indiaman, the Prince, sailed from Port L'Orient, with a fair wind; Captain Morin commanded her. She had set sail before on the 19th of February, but was obliged to put back to be repaired. You may judge of the consternation of the crew, when, on the 26th of

July, they saw smoke forcing its way up the main-hatchway. The main-hatchway is the principal opening from the upper to the lower decks ; it is just before the main-mast."

" Ay, the fire was below then, and not in the rigging."

" The captain ordered the soldiers who were on board under arms, to preserve order. Sails dipped in the sea were placed over the hatches, to stifle the fire below ; the buckets were filled, and the pumps set to work ; but to very little purpose, for the fire gradually got worse and worse."

" Terrible ! terrible ! What did they do next ?"

" The yawl was hoisted out, and the boatswain and three seamen got into her, and others followed. They kept at a distance from the ship. The captain then ordered out the boats, and, indeed, it was time to do so ; for soon the smoke at the main-hatchway burst into a flame. It was a clear case that the Prince was bound for destruction. The long-boat fell down on the guns, bottom upwards, just as they were about to put her over the ship's side, for the fire had caught the tackling. This was a sad accident."

" Sad, indeed. Just when they wanted the boat to save their lives."

" It could not be expected that order could be long preserved : the passengers were overcome with fright ; the crew were all in confusion ; the dreadful cries of the animals on board were mingled with the sighs, and groans, and loud lamentations, that were heard in all directions. Some on board leaped into the sea, and

were drowned ; some threw out yards, spars, and hen-coops ; and many were seen floating around the ship. It was a dreadful scene !”

“ A common shipwreck seems nothing to this. There is no hope for them any way.”

“ The captain and lieutenant behaved like men, and showed much presence of mind, as seamen generally do in seasons of peril. In the voyage of life, boys, try hard to keep up your courage. There is no good got by being downhearted. Keep in the wake of duty ; look *upwards*, as you sail onwards, and fear nothing. The helm was shifted, and the vessel heeled to port, but all in vain ; for right along the starboard side, she was all in flames. Some ladies were persuaded to trust themselves on the hen-coops, while seamen swam by the side of them to keep them steady. Every mast and yard in the water was covered with people ; and every now and then, the guns on board, heated by the fire, went off, killing those who happened to be in the direction of the shot.”

“ Worse and worse ! the fire, the guns, and the sea are all against them.”

“ When the flames burst through the windows of the round house and great cabin, lieutenant de la Fond slipped down a yard, one end of which was in the water ; but he fell, and was directly clasped by a drowning soldier. It was with great difficulty that he got free, swimming on till, with some assistance, he got upon the main-mast.”

“ Ay ! poor fellow ! he would hardly be safe there.”

"True, boys; for beside the fire and the water, the guns still kept going off as the fire raged. The chaplain, who was on the mast, showed much firmness; for he comforted and encouraged those around him, as though forgetful of his own danger. Some ladies were on the mast, too, and they manifested much resignation. Such scenes as these try what human beings are. When death is before us, it soon appears whether our trust is where it ought to be."

"Was the chaplain drowned?"

"He fell exhausted from the mast, but the lieutenant pulled him up out of the water again. 'Let me go,' said the chaplain; 'for I am half drowned already.' 'No! no!' replied the lieutenant, 'we will both die together!'"

"There's a noble fellow!"

"Some time after this, while they were clinging to the mast, to their great joy, the yawl came nearly up to them. The lieutenant, the pilot, and the master swam for it, and got aboard; for the sailors would not come close up to the mast, lest the yawl should be swamped by so many getting into her."

"What is the meaning of being swamped?"

"When a boat is sunk by the load that is put in her, she is said to be swamped. And now came the most terrible part of their troubles, for the fire had burned down to the powder magazine. The explosion that took place was dreadful. The very sky seemed darkened with smoke; and spars and blazing timbers were seen in the air; while the water was strewn with dead bodies."

"Dreadful! The water, the fire, and the guns going off, were not, altogether, so bad as this."

"The men in the yawl were in great danger, but they escaped. Having very little provision with them, they were glad to pick up some barrels; but they contained nothing but powder. After picking up some cloth, cordage, and linen, and finding a flask of brandy, they left the wreck of the Prince, and put the yawl into as good trim as they could."

"How far were they from land?"

"About two hundred leagues; but then they had no chart, nor any instruments with them. A piece of cloth was made into a sail, an oar was used for a mast, and a plank was the best rudder they could get."

"Where was the captain all this while? He was not with them, was he?"

"No, boys; he was never seen to quit the ship, and most likely he perished in her. Eight days and nights the party in the yawl were blown about at the mercy of the waves, exposed to heat by day, and cold by night. On the sixth day, being much distressed for water, and a shower coming on, they tried to catch the drops in their mouths, sucking also the wet sail-cloth. Value your common mercies, boys! Value them more than you do; think of quenching your thirst by sucking a wet sail-cloth."

"Yes, a cup of water would have been a luxury to them. Did they get safe to land?"

"Yes; through God's mercy they did, and very thankful were they for their preservation. A little bit



of pork, every twenty-four hours, was all that they had to eat; and a little brandy, which only inflamed their throats and stomachs, was all they had to drink. The flying fish they saw, they could not catch. To watch the sun, moon, and stars, that they might steer aright, was almost their only occupation: but one morning, to their unspeakable joy, land appeared in sight."

"Ay, then their troubles were almost over."

"It was the coast of Brazil, and they landed in Tresson Bay; while nearly three hundred, who had sailed with them on board the Prince, had perished."

"What dangers sailors go through! We ought to do all we can for them. Do you know, Captain, that we clubbed together yesterday for a poor old sailor, and gave him three shillings."

"Glad to hear that you think but little of your shiners, when you can add to the comfort of a weather-beaten tar, and far be it from the old sea Captain to put a stopper on the running tackle of your kind-heartedness; but let me tell you that there are many pirates abroad, fellows who wear blue jackets, and cruise about under false colours, who have never smelt salt water, and would not know a spar from a hand-spike."

"Oh this was a sailor though; for he told us all about his ship and his captain, and about being wrecked on the coast of Ireland."

"Well! well! he might be, boys. I would not willingly cast a stain on a true blue. But sailors want something else besides money. They want a home to come to; they want to be defended from their own recklessness

and folly, and from the land sharks that are always prowling about to pick them up when they come into port, and receive their pay; and they want, more than all, their minds to be informed, so that they may look out a-head for a heavenly port, when the voyage of life shall be ended."

"Yes! these are better things than money."

"Indeed they are, boys. When you carry your masts a little higher in the world than you do now, remember poor sailors. Bear a hand in doing them good, and do not forget to jog their memory about the great muster that every ship's crew must answer to by and bye."

"But how can we do any thing for sailors?"

"If you can do no good now, you may, mayhap, by and bye. You may spare a few shot when your lockers are well supplied, to support some of the sailors' societies, that are to be found in London, and large seaport towns, for the benefit of Jack Tars. There are many ways in which you may help sailors, if you really feel friendly towards them; but enough just now; so up with your studding sails, and bear down on Cape Academy."

"Farewell, Captain! Farewell."



CROSSING THE LINE.

## CHAPTER X.

Hailing a ship—Crossing the line—La Meduse frigate runs aground—The raft—Scarcity of provisions—Calamities on the raft—Desperation and bad conduct of the men—A fearful conflict between the officers and mutineers—Dreadful distress—Distressing state of the raft, when relieved by the Argus brig.

“Hoe the ship ahoy! Whence come ye? Where are

ye bound? Why, boys, don't you answer to the hailing of the old sea Captain?"

"What is that, a speaking trumpet, Captain, that you have in your hand?"

"It is; and seeing you sail within speaking distance, I thought it nothing but fair to know what port you were standing to."

"Well, it makes a frightful noise. And is that the way that one ship speaks to another at sea?"

"Yes; for you might sing out in a gale, without a trumpet, till your heart broke, before you were heard."

"It must be very pleasant to sail round the world, and see and know every thing."

"You would hardly find it a joke to cross the line, boys. Did you never hear how Jack Tars are served, when they first cross the line?"

"No, Captain! Do please to tell us all about it."

"You must know, then, that sailors have an old-fashioned custom, which ought to have been done away a hundred years ago: however, it is not done away, and while the blue-jackets are what they are, there is little likelihood of it. Jack will have his joke."

"Do the sailors keep the joke to themselves?"

"No; they are rather too fond of letting others into the secret. When a ship approaches the line, that is, where the sun is right over head, preparations are made by the crew for their sport; for they have a general holiday. One of the hands, a captain of the forecastle, is dressed up to represent Neptune, while another passes for Amphitrite his wife: they are attended by a guard

of honour, and the band strikes up 'Rule Britannia.' Neptune holds a harpoon in his hand as a trident, and he and his wife, seated on a gun carriage for a car, and attended by a crew of sea monsters, proceed in state, from the fore-castle, along the gangway, to the quarter-deck, and there they hold their court, and are treated with very great honour."

"Neptune and his wife may like it, perhaps, better than the others."

"All like it well enough, except the fresh hands; they have got to be shaved, and rather than go through that, gladly would they clew up the main-sail in a squall. Well, after Mr. Neptune has been treated like a king on the quarter-deck, he descends to the main-deck, and sits with his wife on a throne, close beside a huge wash-deck-tub, more than half full of water."

"Ay! that is to dip the fresh sailors in, no doubt."

"And now, those who have not before crossed the line are brought, one by one, to the tub, to be shaved."

"And is there a barber there ready?"

"There is, boys; and a rough one too. The fresh sailor is seated on the plank near the tub, his face is then smeared over with tar, and the tar is scraped off with a rusty piece of iron hoop, jagged like a saw. This is the way in which they are shaved."

"And a very rough way it is, indeed!"

"Ay! There is not a great deal of tenderness in a tough Jack Tar. While the fresh sailor is being shaved, he has questions put to him; but the moment he opens his mouth, the tar brush is poked into it: the plank is

pulled away from under him, and he tumbles into the tub. Half drowned, he flounders about, and scrambles his way out of the tub, in the best way he can; his mouth half full of tar, and his bleeding cheeks and chin smarting with the clotted tar upon them. Rough sport, boys! rough sport!"

"Well, when he has got out of the tub, it is all over then."

"No! no! for, as he hurries away, he is again attacked on all sides; some fling at him old swabs—"

"Old swabs! what are they?"

"Mops made of bunches of old rope-yarn, with which they clean the decks and cabins; these, soaked in water, are flung at him; while others souse him with buckets of water, or play the fire engine full in his face. This crossing the line is but rough sailing, at the best of times."

"Too rough, a great deal, Captain. Have you a shipwreck that you can tell us to-day? You are very kind, to amuse us as you do. If you have a shipwreck, that you can remember, we should be glad to hear of it just now."

"Why, boys, I have never far to sail to fall in with a shipwreck, and could keep my tongue-tackle running till the sun sets, without being at a loss for something to talk of. I have never told you of the wreck of *La Meduse*: the raft affair was one of the worst I ever heard of."

"You have never told us a word about it; it will be the very thing."

"You must know, then, that in the general peace of 1814, the French had some possessions on the west coast of Africa restored to them; to these possessions an expedition was sent out, consisting of four vessels. One of them, *La Meduse*, was a frigate of forty-four guns; she was commanded by M. de Chaumareys. Unfortunately, the frigate run aground on the bank of Arguin."

"Did she stick fast, or did they get her off again?"

"She stuck so fast, that all their attempts to get her fairly afloat were in vain; great anxiety prevailed, and it became necessary to take prompt measures to save the passengers and crew. The boats were got out, and a raft constructed in the best manner they were able to make it. The crew and passengers were all stowed in the boats and on the raft."

"How big was the raft? And how many boats were there?"

"There were five boats, and the raft carried a hundred and fifty people, but it was sadly crowded; and then there was another bad thing, and that was, by some strange mistake, the least quantity of provisions was put on the raft, though it contained the greater number of people. The boats had biscuit, wine, and fresh water; but the raft, though well provided with wine, had not a single barrel of biscuit on board. Twenty-five pounds weight of biscuit was all that they had, and what was that among a hundred and fifty people?"

"Why they could never live long on the wine, with so little biscuit."

"The boats proceeding in a line, towed the raft along after them, telling the passengers, that they would pilot them safe to land ; but for all this, hardly had they sailed a couple of leagues from the wreck, before they began to slip off their tow lines ; in a little time, they made off with all the despatch they were able, leaving those on the raft to shift for themselves."

"Now that was shameful ! They ought to have stood by one another to the last, come what would."

"Right, boys. Always stand to your colours, and never forsake a comrade in distress. The raft was in a wretched state, for it had sunk three feet and a half below the water, and remained so for a time."

"Terrible ! terrible ! Why the people must have been up to their middle in water. What a wretched situation !"

"Wretched, indeed ; and then they were so crowded together, that they could not move. When they found themselves abandoned, their hearts burned with anger, and they felt determined, if they ever got to land, to punish their guilty companions."

"Well, they deserved to be punished."

"True ; but if we were all to be treated as we deserve, who is there that would go without punishment. A Christian should strive against anger and revenge. 'Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord,' Rom. xii. 19. Though neither compass, chart, or anchor were on the raft, the officers encouraged the men, and soon after this, one of them produced, to the joy of them all, a small pocket compass."



"That would put them in spirits; they would then know how to steer the raft."

"Their joy was very short-lived, for the compass was unfortunately dropped, and it fell between the openings of the raft, and was lost. Their troubles now came thick upon them, for hunger is clamorous, and not easily satisfied without sufficient food. Mingling the biscuit they had with wine, they gave it out in small quantities well knowing that their hope of adding to their stock of provisions was a forlorn one. Erecting something like a mast, and hoisting one of the royals that had belonged to the frigate, they tried to keep up their courage with the thought of again seeing the boats when the night, which was coming on, had passed away. The wind freshened, and the waves began to swell around them."

"What a trying situation!"

"It was, boys. When a sudden trial comes upon us, and we are obliged to act, we are often so roused by it, as to be able to endure it; but to stand still, hour after hour, and day after day, without any thing to do, while danger increases, and distress becomes more and more urgent, this is truly terrible. God's presence and grace are necessary, in such cases of extremity, to keep the mind tranquil. When we can say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' we can endure any thing."

"How did they pass through the night?"

"Badly enough; for the weather still freshened, and the waves swept over them. Though they held on as fast as they could to the spars of the raft, several were washed

BOAT HULL WAS IN THE WATER AND IT WAS CRUSHED BY THE WAVES. THE STAFFS WERE CRUSHED, BUT NO BODIES WERE KILLED. ANOTHER DAY PASSED, THE SEA STILL ROLLING OVER THEM AND SWEEPING MANY FROM THE RAFT. IN FUSING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RAFT FOR SAFETY, SEVERAL WERE SMOTHERED IN DEATH.

"FOUR WEEKS. WHAT WAS THE END OF IT ALL?"

"A SCOUT OF DESPERATE MEN CAME OVER THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. THEY BROKE A HOLE IN THE HEAD OF A WINE CASK, AND DRANK IN EXCESS; AND WHEN THE SEA WATER RENDERED THE WINE THIN IN FLAVOR THEY WERE HALF MAD, THREATENING TO KILL THEIR COUSINS."

"DRUNK! DRUNK! THAT CAUSE OF DRINKING SO MUCH WINE."

"ONE MAN IN HIS DESPERATION, BEGAN WITH AN AXE TO CUT THE ROPES WHICH BOUND THE RAFT TOGETHER: THE OFFICERS RUSHED FORWARD, AND THE MAN WAS CUT DOWN WITH A SABRE. THE PASSENGERS AND OFFICERS OPPOSED THE MUTINEERS, BUT THE LATTER WERE THE MOST NUMEROUS. ANOTHER MUTINEER, WHILE CUTTING THE ROPES, WAS FLUNG INTO THE SEA."

"Why the mutineers must have been mad!"

"Mad, indeed, boys! And so thought the officers and passengers, for they made a furious charge upon them, and several were cut down. At last the mutineers cried out for mercy on their knees: this was granted, but it was of little avail; for about an hour after midnight, the mutineers, more desperate than ever, rushed on their officers like tigers, and the raft was soon strewn with the dying and the dead.

"Of all madmen that we ever heard of, these soldiers and sailors are the worst."

"When daylight came, it appeared that sixty-five of the mutineers were killed, and only two of the opposite party. They had still a cask of wine remaining; so, getting up their mast again, which had been broken down, they let the raft drive before the wind. Driven to extremity by the cravings of hunger, some tried to eat the leather of their hats, while others gnawed their sword belts and cartridge boxes. At last, they began to eat the dead bodies around them. Oh, boys! Thank God, again and again, for the hardest crust that you ever put into your mouths."

"Indeed, we ought to be thankful."

"I think it was on the fourth day, that a shoal of flying-fish fell on the raft: it was as though they were sent from heaven; but this supply of food was soon consumed. I need not dwell on all the scenes of horror that took place, nor describe the last conspiracy that was entered into among the mutineers. It will be quite enough to say, that when there were left on the raft only twenty-eight persons, thirteen of them, who were already half dead, were flung overboard to save the lives of the remainder; and that, out of a hundred and fifty persons who embarked on the raft, only fifteen were alive when the *Argus* brig, which had been sent out from Senegal, to look for them, hove in sight. Ten or eleven days had they been at sea; many of the party could hardly stir, and before they arrived at St. Louis, six of them died."

"Why, out of a hundred and fifty, only nine were left alive!"

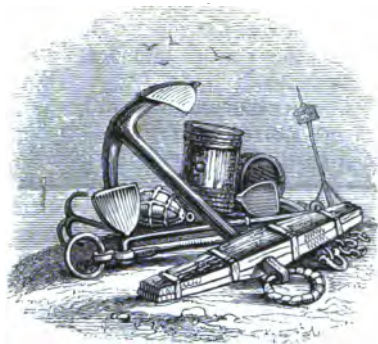
"True, boys. How far misery was brought upon the party by the reckless conduct of the mutineers, it is hard to say; but the lesson to be learned from the raft of La Meduse is this, it sets forth the sin and folly of indulging in excess, and giving way to gloomy despair in the hour of trial. If you will ask me, I will tell you, another time, how differently the crew of the Alceste, English frigate, behaved, when shipwrecked. By discipline and good conduct, they were all kept together; and, by God's goodness, brought in safety across the raging ocean."

"We will be sure to remind you, Captain."

"And, perhaps, I may tell you, boys, of the wreck of the Maria mail-boat, and that will surprise you still more than the other, because you will then see what a weak woman may endure, when strengthened with pious principles, when her heart magnifies the Lord, and her spirit rejoices in God her Saviour."

"We will not forget the Maria mail-boat, depend upon it."

"Well, then, now up with your sky-scrappers, and prepare for a run afore the wind."



## CHAPTER XI.

The hovel—The old sea Captain talks seriously to his young friends—Civilized and savage people—Doubling the Cape—Population of the globe—The number of pagans—The largest ocean, sea, and lake—The highest mountain, the longest river, and the best country—Points of the compass, latitude, and longitude—Bower-anchor—Stream-anchor—Kedge-anchor—Pilot's-anchor—Floating-anchor.

“CAPTAIN! Captain! come into the hovel; all is dry here. Do come in, Captain.”

“What, boys; do you think an old tar, who has been drenched with salt water and fresh, on the wide ocean, for forty years, is to hide his head like a baboon in a hollow tree, on account of such a drizzle as this! No,

my hearties! My p.-jacket and sou'-wester will keep me high and dry for half-a-dozen knots yet, I trust."

"What, are you going farther? Do come in for a little while. We saw you go into the two cottages, at the edge of the common."

"Very like, boys; the poor old folk there could often stow away more provision in their bread-room than comes to their share, I've a notion; and shame betide the old sea Captain, after being mercifully preserved from sharks and shipwrecks, rocky coasts and cannibals, heats and hurricanes, and whose unworthy head has been covered in the day of battle—shame betide him, I say, having a tight craft of his own, a snug hammock, and shot in his locker, if he could let his messmates lie aground, without lending a hand to set them afloat again! There's a text in the book of books, that says, 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' 1 John iii. 17. Boys! boys! have a care, in sailing through life, that your hearts and your hands are open. After God has showed so much love for us, surely, we ought to obey him in loving one another."

"You do look so earnest, Captain!"

"May be so! may be so, boys! I want you to think on what I say, that, when my crazy hull has foundered, and you are still going a-head with your sky-scrapers flying in the breeze, you may be mindful that God has been good to you; and that, when you think what he has done for you, you may bear a hand in doing what you can for others."

"Thank you, Captain; what you say ought to be remembered by us."

"You see, boys, how difficulties give value to common things. This hovel, that you would think little of at another time, is a comfortable berth to creep into in a storm. I have seen hundreds with no better houses to live in."

"You must have met with strange people in your time, Captain, sailing so much about the world."

"I have, boys, I have. In the north, Esquimaux, Yellow-knives, Chickasaws, Dog-ribbed, Choctaws, and Cherokee Indians; in the south, Peruvians, Patagonians, Otaheiteans, and New Zealanders; and in the east, Chinese, Zapanese, Malays, Tartars, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, and Fakirs; to say nothing of the Hottentots, and Caffres, at the Cape. Some of these are civilized, and some savages."



HOTTENTOTS.

"Ay, the savage are those who are ferocious and cruel, and the civilized are those who know how to behave themselves."

“For the matter of that, boys, some savages behave well enough, and some civilized people have reason to be ashamed of themselves. When people live in cities and towns, and cultivate the ground, and make laws to govern them, they are called civilized; and when they go without clothes, or nearly so, and live by hunting and fishing, and have no laws, and wander from one place to another, they are savage. The world’s a wide place, boys, and many people are in it.”

“How many do you think there are in it, Captain?”

“That is a hard cape to double, boys.”

“What is doubling a cape?”

“Why, going round it, to be sure, or sailing along both sides of it; in which case, you are pretty sure to meet with contrary winds; for what is wanted on one side, is just what is not wanted on the other. I have been knocked about for a month without getting round Cape Horn.”

“But you did not tell us how many people there were in the world.”

“No, boys; that is not down in my log: but from reckonings made by wiser men than sailors, there may be, perhaps, hard upon a thousand millions; and half of them, at least, are pagans, bowing down to idols, instead of worshipping the true God. Not one among them believes in the Saviour of sinners. Thank God, boys, that we were born in old England.

“ ‘Tis to his sovereign grace we owe

That we were born on British ground,  
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,  
And words of sweet salvation sound.”



“ Yes, we have reason to be thankful for it. Which is the biggest sea, Captain, that you have ever sailed on?”

“ The Pacific is the biggest ocean, boys; and the Chinese is the largest sea. I have been in gales in the one, and tufungs in the other. A tufung is a storm that is too well known in the Chinese sea. As you seem disposed to come alongside, I may just as well run out a little friendly tackle, that may save you some trouble. The largest lake in the world is the Caspian; it is, indeed, called a sea; and next to that, comes Lake Superior, in North America. The longest river is the Mississippi. The highest mountain is Chamoulari: Dhalagiri used to be thought so. And the best country that the sun shines on, according to my reckoning, is Great Britain.”

“ O Captain, will you please to tell us all the points of the compass?”

“ This is the way with you, boys; when once you begin to board us with your questions, there's no getting quit of your grappling irons. The points of the compass are these:—NORTH; north by east; north north-east; north-east by north; north-east; north-east by east; east north-east; east by north. EAST; east by south; east south-east; south-east by east; south east; south-east by south; south south-east; south by east. SOUTH; south by west; south south-west; south west by south; south-west; south-west by west; west south-west; west by south. WEST; west by north; west north-west; north-west by west; north-west; north-west by north; north north-west; north by west.”

"We don't exactly understand what is the meaning of latitude and longitude. Will you make it plain to us, Captain?"

"I will try, boys; though an old sailor can pay out a rope, or take in a reef, much better than he can teach others to do it. You know that the world is round, and that the line called the equator cuts it in two. Now suppose the top of the round world is called the north pole, and the bottom the south pole; well, then, latitude means the distance between the equator and the poles. If a ship is thirty degrees to the north of the line, she is in thirty degrees north latitude; if thirty degrees south of the line, she is in thirty degrees south latitude."

"Oh, that is quite clear. We shall not forget that."

"The longitude is the distance, east or west, from any given meridian. English sailors reckon their longitude from the meridian of Greenwich; the place whence the longitude is reckoned, is called the first meridian. If, then, in sailing round the world, you are sixty degrees eastward of the meridian of Greenwich—there's a line, supposed to be drawn from the north to the south pole, passing through Greenwich—you are in sixty degrees east longitude; and if you are sixty degrees westward, you are in sixty degrees west longitude. If you will ask me at any time, when we are in company at my cottage, Cape Come-again, I will tell you something more about the latitude and longitude."

"Thank you, Captain, thank you!"

"Let me see: did I ever say any thing to you about anchors?"

●

“ You told us about the sheet-anchor ; please to tell us more about the rest. How many kinds of anchors are there ? ”

“ Let me sail on my own tack, boys ; let me tell you first some of the parts of an anchor. There is the ring for the cable ; the shank is the long part, that runs down from the ring to the crown ; the arms take in the palms or flocks ; and the bills the sharp points at the end of the arms ; the throat is the part where the arms are joined to the shank ; and the stock is the wood-work that runs crosswise : then, beside these, there are the eye and the nuts. But how heavy do you think the large anchors are in a first-rate ship ? and how much do you think one of them costs ? ”

“ Oh ! very heavy, for it is all made of iron, all but the stock ; it must be as heavy as six or eight men. Perhaps it would cost twenty pounds. ”

“ The heaviest anchor weighs between four and five tons, and that’s more than forty men will weigh ; the cost of one of them is, mayhap, hard upon four hundred pounds. ”

“ Four hundred pounds ! Why, what, then, is the price of a first-rate ship ? ”

“ Somewhere about a hundred thousand. ”

“ Oh ! you are joking, Captain. ”

“ What ! do you think I’m spinning a yarn to make you stare ? No, no ! that’s about the price, boys, which she costs when fitted and stored for sea. Well, the sheet-anchor is, as I told you, the largest anchor a ship carries, and being what seamen call their last hope,

(though every sailor ought to have a better hope than his iron anchor,) it is only used in great extremity."

"What are the names of the anchors?"

"The best bower-anchor, and the small bower-anchor, are so called because they are carried on the bows of the ship. The stream-anchor is not so large as the bower-anchors, and the kedge-anchor is still less than the stream-anchor. The kedge is a small anchor to keep a ship steady and clear from her bower-anchor, while she rides in harbour, or in a river. If it were not for the kedge, at the turn of the tide, a ship might drive over her principal anchor, and entangle the stock, or flocks, with her slack cable, so as to loosen it from the ground."

"Every anchor seems to have a particular use."

"Often and often have I seen, when a ship has been required to be moved to another part of a harbour, kedge anchors taken in the long boat, and let go by ropes fastened to them: in such cases they are very useful. The pilot's anchor is a small anchor, used mostly by pilots, for dropping a vessel in a stream, or tide's way. Besides these, there is an anchor, sometimes used, called a floating anchor."

"Why, what can that be? Of what use can an anchor be, that does not stick in the ground?"

"Of very great use, boys, where you cannot get any ground for the anchor to stick into. Sometimes, where there is no anchorage, an anchor made of iron bars, covered over with strong sail-cloth, a little like an umbrella, is sunk below the swell of the sea, having a buoy

above it, at the surface, to prevent it from sinking. The cable brings the floating anchor into an inclined position. An anchor of this kind will steady a vessel, when no other sort can be used at all."

"That is a very clever contrivance!"

"Bear in mind, boys, that the same anchors are called by different names, when used for different purposes: thus, the flood-anchor, is not of a particular kind; it is only called so, because it is the anchor by which the ship rides during the flood tide. The ebb-anchor is that by which she rides in the ebb tide. The lea-anchor is that which is towards the offing, or towards the sea; and the shore-anchor is that between the ship and the shore."

"How do sailors manage when a cable breaks, and the anchor is left at the bottom?"

"Why, boys, they fix the two ends of a rope to two boats a little apart, sinking the middle of the rope by tying a shot to it. Then, by rowing the boats, they drag the rope along the bottom, to catch hold of the anchor. This is called sweeping the anchor."

"But, suppose they cannot lay hold of the anchor this way: what will they do then?"

"What will they do then! Why, then they leave it at the bottom of the sea, for the fishes to do just what they can with it. When a large anchor is lost, a smaller one is sometimes made to answer instead, by lashing a gun to it, to make it heavier."

"What odd contrivances sailors have!"

"If one anchor and a gun are not enough, they lash a gun between a couple of anchors. Many have tried

this plan : Lord Anson, of the Centurion, for one; and Captain Collins, of the Terrible, for another. But we have talked long enough about anchors, boys; and, therefore, I will only mention one more."

"And what do you call that, Captain?"

"Why, the anchor that a Christian sailor never leaves behind him, when he goes on a voyage; the hope of eternal life in Jesus Christ. This, boys, is an anchor 'both sure and stedfast.' He that has this anchor will ride out the wildest hurricane, while he who has it not may founder in a breeze."

"Anybody would know that you are in earnest, Captain. You seem to be speaking to our very hearts."

"I *am* in earnest, boys, in real earnest; I have sailed on the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Indian, the Southern, and the Northern Oceans; and on the Chinese, the Carribean, the Mediterranean, and the Black Seas. I have seen the sails rent to ribands, and the mast go by the board in a storm; and I have been becalmed, when the ship has stood motionless, as if she had been carved out of a rock. I have been in dangers from waterspouts and whirlpools. Three times has my vessel struck on the rocks, and been near foundering; and twice have I been wrecked, swimming for my life on a spar, in the raging deep. But in all these dangers, the hope that I spoke of supported me. Do not forget this, boys, if you forget everything else that has been said by the old sea Captain. Do not forget this, that the hope of eternal life in the Saviour of sinners, is an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, that may be trusted in every storm

“ No more, with trembling heart, I try  
A multitude of things ;  
Still wishing to find out that point  
From whence salvation springs.

My anchor's cast ! cast on a rock,  
Where I shall ever rest  
From all the labours of my thoughts,  
And workings of my breast.

What is my anchor ? If you ask—  
A hungry, helpless mind,  
Diving with misery from its weight,  
Till firmest ground it find.

What is my rock ? 'Tis Jesus Christ,  
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er ;  
Yet there poor sinners' anchor may,  
And ne'er be shaken more.' ”

“ Were you ever in a ship, Captain, when it was on fire?”

“ No, boys; though I once saw one burned down to the water's edge: the crew were mercifully preserved. But, hark ye! The sky is clear now, and I hear a signal in the west.”

“ That's the school bell, Captain; and we must run, neck or nothing, to be in time.”

“ The school bell, is it, boys! Now, I call it, the bo'sun piping all hands. Away with you, my hearties! I must run a few knots on a different tack. We shall be alongside one another again, before long, no doubt. Away! away!”



THE ALCESTE FRIGATE, AND THE MALAY PIRATE.

## CHAPTER XII.

Close hauled—A top-gallant gale—Ships of different kinds—The Alceste, Lyra, and the General Hewitt leave Plymouth—The Alceste, on her return, strikes on a reef of sunken rocks—Lord Amherst goes ashore, and afterwards embarks for Java—Captain Maxwell's steadiness, and resolution—Good conduct of the men—The Malay pirates—An alarm given by a baboon—The Pirates increase—The Alceste burned—Attack on the pirates—Arrival of the Ternate.

“How are you, boys? Close-hauled, I see; for you



are sailing almost in the eye of the wind. Tacks close down to windward; sheets hauled close aft; bowlines well out, to keep sails steady. But I hardly suppose you understand my signals."

"Not a word, Captain, can we understand."

"I guessed as much, my hearties! But as you have been facing the wind within a few points, in coming up the hill, so I have just described the state of a ship in such a situation. A ship is obliged to be close-hauled, to sail in the nearest possible point to the wind. You all look as fresh as figure-heads, newly painted. There is a breeze abroad, but it is but a top-gallant breeze; so that you have been but in little danger of foundering."

"What is a top-gallant breeze, Captain? It sounds like one of the highest breezes that can blow."

"No, no, boys! it is a breeze wherein a ship may carry her top-gallant sails, without fear of their being torn to ribands and shreds; a gale will not allow this. I have been reading over the first chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, wherein it says, 'Now, as he [the Saviour] walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him. And when he had gone a little farther thence, he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets.' Now, I have been thinking, boys, how astonished Simon and Andrew, and James

and John, would have been, if, instead of their own bit of a fishing smack, in this chapter called a ship, they could have seen a merchantman of a thousand tons, spreading her broad sails to the winds!"

"Ay; it would have surprised them, indeed. But there were no such ships to be seen then."

"True, boys; ship is a general name given to vessels of different kinds. I told you something about merchant-ships, brigs, schooners, and sloops; as well as about cutters, gun-boats, bomb-ketches, privateers, frigates, and men-of-war."

"You did, Captain."

"Besides these, there are ships fitted out for particular purposes, such as fire-ships, guard-ships, hospital-ships, prison-ships, and many others: but, if I recollect right, you were to have an account of the wreck of the *Alceste* frigate; and, mayhap, I may as well hoist a sail now, as at any other time. If we once lose wind and tide, there is no knowing when we shall weigh anchor."

"Now, then, for the wreck of the *Alceste*."

"You must know, boys, that about the year 1815, or 1816, old England had a squabble with the Chinese about commerce. To settle matters, the British government sent out an expedition of three ships; one was the *Alceste*, a frigate of forty-six guns, Captain Murray Maxwell; another, the brig *Lyra*, commanded by Basil Hall; and the third, the General Hewitt Indiaman."

"Did they go out to fight the Chinese?"

"No, boys; fair-weather words are better than fighting in almost all squabbles. Do you remember the

text, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath : but grievous words stir up anger.' It is in the book of Proverbs, I believe."

" Yes, we remember it."

" Well, Lord Amherst went out in the *Alceste* to settle matters. The expedition left Plymouth, I think, in the month of February, 1816, with a numerous retinue. It goes to the heart of many a one, to see a ship get under weigh for a long voyage! There she goes, on her course, like a living thing on the water.

" 'The sails are set, the anchor weighed,  
And straining eyes the bark pursue,  
And friendly signs, at parting made,  
Are faintly seen—the last adieu.'

" The thought comes across those who stand on the pier, gazing on her retiring sails, ' Who can tell if she will ever enter a British port again? ' "

" Yes ; there are so many dangers on the seas."

" Lord Amherst had a safe voyage out, but did not get an interview with the emperor of China. What I am going to speak about all happened on returning home."

" Now we shall hear about it, then."

" On the 9th of February, just twelve months after she left Plymouth, the *Alceste* showed her rudder to Manilla, and proceeded on her homeward passage. The *Lyra* sailed to India with despatches. At about seven o'clock, or half past, on the morning of the 18th, the *Alceste*, after entering the straits of Gaspar, struck

with great violence on a reef of sunken rocks, about a league, or rather better, from Pulo Leat."

"Did they get their boats out? Did the ship go to pieces?"

"Don't go a-head, my hearties, in such a hurry! Though the Alceste is on the rocks, the old sea Captain must be cool and steady. The best bower-anchor was let go, to hold the ship fast. The pumps were useless. Trying times, boys! trying times! Lord Amherst and his suite entered the boats, and got to Pulo Leat without accident. But it was a sad desolate place; plenty of overgrown jungle, and tangled underwood; but no food or water to be seen."

"They might almost as well have remained in the ship."

"Captain Maxwell, and the rest of the officers, did remain there for a while, to secure what provision and stores they could; but the water was above the orlop deck, so that what they could get at was very little. Well, sailors must not flinch from their duty when trouble comes; that is the very time to show the stuff that they are made of. A raft was sent off to the island with some stores and baggage."

"Come, we are glad that they have got something."

"On the island, a space was cleared away under the trees, that a shelter might be obtained for Lord Amherst, and those with him, for the night. The party cut but a motley appearance, for they were but half dressed, while on the surrounding trees were hung garments of various kinds, long robes, check shirts, court-dresses, mandarin

habits, and tarry jackets. In shipwrecks, there is not much attention paid to such things as these, though they are thought of afterwards. Lord Amherst displayed great steadiness, fortitude, and good humour, sharing cheerfully the privations of the crew, drinking only a single gill of water, with a little rum, the quantity allotted to each man; and, in other respects, animating all around, by his example, to act like men. In searching for water, they found a human skeleton. This was not likely to raise their spirits, as the thought rushed upon them, that he might have died with thirst."

"How terrible! He had been shipwrecked, no doubt."

"Very likely. Those who went into the woods were obliged to notch the trees, that they might find their way back again. The boats they had were not able to carry half the crew of the ship; so it was soon settled, that Lord Amherst and his suite should embark on board the barge and large cutter, and make the best of their way to Java, and then send help to those left behind. As this was an enterprise of some danger, on account of the Malay pirates, a most ferocious set of fellows, that are, in those seas, almost as plentiful as porpoises, a guard accompanied Lord Amherst. The party left on the island, after the barge and cutter had quitted it, consisted of one woman and two hundred men and boys, and their situation was far from being a pleasant one."

"They had provisions, however; so they were not likely to be starved to death."

"Provisions they had, sure enough; but they suffered cruelly from thirst. The underwood around them abounded with ants, snakes, scorpions, and other reptiles; and they were not out of danger of the pirates. However, they made the best of their position. Captain Maxwell, calling his men together, told them that he expected the same discipline to be kept up among them on that desert isle, as on board ship; and that, while he lived, this should be the case. It was for the general welfare, that good order should prevail; and, therefore, he would punish all offenders, and report favourably of all who conducted themselves well. This officerlike behaviour had an excellent effect on the men. They saw that their commander shared their dangers and hardships cheerfully, and fairly divided the provisions among them."

"Captain Maxwell was a very excellent officer."

"He was, boys. A few hands were left in the wreck, to secure any stores that might float up; their provision was removed to a higher spot; and a spring was discovered, which supplied them with a little water; so that, in the next twenty-four hours, every man had a pint."

"A pint of water, in a day and a night, is but a short allowance, Captain."

"Right, boys. I told you, that they were not out of danger, on account of the Malays. On the next morning, the men on board the wreck had an unwelcome visit paid to them, for a fleet of Malay proas, filled with armed men, approached them."

"What is a proa?"

"A proa is usually a thin, long kind of a canoe, with the head and stern alike; the mast-yard and boom are of bamboo. The men on board the wreck, well knowing that their Malay visitors were merciless heathens, and justly concluding that their intentions were not of the most friendly kind, jumped into the boat, and rowed with all their might towards the shore. Not long after this, a report spread, that the Malays had landed, and no time was lost in preparing to receive them. A breast-work was hastily thrown up round the station, formed of stakes and branches of trees, and the men armed themselves as well as they could. They had, in all, about thirty muskets and bayonets, with between twenty and thirty cutlasses. These were divided as far as they would go; but the worst of it was, they had only between three and four score of ball cartridges."

"That was a poor supply, indeed, for they could only fire twice. How did the others arm themselves?"

"With any weapons that they could lay hold of: some had swords or dirks, others had knives or chisels, and such as could get nothing better, armed themselves with poles, sharpened at the end. All this preparation was of little use the first day, for the Malays occupied themselves in getting all they could out of the wreck; and when, on the next day, some boats were sent to take possession of the ship, the Malays set it on fire. All that day, and through the night, the flames of the Alceste were raging from stem to stern. There were the flames in the air, and below was the reflection of them on the water."

“ It was all over with the Alceste, then!”

“ Why, not quite, boys; for after that, they went to her with the boats, and got from her some casks of wine and beer, some barrels of flour, with fifty boarding pikes, eighteen muskets, and a small quantity of ammunition. Another thing happened, too, that was a great comfort to them all—a well was discovered. This was of more use to them than a score puncheons of wine and spirits would have been.”

“ It must have been a great comfort, indeed.”

“ Many odd circumstances took place, and one of them was this : During the night, an alarm was given, and a marine on duty fired his piece at the supposed enemy, which turned out to be only a large baboon, which had fallen with a broken bough from a tree.”

“ Ha! ha! that would surprise the marine, no doubt. No wonder that he discharged his piece.”

“ It was not long before the Malay pirates were busy again. Two proas, towing a canoe each, first made their appearance: but these were soon met by the boats, when one proa was taken, and several of the pirates shot, while five of them; who had leaped into the water, were drowned. After this, fourteen proas appeared, with other vessels; and, in a little time, these were doubled. Dangers thickened around the English party; but they behaved like men, and never gave way to fear. They called their encampment Fort Maxwell, after their commander; and though short of provisions, and otherwise much tried, they were determined to defend it bravely. Things seemed coming to a crisis. The pirates had



increased in number, and twenty of their largest vessels approached the landing place, the Malays uttering horrid yells, and firing off one of their swivels."

"Oh! those terrible Malays!"

"Captain Maxwell knew very well how necessary it was to put a bold face on the matter. He addressed his men with an animating speech, telling them, that he had confidence in them, and he knew that they would act like Britons. Every heart seemed warmed by his words, and a deafening shout followed his cheering appeal."

"How many of the cruel Malays were there in all?"

"Why, ten more proas had arrived, so that the Malay force amounted to more than six hundred men."

"Six hundred against two hundred! That was a fearful odds."

"It was, boys; and what would have been the end of the affair, nobody knows, had not an officer, on the look out, discovered a distant ship. It stood towards the island, under all sail. You may judge what spirit this gave to the party. The British colours were speedily hoisted on a tree on the hill, to attract attention, and, very soon after, the sail was seen by the pirates. Now was the moment for Captain Maxwell and his men to bestir themselves. They made an attack on the Malays, who lost no time in running to their vessels, and hoisting their sails, like cowards as they were."

"Ay, ay! they were afraid of that distant sail."

"No doubt, boys, that had something to do with their movements. They fired off a swivel, but it did

no mischief; and thus the matter was brought to an end."

"And did the distant ship come to their relief?"

"She did, boys; and proved to be the Ternate, one of the company's cruisers, despatched by Lord Amherst, to bring them away from the island. Had not the pirates been attacked, and driven away, they might, after all, have prevented Captain Maxwell and his party from holding communication with the ship; for, owing to the wind and current, the Ternate could not approach the island nearer than within about three or four leagues: however, by the assistance of the boats of the ship, and their own, making use also of the raft constructed by them, every man of the party got safe on board the Ternate."

"Then, they did get safe, at last, in spite of the cruel Malays."

"They did, boys; and it puts in a clear light the value of order and discipline. If you think of what took place on the raft of La Meduse, about which I told you, where, mostly for the want of order and discipline, only nine persons were saved alive, out of a hundred and fifty, you will be struck with the difference. Good conduct, boys, all over the world, is the best sailing course. But the old sea Captain must now put his figure-head in another shape. Helm's-a-lea! about ship! We must again part company. Whether the voyage of life be fair or stormy, keep up your spirits, boys; and, whenever you are hailed with the question, 'Where are you bound to?' let your reply always be, 'To a better country!'"



LOSS OF THE MARIA MAIL BOAT.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The first, middle, morning, starboard, and larboard watches—  
The missionaries—Meeting at St. Kitt's—The Maria mail  
boat—Antigua in sight—The ship on her beam ends—Distress  
of the captain—Negro and mate borne away in the boat by the  
waves—The ship broken up, and part of the crew drowned—  
A missionary's wife saved—The drowning dog—A signal  
hoisted—The cook and steward washed away—Two mission-  
aries drowned in swimming to the shore—Death of the last  
missionary, and the captain—Mrs. Jones rescued from the  
wreck.

“ You have got your shaggy jacket on, as usual, and  
your spyglass in your hand. Do you see the blue in

the sky yonder? There will be no more rain now, will there, Captain?"

"May be not, boys; the mizzle's over, and there won't be much the matter, I take it, on this side the middle watch, any how."

"What is the middle watch, Captain? what is the middle watch?"

"I speak, boys, as though I was walking the deck among the blue jackets. Only to think, there should be so many people in the world who do not know what the middle watch means! Listen, boys, and I will make you a little wiser than you seem to be at present. The word 'watch,' on board ship, when applied to time, means that space of time wherein one part of the crew remains on deck to do duty. The watch is divided into three parts: the *first* watch, the *middle* watch, and the *morning* watch. It is applied, also, to the men themselves, who watch during each interval."

"Thank you: we know now about the watches; but we do not know what time they begin."

"I thought as much; nor what time they end, I dare say. Well, the first watch is from eight at night till twelve; the middle watch is from twelve till four in the morning; and the morning watch is from four till eight."

"Then you think it will not rain between now and twelve o'clock at night."

"You are right; but if it pleases God to send it, let us be thankful. We are never more out of our reckoning, than when we quarrel with what God gives us."

Oh may our hearts, obedient still,  
Bow down to His almighty will.

There are two other watches; the first and second dog-watches: they are from four to six, and from six till eight o'clock. These shift the watches, so that those that have the first and morning watch, will next have the middle watch; and those who had the middle, will have the first and morning. The hands that form the watch are divided into two guards, the starboard and the larboard, and sometimes into more. When the boatswain's mates call the hands on deck to relieve the watches, they sing out, 'Starboard watch, ahoy!' 'Larboard watch, ahoy!'"

"Well, now, what will you please to tell us about to-day, Captain?"

"I said that, perhaps, I might tell you of the Maria mail-boat; and, as every tar should be true to his word, the old sea Captain will now go a-head in his narration. Much may be learned from the account I shall give you; and when you hear that weak and helpless woman has grappled with hardships, under which stout-hearted sailors have sunk exhausted, you will see the truth of the words, 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' Eccles. ix. 11."

"On the 2nd of February, 1826, a party of missionaries, with their wives and children, left Antigua, in the West Indies, to attend a religious meeting at St. Christopher's, or, as it is generally called, St. Kitt's; and, on Monday, the 27th, they embarked in the Maria mail-boat on their return."

"What do you mean by a mail-boat?"

"A mail-boat is a boat, or small vessel, that carries the mail, that is, the letters. No sooner did they get aboard, than they retired to the berths. A bed for the children and nurses was spread on the cabin floor. Through the night, the wind blew hard, and the sea was rough; and when morning came, there was no going on deck, for the waves washed over the vessel. The pitching and rolling of the ship was enough to terrify those who were not used to the sea; the children grew sick, poor things! and the women thought the vessel would upset; and glad enough were they to hear a sailor sing out, 'Land! Antigua in sight!'"

"Ay, they would be sure to pluck up their spirits then."

"A little boy, a son of one of the missionaries, opened his hymn book, and read two or three verses from it, which were sung by the young people. Some of the children were younger than the boy, and they listened to him with attention, while he told them how God preserved Jonah."

"Poor little fellow! he seemed to bear it all as well as any of them."

"You may suppose that a sudden alarm was spread among them, when the steward came down hastily, and snatched up a lantern, giving no reply to those who asked him what was the matter. The women sprang out of their berths to their children, the ship fell right on her beam-ends, and over her came the sea, washing down into the cabin."

“ Now dangers are thickening upon them. We remember what is the meaning of a vessel being on her beam-ends.”

“ A rush was made for the deck ; and no wonder, for the captain and crew were panic struck, apparently driven to their wit’s end. The children were pushed up by their mothers and nurses ; and the missionaries, who showed much presence of mind, placed the women on the side of the mail-boat that was the most out of the water. There is nothing that gives a ship’s crew so much confidence in danger, as having a calm and intrepid captain ; but this was not the case with the Maria mail-boat, for the captain gave way to fear. ‘ Oh, my vessel ! ’ cried he ; ‘ what will become of us ? ’ Many, not knowing what had really happened, made inquiry ; but the answer was, ‘ There is no hope of being saved, for the ship has struck on the reefs.’ ”

“ That captain was not fit to command a ship.”

“ He might have his good qualities, boys ; but he sadly wanted firmness.

‘ A heart that’s firm in peril’s hour,  
Spreads hope around, though tempests lower,’

while a timorous spirit calls up a thousand fears. A mountainous wave bore away the small boat, with a negro in it, and the mate of the ship. The captain gave himself up for lost ; and the sailors, seeing the missionaries calm, gathered around them.”

“ Ay, no wonder at that ; we should have done the same.”

"Not long after this, a heavy sea came upon them, big with ruin, for it broke up the ship. The captain, four seamen, and three missionaries, were saved by clinging to the bows; but the rest, who were hanging on the bulwarks, by the quarter-deck, went down."

"Terrible! How many of them went down?"

"Several seamen, a gentleman passenger, two missionaries, two or three women, and the children. For a while, they struggled with the waves: one of the missionaries' wives, named Mary Jones, was pulled by her husband from the waves; and she, while the rest were drowning, urged them to put up a prayer to God, which they did. Thus, in that awful hour, with immediate death in view, they committed themselves to God.

'Lord Jesus, receive my soul, and take me to thyself!' cried one. 'Farewell!' cried another, 'farewell, sisters! Oh, may we meet in heaven!' 'O papa! save me!' cried the children; while the cries of a poor babe were heard as it sunk in the waters. The sounds, after a time, ceased, and the captain, four seamen, three missionaries, and Mrs. Jones, were all that were left alive: they clung fast towards the bowsprit."

"They were more to be pitied than those who were drowned."

"Mrs. Jones with difficulty kept her head out of the water, as she sat, clinging to the wreck, without a bonnet. Her gown had been torn from her by the floating wreck, and glad was she to put on an old jacket given her by the captain. On board the mail-boat was a large dog when the ship left St. Kitt's; but when the



vessel was broken up, the poor animal was dashed into the water. In trying to get on the wreck, he placed his paws on Mrs. Jones' head, twice pushing it in the water, and almost drowning her: however, the missionaries saved her."

"Poor dog! he was only trying to save his life."

"The missionaries besought the captain and seamen to trust in God alone, pointing them to the sinner's Friend. The captain told them, that, if they could only hold out through the night, they might have help in the morning. The morning came; the storm abated; the sun shone; and the missionaries offered up their thanks to the Father of mercies, for the light of day, and the hope which had risen up in their hearts."

"Things begin to brighten with them now."

"It seemed a hard case, boys, for them to be so near land, as to see people at work there, and yet to be drowning for want of help. They saw ships; but none came to their relief, though two of the missionaries hoisted up their neck handkerchiefs on a piece of wood, by way of signal. On the opposite estate, it was usual for a man to be constantly on the look out for wrecks, and to make signals; but he neglected his duty, and thus were they left on the wreck for three days, exposed to the hourly expectation of death, in addition to all their other sufferings."

"Why, that man deserved to be punished severely."

"He did deserve it, boys; and he was punished afterwards, for he was turned out of his post, and another, a more attentive man, appointed in his place."

"How strange it was that nobody on the land should be looking out for three days!"

"It was a sad pity, boys. In the midst of these sore troubles, the missionaries and Mrs. Jones were calm, and at peace in their minds, not altogether without hope that they might still have their lives preserved; but ready, if it pleased God they should die, to give up their spirits into his Almighty hands. Another sea broke over them, washing away two of the seamen, the cook, and the steward."

"Two more of them gone!"

"Yes, boys; and the remaining seamen sought for consolation in listening to the missionaries. One of the sailors was a black man, and he ceased not to pray—'Massa! Massa! my great Massa, have mercy! have mercy!' That night was a night of prayer."

"Poor black man!"

"When morning came again, they hoisted their signals, with the hope of drawing attention to their forlorn condition. Had it not been for the current, that ran strong between them and Sandy Island, one of them might have swam there, for the distance was hardly more than a mile and a half across. That is but a short distance to walk on the land, boys; but it is a long way to swim upon the water, especially to those who are not used to such undertakings. However, one of the missionaries, thinking it to be his duty to try, prepared to set off."

"There was little hope of his getting there safe. These missionaries were good men."

"In one sense they were, boys, but in another they were not; for the Holy Scripture says, there is none good, no, not one. However, they were God-fearing men, and you see with what courage they entered on every work of duty, and with what submission they committed themselves to the will of their heavenly Father. The missionary, before he left the wreck, prayed with his companions in affliction, and taking out his watch, requested them, should he die and they survive, to give it to his wife. 'Farewell! God bless you!' said he, as he shook them all by the hand, for the last time. In a moment after, he had plunged into the water, and was swimming with all his might."

"Oh! he never could get across."

"Man is but a breath at the best of times, a mere bubble on the breakers; but after suffering in the sea, his strength is but weakness. The current was too strong for the missionary, and it carried him away. They tried to push a piece of the wreck to him, but it was in vain; one last look, and he was carried off by the stream."

"There are only a few of them left now."

"What the remainder suffered, by cold, and hunger, and thirst, and by remaining so long in the salt water, cannot be described; yet there was a woman enduring it all, looking upwards in the darkest hour, and equally ready for life and death, according to the will of God, looking with confidence for salvation through the merits of Jesus Christ. In vain the captain, with a seaman, tried to get to land on the mast; they were glad to get

back again to the wreck. Another missionary then made the attempt to swim across: he shook hands with them, and bade them farewell; but his strength being so much reduced, he was at once washed away by the current. The two remaining seamen were taken down the stream in the same manner; and now there were only three left, the captain, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The whole of the shipwrecked party had assisted each other to the last in every way they could, and hope seemed altogether gone."

"How could that poor woman bear it?"

"She could not have borne it, boys, had not God strengthened her. And now it was her husband's turn to die. The waves bore him away, but his wife pulled him back again: the captain was too weak to render any aid. Mrs. Jones made a last effort, and got her husband near her. As his head lay on her shoulder, he gave a struggle, for his time had arrived: 'Come, Lord Jesus!' said he, 'glory! glory! glory!' Do not forget, boys, that this was the end of the last missionary."

"He died like a Christian, indeed."

"He was soon carried away by the waves. It was the turn of the captain next. Mrs. Jones saw that he was dying, and bade him farewell, saying, she should soon be with him. After this, her senses left her."

"That is not to be wondered at, poor creature!"

"When help came, Mrs. Jones was found sitting on the wreck, with her head on her hand, looking unconsciously on the water. Exhausted as she was, when

taken to the shore, and treated with kindness, she recovered. With her own hand she wrote an account of the loss of the Maria mail-boat, telling how to the last gasp the missionaries glorified God. She was herself mercifully preserved. She had cried to the Lord in trouble, and he had brought her out of her distresses."

"This is, indeed, a wonderful account."

"It is, boys. Let it impress this lesson on your minds, never to despair, and always to trust in God.

"His power can strengthen us by sea and land,  
Pull down the proud, and bid the humble stand.'"





THE MINIATURE SHIP.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The miniature ship—Flag—Sudden death terrible to the wicked—Neva leaves Cork with convicts on board—Sea phrases—Ship strikes on a reef—Distress of the crew—Loss of the pinnace and long-boat—A vessel arrives, and takes them away—Life-boats and rafts—Tackle.

“ Now, Captain, we have something to show you. See! here it is; a ship, made with a pocket-knife out

of a piece of deal, rigged with thread. The sails are paper; and see, the flag at the top is coloured."

"Do you call this a ship, boys? It would puzzle all the captains in the British navy to give it a name. What is it? a canoe, or a south-sea proa, or an East Indian catamaran?"

"Oh! it is a British man-of-war."

"A British man-of-war! You must tell that to the marines, it won't do for the blue jackets. Why, the hull is broken-backed and lobb-sided; the main-mast is like the chimney of a steam boat; and the sails are as taught as if they were frozen. I will say nothing about the stem or the stern, because I do not know one from the other. A British man-of-war! If you cannot turn out a better craft than this, you must never set up for ship carpenters. Why, boys, if I had gnawed this cock-bôat of yours out of the leg of a stool with my teeth, and rigged it at twelve o'clock at night, without a candle, I should be ashamed of it. Every one to his trade. You may get under weigh very well with your books; but I would not sail round the world in a craft of your building for the red flag at the fore."

"What is the red flag at the fore, Captain?"

"The vice-admiral of the red, boys, carries a red flag at the fore-top-gallant-mast head. The admiral of the fleet carries his flag at the main-top-gallant-mast head—but stop; I will tell you of them all. Admirals carry their flags at the main, vice-admirals at the fore, and rear-admirals at the mizen-top-gallant-mast heads. There are admirals of the red, white, and blue; the red

being the seniors, the white next, and the blue the juniors."

"Well, Captain, you will tell us how to build a better ship, will you?"

"Will I? Ay, that I will, my boys, from the keel to the mast head. Don't be out of heart; you may be shipwrights yet in her majesty's dockyard. When we think of the dangers of shipwreck, we ought to take care that every vessel is sea-worthy. The best ship that was ever built would soon go to pieces, if her stem was fast on a reef, and her stern battered by the breakers against the rocks. Only think of the Neva, boys; she struck on a reef, and soon after broke into four parts."

"Terrible! terrible! No wonder that you don't like to see a ship badly built, Captain. But please to tell us about the Neva. In what part of the world was she? and how came she to get upon the rocks?"

"It was a sad affair, boys! Sudden death is terrible; but when it comes upon those who have lived all their lives breaking the commandments of God, and the laws of mankind, it must be more terrible still. It ill becomes us to judge hardly of the guiltiest being that lives under the skies; for we are all sinners, and all stand in need of God's mercy. Every one of you, and the old sea Captain too, stands as much in need of a Saviour as the most cruel pirate that was ever hung; but when we think, that the Neva had on board so many who had been condemned to transportation, on account of their crimes, we cannot help fearing, that many of them were hardened and unrepentant offenders. Oh, boys! boys!



have a care that you do not run aground on the shoals of temptation; look to a heavenly Pilot; keep a sharp look out from the mast head; beware of pirates; do not carry too much sail, and too little ballast; never neglect to take soundings in unknown latitudes; and mind that your ship's compass always points where it ought to do."

"Please now to tell us all about the Neva."

"It was on the 8th of January, 1835, that the Neva left Cork, bound for Sydney. The old sea Captain was there with a cargo fifty years ago; then it was only known as a place where convicts were sent. Every body has heard of Botany Bay. But now the whole country is looking up, and it is a thriving place. Well; the Neva had a hundred and fifty women on board, all convicts, beside fifty-five children, and nine free emigrants. Emigrants, you know, are those who leave their own country of their own accord for another."

"What a number of women to be transported! and all in one ship, too! Who was the captain?"

"The Neva was commanded by Captain Peck; and twenty-six men formed the crew. All went on well, and fair wind took them along without accident. On the 13th of May, they were within about thirty leagues of King's Island, at the entrance of Bass's Straits, and here they gave a sharp look out for land. It was, I think, early on the following morning that they made land."

"What is making land, Captain?"

"When land, a long way off, is seen from a vessel sailing towards it, it is said that the ship has made

land. Making land is a sea phrase for approaching land seen in the distance. You will remember now. All at once, breakers were discovered right a-head, the ship was put about; but for all that, she struck, unshipped her rudder, became unmanageable, and then struck again on the larboard-bow. Putting a ship about, is to set the sails, and move the rudder so as to bring the ship's head to the wind; and unshipping a rudder, is having the helm broken from the ship, or rendered unserviceable."

"Thank you, Captain."

"It was time for the hands to be stirring, for the ship swung broadside heavily on the reef, and bilged at once. To bilge, is to be broken in. In vain the captain tried to keep up the courage of those around him. A wild shriek of distress rose from the vessel; for the women were horror-struck so soon as they knew their situation, and cried out to be set at liberty. Think of a hundred and fifty poor guilty wretched beings, about to be launched into an eternal world, without warning or preparation."

"Ay, they repented of their bad ways, then, no doubt; but it was too late."

"We never know when it is too late, boys. The thief on the cross was pardoned, when all would have thought it too late. The captain got into the pinnace, with the surgeon, the superintendent, and two sailors; but the striking of the ship on the reef had burst the prison-doors, and many of the shrieking women leaped from the side of the vessel, and got into the pinnace, or

hung upon her in such numbers, that they swamped her. All in the boat were lost, but the captain and the two sailors: these, with hard struggling, got back to the ship."

"That captain had no business to run away from the poor convicts, and leave them to be drowned."

"The long-boat then put off, but with no better success than the pinnace, for the surf upset it. It was too rough for a boat to live in. Again the captain escaped, for he was a good swimmer; but hardly had he reached the ship before she went to pieces. Never was a more dreadful scene! The vessel had broken up into four parts, and every one of them was crowded with women, wringing their hands, screaming for help, and praying aloud."

"Poor creatures! what a dreadful situation to be placed in. A ship, broken in four parts, could not long swim in the water."

"True, boys: for a time, the wretched creatures kept shrieking for assistance, but the howling winds and roaring waves only seemed to mock them in their distress. At last, the different parts of the wreck went down, and almost all the women were whelmed in the waters."

"They were not all drowned, then? How many escaped?"

"Twenty-two persons, by clinging to parts of the wreck, and struggling hard for eight hours, got to King's Island; but seven of them died soon after. Those who reached the land, happily picked up a slender stock of

provisions that floated ashore. After this, they were joined by the crew of a small vessel, which happened to be wrecked on the same island; and the whole party continued to keep themselves alive by fishing and hunting, till a ship hove off the coast, and took them away."

"Why, what a many must have been drowned!"

"Before they quitted the island, they buried a hundred fellow beings, who had perished in the deep, and whose bodies had floated ashore."

"How many people must have been drowned in the sea! Why, there must have been thousands and thousands."

"There must, indeed, boys."

"Why does not every ship carry a life-boat? that would keep them all safe. Why does not every ship carry a life-boat?"

"If every ship carried a life-boat big enough to save all her crew, it would be sadly in the way. The time will come, mayhap, when ships will be better prepared for accidents than they are now; but life-boats are used on the coast, and many lives have been saved by them."

"How long have there been life-boats on the coast? Always?"

"Always! No, boys; if there had, many a broken-hearted widow, and many an outcast orphan, would have been kept from a world of sorrow. I have heard say, that the first life-boat was built at the mouth of the Tyne. It was, if I remember right, in the year 1789, that the ship Adventure was stranded on the Herd Sands, on the south side of Tynemouth haven. It was a shocking

sight; for, in the midst of the most terrible breakers, the distracted crew dropped from the rigging one by one, in the presence of thousands of spectators. Rewards were offered to any who were bold enough to venture to their assistance, but all in vain. A common boat could not have lived a minute in such a sea, and, therefore, no one would venture."

"It must have been a dreadful sight, indeed."

"It often pleases God to bring good out of seeming evil. The wreck of the Adventure was the cause of the first life-boat being built; for some kind-hearted inhabitants of South Shields met together, and offered rewards for the best life-boats that could be built. A life-boat of a capital construction soon made its appearance; it answered well, ploughing its way through the breakers like a living thing. In about twenty years, three hundred lives have been saved by the life-boat, at the entrance of the Tyne only."

"Oh, life-boats are capital things. To think of three hundred lives being saved at one place alone!"

"There are now life-boats, life-rafts, and life-preservers, of different kinds. Not long ago, a bold man, of the name of Canning, who had constructed a life-raft, undertook to be towed in his raft up the river Thames, by a steam-boat, and dashed against the buttresses of all the bridges in going up and coming down; for he felt sure that his raft would bear it all. A friend of mine, boys, saw him, I think it was at Cherbourg, on the coast of France, towed out into a sea, where every one gave him up for lost; but, instead of that, he rode gallantly

through the breakers, and was thrown up, high and dry, on the sands, where hundreds of spectators were ready to give him a cheer."

"Well done! He was a brave man."

"I had rather hear of one improvement in life-boats and life-rafts, than a hundred in guns, mortars, and bomb-shells. Better be clever in preserving life, than in destroying it, boys. Let us be merciful one to another; for we have had great mercy shown us by our heavenly Father."

"What is the meaning of tackle, Captain?"

"Tackle is a sort of general name for ropes and blocks, or pullies. There are boom, bowline, fish, and garnet tackles; luff, port, quarter, reef, and relieving tackles; ridge, rolling, rudder, runner, and main and fore-stay tackles; with tack, stock, top, train, and winding tackles; and a dozen other sorts beside."

"There are many stories told of sailors, whose names are taken from different parts of a ship. What is the meaning of cringle, junk, bob-stay, and halyard?"

"A cringle, boys, is a small hole, formed in the bolt-rope of a sail; junk is old cable; a bob-stay is a rope that confines the bowsprit downward to the stem, or cut-water; and the halyards, a word made, I expect, from *haul* yards, are the ropes, or tackles, used in hoisting and lowering a sail on its mast or stay. But now, boys, there's another sea term that the old sea Captain has never explained to you; it is the term, 'sheer off,' which means, to remove to a greater distance."

"Ay, Captain! Captain! Every body knows that. You want *us* to sheer off, that is clear. Well, we will take the ship with us that you called such names."

"Don't call it a ship, boys! Don't call it a ship! If smugglers were to lay hold of a ship of your building, to trade in, it would make their fortune. Why the revenue officers would never take it for a ship."

"Captain, you do make sad game of it; but we shall, perhaps, show you a better some day."

"A better! Why you can't show me a worse, that is certain. Let me see! Did I tell you the meaning of sheer off?"

"Oh yes, you did. And now we will go. Thank you, Captain, for all you have told us."





ESQUIMAUX INDIANS.

## CHAPTER XV.

Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry—Baffin's Bay—Whales—Esquimaux Indians—Pulling noses—The looking-glass—Red snow—Return home—Hecla and Griper—Ships frozen up—White whales—Winter at Melville Island—Snow blindness—Fury and Hecla—Captain Parry reaches Hudson's Bay and Savage Islands—Aurora Borealis—Scurvy—Captain Parry returns home—Another expedition—Fury lost—The last attempts to discover a northern passage—Captain Back goes in search of Captain Ross—Both return safe.

“HAUL to the wind, boys! Haul the wind! You are sailing sou'west with the wind nor'ard. Haul to the wind! Attend to your sails! Brace the yards more



for'ard ! Slacken the starboard, and pull in the larboard braces ! Haul the lower sheets further aft ! Put the helm aport ! There, you have hauled to the wind four points. Now, if you want two points more, trim all sharp, and you'll get 'em."

" We do not understand you at all, Captain."

" I dare say not, boys ! I only wanted to bring your figure-heads a few points nearer to the wind. If I didn't overhaul my sea-tackle now and then, may be I might forget that I had been a sailor."

" Do you know any thing about Captain Ross and Captain Parry ?"

" Do I, boys ! Ay, and about Captain Lyon and Captain Back, too. You are sailing to the North Pole, I see, among the whales and the walruses. Have a care, for you will want a p.-jacket and a sou'-wester there, I promise you. Take care of your noses and your finger-ends. But, come ! what have you to say about Captain Ross."

" We only want you to tell us about him, and all about the Frozen Regions."

" All about the Frozen Regions ! No ! no ! boys. It has pleased God that we should know, at present, but very little about them. We know that they are locked up with frost the greater part of the year, and that the sun, for a time, leaves them altogether. We know, too, that the few people who live there know nothing, or next to nothing, about God, and are ignorant of the Bible, and of salvation by Jesus Christ. But our knowledge of the Frozen Regions is very small.

Once in his life, the old sea Captain was as far north as Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay, and he was not unthankful when he found himself in a warmer latitude."

"Well, Captain! please to tell us all that you can remember about Captain Ross."

"I'll do my best in this trip, my hearties, and make all the sail I can. Now, are you ready?"

"Yes, Captain: please to begin."

"Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry left England on the 8th of April, 1818. The captain commanded the *Isabella*, and the lieutenant the *Alexander*, and by about the end of May, they came in sight of Cape Farewell, the southern end of Greenland, where icebergs, in abundance, were floating about. They then went to Whale Island; and, after that, pushed up Baffin's Bay, near to Wayget Island; but here they were stopped by the ice, so they fastened the ships to an iceberg."

"There was no getting farther then. Those icebergs must be very dangerous."

"They saw plenty of walruses and whales; for the whalers had never been among them there. It was in August, that a storm came on that tried them hard, dashing the ice against the ships, breaking their anchors and cables, and crushing one of their boats. But these things could not be helped. They got out of the ice at last, and then fell in with some Esquimaux, who had never seen any but their own people."

"How surprised the Esquimaux must have been!"

"They were surprised, and frightened, too, boys;

and, if Captain Ross had not had an interpreter with him, the Esquimaux Indians would, no doubt, have made off. The interpreter told Captain Ross, that, among the Esquimaux, pulling the nose was a sign of peace. The English party pulled their noses, and then the Esquimaux were satisfied!"

"How very odd! What a droll sight to see them pulling their noses at one another!"

"A looking-glass was showed to the Indians; and, as soon as they saw themselves in it, they looked at each other with wonder, set up a shout, and began laughing."

"Ah! ah! ah! They could not tell what to make of it."

"One of them, thinking the ship was alive, went up to it, pulling his nose, and asking it if it came from the sun or the moon? They wondered why the ship did not speak to them: and then they took the sails to be the skins of large animals. They were taken on board one of the ships, where they wondered at every thing."

"No doubt, every thing surprised them, as they had never seen a ship before."

"After Captain Ross left the Esquimaux, he saw some mountains covered with red snow."

"How very strange!"

"I take it, boys, that the snow was white enough when it fell; for no red snow was seen to come down from the skies. In cold countries, in some places, a very small red plant grows on the snow, and this is thought to be the only reason why the snow looks of a red colour. Well, Captain Ross tried his best to

find a north-west passage; but he could not. He passed Jones's Sound; but it was dreary work, for the sun had left them, so that they were in twilight. He then came to Lancaster Sound, and here the men thought they had found the passage they were looking after; but the captain thought that there was land stretching all across the bay, and he made up his mind rather too hastily: if he had gone on a little longer, he would have found the strait was open. Captain Ross then steered south, and would have entered Cumberland Straits, but he thought it would only take him into Hudson's Bay. He surveyed the shore as well as he could; but finding no opening to encourage him to try further, he sailed homeward."

"Then he did not find the passage, after all."

"He did not, boys. Whether he was to blame in not pushing up Lancaster Sound further, I cannot tell; but many people thought so: another expedition was therefore fitted out. The Hecla and the Griper sailed from England, in May, 1819, under the command of Lieutenant Parry."

"What! the same lieutenant who went out before?"

"The very same, boys. He pushed boldly on, and reached Cape Farewell, but was soon after stopped, and his two ships stuck fast in the ice. He had cut his way through the ice before; but he could not do it here. A heavy roll of the sea, however, did that for him which he could not do for himself. It loosened the ice; but he was in very great danger. On he went to Woman's Island, in Baffin's Bay, trying to reach Lancaster Sound.

The men had to drag the ships along through the ice with ropes; and, in some places, to saw a way for them. They bore directly down upon Lancaster Sound. On they went rapidly before the wind, and when they were a hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the sound, the water was, at least, fifty miles broad. Full of spirits, and expecting success, they met disappointment after disappointment patiently, until they came to a part where the ice completely crossed the channel."

"Sad! sad! Now, he must turn back again, like Captain Ross."

"The crew caught some white whales, and then tried an inlet, which they called Prince Regent's Inlet. But here they were again stopped. They made their way to Byam Martin Island, where the fog was thick: the compass became useless. After this, they reached Melville Island, and it was not long before the crew had cause to rejoice."

"What was it about, Captain? Did they find the north-west passage?"

"No, boys! That would have been still better than it was. Lieutenant Parry called his men about him. 'My lads,' says he, 'we have reached the longitude of one hundred and ten degrees west at last.' Now, the men knew that a reward of five thousand pounds had been offered by the British government to the first ship's crew that reached so far west; you may be sure they were in high spirits, and that they gave a hearty cheer."

"It was enough to put them in high spirits. Five thousand pounds!"

"After trying hard to push farther, they were obliged to put back to Melville Island, to winter there; for they were not likely to find a harbour where they were. For two miles, the men sawed their way through the ice, floating out the pieces into the open water; but, at last, the ship was frozen up for the winter."

"What a place to spend a winter in!"

"Lieutenant Parry took care of his men; they had every day a pound of preserved meat, and a pint of soup, besides pickles and vinegar; and then, to prevent their having the scurvy, he gave them lime-juice and sugar. Every attempt was made to keep them cheerful; and, among other things, a newspaper was published among them, every one that pleased writing a part towards it."

"That was a very good plan. The newspaper must have been quite a curiosity."

"No doubt it was, boys. It was printed after they came home. Then the men were obliged to walk several hours in the snow every day, unless in very bad weather; but in the bad weather they managed differently. You would hardly be able to guess how."

"Perhaps they jumped about, or danced, to keep themselves warm."

"No doubt they jumped and danced too; but they did something else, they ran round and round the deck to the tune of an old organ that they had with them."

"How comical! What figures they would cut,

running jig jog, one after another, all round the deck ! There was plenty of laughing, no doubt."

" You are right, boys. Some of the men grew sick ; but they were soon cured, for they found scurvy-grass under the snow. Some were taken with what is called snow-blindness ; but spectacles, in which crape was used instead of glass, were found very useful in keeping them safe from the bright glare. Wolves were heard, but they could not catch any, though one day they took a white fox."

" And did they stop there all the winter?"

" They did, boys. Early in the spring, the ice was cut away from the ships ; but it was August before they could get fairly afloat. Every thing that brave men could do was then done by them, but in vain. Sail in what direction they would, they were stopped by the ice, which appeared thicker than it did the year before. At last, Lieutenant Parry gave the order once more to sail for old England, having reached many degrees of longitude further than any seamen had ever done before him."

" Well done, Lieutenant Parry ! And well done, the brave fellows who wintered with him among the ice and snow ! Did he ever try again, after that, Captain?"

" He did, boys ; for he was made a captain, and was again sent out in the *Fury*, accompanied by Captain Lyon, in the *Hecla*. It was in May, 1821, that they set sail for Hudson's Straits, having given up all hopes of finding a north-west passage in Baffin's Bay. They reached Hudson's Straits, and came near some islands

called Savage Islands, where they fell in with some savages in kayaks, or boats. There were boats, also, with women in them: these boats were made of whale-bone, covered with the skins of the deer; they were called oomiaks, or women's boats."

"What singular names, kayaks and oomiaks!"

"After this, sailing on, from place to place, they fell in with more Esquimaux Indians. Some of them had boots on of a very large size. One Esquimaux woman sold one of her boots to the sailors; but all that they could do or say was in vain, to get her to part with the other. What was the reason, think you? why, she had stolen many articles from the sailors, and hid them in her boot. The boot, however, was taken from her by force, and then the theft was found out. It is true that she had never heard of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal;' but for all that, she knew that it was wrong."

"What a sly creature she must have been! Who would have thought that she would have hid her stolen treasure in her boot! However, it did not answer!"

"No, boys, it never answers to do what is wrong. Well, Captain Parry pushed on till the ice grew thicker and thicker; and, at last, he was once more frozen up



GREENLANDER IN HIS KAYAK.



for the winter. To pass away their time, pleasantly and profitably, the sailors set up a school. Those who could read and write, turned schoolmasters, and taught their messmates."

"That was a capital plan for those who could not read and write; but it would not keep them so warm as running after one another round the deck, to the tune of the old organ."

"You are right there, boys; but, though they set up a school, they did not neglect to take exercise. In the northern regions, the sun is not seen for a certain part of the year, and a twilight prevails. The aurora borealis, or northern morning, as many call it, is then very brilliant. Sometimes, it is like a bright arch; then it changes, when the wind is high, into showers of rays; and, at other times, long strips of light move about in all manner of forms and motions."

"Well! that must be very beautiful!"

"It is a part of His almighty creation, whose works are all wonders. The moving rays of the northern lights are called the 'merry dancers;' and the poor ignorant Indian says, they are the spirits of his fathers in the land of souls."

"What an odd thought! But the poor Indians have nobody to teach them better."

"Captain Parry met with some more Esquimaux, who gave the sailors skins for knives, and other implements, such as saws, chisels, and nails. The sailors visited their houses under the snow; and the Esquimaux went

on board the ships, and were very merry, playing at leap-frog, and other games, with the sailors."

"An Esquimaux, in his rough skin clothing, playing at leap-frog!"

"In July, Captain Parry sailed northward, and, after many difficulties, came to a strait, with the tide running through it; he thought, too, that he saw the open ocean to the westward. By and bye, the ice again stopped him: disappointments and difficulties again awaited him; and, after doing his best, he was once more obliged to put back, and get into a safe place for another winter."

"There seems no end of his difficulties."

"In August, he tried again; but, as symptoms of scurvy began to spread among the sailors, very much against his inclination, he returned home, after an absence of two years. You may be sure that he was well received by his countrymen, after all his dangers and all his perseverance."

"No doubt he was; and was that the very last time he tried to find the north-west passage?"

"No, boys; for he tried again in 1824, but could not succeed. Perseverance will do much, but it cannot conquer impossibilities. The *Fury* was lost in this attempt, and her crew were glad to get aboard the *Hecla*. In 1827, Captain Parry set off again, and was provided with light boats, with runners to them like sledges, that when his ship was stopped by the ice, he might travel over the ice."

“ That was a good plan, however. How did he get on with his boats?”

“ Why, very well; but, when he arrived at near the eighty-third degree of north latitude, he found that the high winds blew the ice, on which he travelled, faster to the south, than he could travel to the north; so he came home again. An attempt has been made, with steam-boats, by Captain Ross, to find the passage; and most people thought, by his being absent so long, that he and his party had perished. Captain Back, a very bold man, set out overland from North America to find him.”

“ And did he find him?”

“ No, boys; but while he was doing his best to discover him, he heard that Captain Ross had returned home safe. Whether there will ever be found a northern passage to the East Indies, it would be hard to say. For the present, it has pleased God to put a barrier of ice in the way; and this seems to cry aloud to those who would pass it, ‘ Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.’ And now, boys, the old sea Captain has had a long cruise with you, and he must put into port, and pay off the ship, that she may be laid up in ordinary. At another time, mayhap, we may sail again in company; but do not forget, that in the dangers of the north and south, and the perils of the east and west, God can alone preserve us. Whether we are in the cabin or on the deck, at the helm or the mast head, let us look to him, then, for his almighty aid, that he may guide us by his counsel, and bring us to glory.”



CAPTAIN BACK LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Scudding—Trade winds—A Jack Tar has affections in his heart—Captain Back leaves Liverpool—Lake Superior—Fall of Kakabikka—The Great Slave Lake—The river Thlew-ee-choh—Chipewyans and Yellow Knives—Pemmican—Fort Reliance—Indian chief, Akaitcho—The sabbath day—Rugged ground—Fearful falls—Fogs—Return to Fort Reliance—Captain Back returns home.

“ Here you are, at anchor, Captain! and you have told us all about anchors. Will you now please to explain what scudding before the wind is ?”

“ Cheerly, boys! cheerly! Scudding afore the wind

is just the opposite to riding at anchor. When you ride at anchor, you are still; and when you scud, you fly afore the wind."

"Oh! that's it. It must be very pleasant to scud before the wind."

"Not always, boys. A ship generally scuds with a sail on the fore-mast; but, if the tempest be too rough for her, she has no sail at all. This is called scudding under bare poles."

"Ay! Scudding under bare poles, that was what we wanted to be explained too."

"The square-sail is used to scud with, in small vessels; but, in large ships, it is either the fore-sail at large, reefed, or with its goose-wings extended; or, it is the fore-top-sail close reefed, and lowered on the cap; which last is used when the sea runs high enough, now and then, to becalm the fore-sail, in which case the ship is in danger of upsetting. See how my Union Jack is fluttering in the wind, on the top of the summer arbour! I love the very sound of it, boys! The wind is south-east by south."

"There's another thing, Captain, that we want to understand. What are trade winds? Do you know?"

"Do I know, boys! Why, that is like asking a schoolboy if he knows his alphabet! or a sailor if he knows which is the main-mast! The old sea Captain has been enough in the trade winds to know a little about them. Hark ye, boys! The trade winds are winds that blow one way in, or near the tropics, either all the year round, or for a part of the year. In the Indian

ocean, they blow for a time one way, and for a time in the opposite direction; but in the Atlantic and the Pacific, you will always find them blowing from the same point."

"What can be the reason of it?"

"We must rest satisfied, in many cases, in knowing that it is God's almighty will that such and such things should be; but I think I can tell you why the wind blows from the east in the Atlantic and Pacific."

"Do tell us, then, Captain! please do!"

"Why, you see, boys, that as the sun moves from east to west, it heats the air under it, and makes it expand, and rise upwards, and the cooler air eastward rushes on to fill up its place. This, I take it, is the reason for this continual east wind: and then, as to the name, trade wind, it is so called, because it is so useful to traders. There's an old saying, 'That's an ill wind that blows nobody good;' but I fancy we always like that wind best that suits us best, whether or not it answers the ends of other people. To be thankful for what the Lord of life and glory pleases to send us, boys, is a mark of wisdom, as well as gratitude, for he knows best what we require. 'He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust,' "Psa. ciii. 14.

"Yes, we ought to be thankful for God's goodness; but we do not always think of it."

"We are all of us too unthankful, boys. If we are on land, we long to be on ship-board; and when we are at sea, we sigh to be on shore. If we have but little in the locker, we desire to have much; and when we get much,

we then want more. It would be well if in our cruises, we thought less of time, and more of eternity; but, no! every rag of canvass is stretched out to catch the winds of this world."

"How does a sailor feel when he first goes to sea, Captain?"

"When you first go to sea, every thing is new to you, and keeps you alive; but after you have been blowing about for a year or two, the love of home comes over you. Sharks and sea-gulls, and coral islands, porpoises and flying fish, are all pretty things in their way; but they will not do for ever. A water-spout, a whirlpool, and a shipwreck, make a change; but still 'home is home,' as the folk say, and a sailor has a heart as well as a landsman. In his p.-jacket and south-wester, he looks as rough as a cocoa-nut; but he has the milk of kind affections in him, for all that, boys."

"Oh yes! a sailor can feel, as well as another."

"Mayhap a Jack Tar may have a father and a mother



WHIRLPOOL.

on shore, and he may have read in his Bible the words, 'Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Or, he may have left behind, when he went aboard, a brother, or a sister, or somebody else that comes uppermost in his mind when the wind blows hard, or when the sun sets, or when he looks at the stars, in the middle watch. At such moments as these, boys, macaws and monkeys, racoons and cocoa-nuts, tortoises and canary birds, will not pacify him; and though he would be ashamed to be caught at it, now and then, when no eye is upon him, but the eye of the Most Holy One, he draws the back of his hard hand across his eyes, as he looks to the nor'-west, and thinks of old England."

"Poor Jack! He does not forget home when he's abroad."

"No, boys; for he never sees such another home, nor such another country as his own. When, after a long voyage of toils and dangers, he comes within sight of the white cliffs of Albion, he mounts the shrouds with a nimbler foot, he unfurls the sail with a readier hand. If you look at his face, there is sunshine in it, for his heart keeps holiday in his bosom."

"You told us about Captain Ross and Captain Parry: no doubt, they were both thankful to get safe home again; but you did not tell us about Captain Back, though you said that he went out to find Captain Ross, who was out so long that many thought he must be dead. Tell us a little about him, if you please. It was a noble thing to send him out on such an errand."



"Right, boys; it was a noble undertaking, and is a credit to old England. Captain Ross and his followers ventured their lives in trying to discover what their country wanted to know, and it was due to them to make every effort for their safety."

"Yes; that it was. Now, then, for a little about Captain Back."

"Captain Back was a man of great prudence, and strong resolution. He left Liverpool, February 17, 1833; and when he had reached New York, embarked in the steam-boat Ohio, for Albany, to go northward. Three hearty cheers were given him by a thousand well-dressed people who wished him well. When one brave man sets off to save the life of another brave man, he deserves the best wishes of seamen and landsmen too."

"He does, indeed, Captain. The cheering they gave him would do him good, for it would let him know that they wished him well."

"He reached the northern end of Lake Superior and crossed it, and encamped at the fall of Kakabikka."

"Kakabikka! That is a curious name. Kakabikka!"

"At one place, the party were so dreadfully tormented with mosquitoes, that their faces were quite altered in appearance; but the captain was courage to the backbone, and his heart beat high with the hope of rescuing Captain Ross from destruction. When people go on a bad errand, no wonder that they are cowards; but when a man's heart is warm in a good cause, he is as bold as a lion."

" Captain Back would never be stopped by the mosquitoes!"

" As he proceeded onwards, ducks and geese were seen, as well as tern, gulls, and plovers, with now and then a pelican. Then he very often had to surmount portages. A portage is a place where a fall of water compels travellers to carry, or drag their packages and canoes up and down the broken rocks, till they get to smooth water again. This is very hard work."

" Had they many things to carry with them."

" Yes, boys. There was all their provision, and iron-work, bales of leather, oil-cloths, and many other necessary things. Well, they reached the Great Slave Lake. The Indians tried to dissuade the captain from going to the river Thlew-ee-choh. 'Go not,' said they, 'on the terrible river! When our fathers warred with the Esquimaux, they went upon it. Did they come back? No! They are in the land of spirits. Our old and wise men only know their names.'"

" Poor Indians! They were afraid of the river themselves."

" They were, boys; but Captain Back was not, so he pushed on, and reached the river: he ascended Hoar Frost River also. Different tribes of Indians were seen, Chipewyans and Yellow Knives. In one swampy place, the sand-flies rose in such clouds, and the faces of the men were so bitten by them, that they were covered with blood. At last, it became necessary to build a house to winter in, by the side of a lake. Here Captain Back did not forget the goodness of God: prayers

and praises were offered up to him for his almighty protection."

"That was just as it ought to be. That is the way to prosper, Captain Back!"

"The old sea Captain has been in many a storm, and a feeling conviction of the goodness of God has afforded him more confidence and peace than the stout ribs of the ship, that were between him and the raging deep. Captain Back had an odd kind of food with him, called pemmican, made by the Indians of sun-dried flesh of the buffalo, pounded, and then mixed with melted fat."

"That *was* an odd kind of food, indeed!"

"We know not what cold is in this country, boys; at least, such cold as they have to endure in the northern regions. When any of the men washed their faces, their hair was sure to be hung with icicles before they could use their towels, if only a yard from the fire. During the winter, Captain Back was very kind to the poor half-starved Indians, who came to him for assistance. What do you think was the name he gave to his house?"

"That would be very hard to guess indeed."

"He called it Fort Reliance, to show his confidence in God. An Indian chief, named Akaitcho, joined the expedition, and rendered great service. One of his sayings was a very curious one: 'Better that ten Indians should die, than one white man fall through our bad faith or neglect.'"

"Well done, Akaitcho!"

"This Indian chief hunted for them, and cheerfully shared toil and peril on their account, and Captain

Back much valued him. Well! all at once, when it was not expected, the news came that Captain Ross had arrived safe in England. Captain Back assembled his men, and gave thanks to God for his merciful providence in restoring, seemingly from the depths of the ocean, the men whose absence had so long been lamented. That day was a day of rejoicing to the whole party."

"No doubt it was. How glad they would be!"

"You must not think that Captain Back set off directly on his return. No, boys! He had undertaken to explore, as far as he could, that part of the frozen regions; and he was not the man to return before he had done his best."

"Ay! He was a bold captain! Just the very man to be sent on an expedition."

"I will tell you how he knew that the mild weather was coming: a goose flew by Fort Reliance, and five or six more were seen on the following day. The next living thing seen was a fly, and after that abundance of gulls, gros-beaks, yellowlegs, and robins, and at last butterflies. Off set Captain Back, and soon, though the ground was frostbound under foot, it became very hot over head. It mattered not whether the party were on the land or the water, for their boat would travel on either. When on the water, it swam; and when on the ice, it was drawn along by two men, assisted by half-a-dozen very fine dogs. It would never do, boys, for me to overhaul one-half the difficulties they overcame, or the dangers they escaped. They were not daunted by

them, and on they went, after parting with the Indian chief, Akaitcho, pulling their boats up the rough rocks, and shooting down the watery rapids. Sometimes, their hearts were lifted up with hope of useful discoveries, and at others they had to bear disappointments; yet, on they went, without a murmur, never neglecting, as the sabbath came round, to assemble together, to engage in Divine worship with thankful hearts."

"They were a set of true-hearted seamen; and deserved to be rewarded for doing their duty."

"Very willingly would Captain Back have done more than he did, but the thing was impossible; for the ground was so rugged, and the falls so fearful, that what with the close-wedged ice of the river continually checking him, and the thick fogs obscuring his course, he was at last compelled to think of returning home."

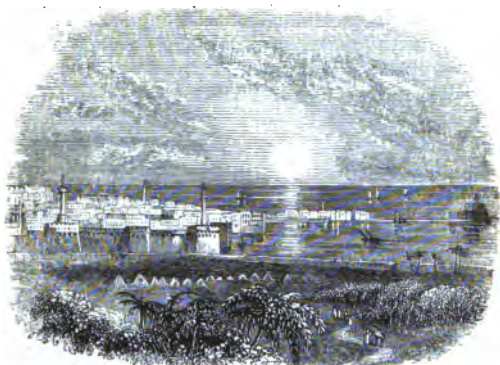
"If ever man acted a brave part, Captain Back did, and the bold fellows with him."

"You would have liked a peep at them, boys, just before they turned back; for the British flag was unfurled on the point they had reached, and, with three hearty British cheers, the spot was taken possession of as the land of King William the Fourth. When Captain Back had returned to Fort Reliance, he passed the winter there with his party, not idly, but usefully, for observations were made, journals were written, and charts constructed; to say nothing of the sketches that were drawn, and the instruction of different kinds that was given to the men. After this, he returned home. And now, boys, we must leave Captain Back and his bold followers;

and do not forget to pray that the blessing of that almighty and merciful Being, who preserved them in their hardships, may rest upon them to their lives' end. As long as they live, they have, indeed, reason to say, ' Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men ! ' ”  
Psa. cvii.



ICEBERGS.



ALEXANDRIA.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The old sea Captain's first voyage—Sails from Liverpool in the Dolphin—Sea sickness—Bay of Biscay—A storm—The strange sail—Signals of distress hoisted—The long-boat swamped—The Pirate goes down—Gibraltar—Ships from Tripoli and Algiers—Egyptian schooners—Mediterranean squall—Constantinople—Mohammed—Alexandria—Funchal—The Franciscan convent—Ship on her beam-ends—Safe arrival.

“WELL, boys! here you are again, all right and tight. What part of the wide world are you steering for now? Are you bound to the east or the west, the north or the south? You are all rigged out bravely, and carry plenty of sail. The wind's in the nor'ard still; shifted only

half a point since sunrise. Where are you bound, mess-mates? Where are you bound?"

"Only to Cape Come-again, Captain. You have told us of many voyages of other people; please now to tell us about one of your own."

"One of my own! If I sail on that tack, and fall into the trade winds, I shall take you a long way out to sea. A sailor has about as much pleasure in telling of his voyages and adventures, as a soldier has in fighting his old battles over again. When I was a sailor boy—(since then, many a good ship has been stranded, and many a true-hearted seamen has gone down to the bottom of the deep)—when I was a boy, it was a pleasant thing to listen to the old hands, on a Saturday night, as they shifted their quids, to turn out an allowance of Mediterranean squalls, or gales of wind in the Bay of Biscay. After a while, I began to palaver myself; and before now, I have seen some of the fresh hands, while I have been overhauling my log, staring at me with their mouths open, almost wide enough to take in a captain's biscuit."

"Where did you go your first voyage, Captain?"

"At first, boys, I was a fresh-water sailor, on board a barge; and then I went to Newcastle, in a collier; and many a hard blow have I weathered on the coast: but my first voyage right out to sea was to Constantinople."

"Do tell us about that. How old were you?"

"About fourteen. The captain was a friend of my father's, and promised to take all the care of me he could. We set sail from Liverpool in the Dolphin, with a fair wind, and soon lost sight of land."



"Ay, then, you began to be sea-sick, no doubt."

"No, boys; for I had lost sight of land many a time afore then in the collier. I did not know what sickness was till the Dolphin was pitching about in the Bay o' Biscay, and then I had enough of it. My messmates only laughed at me. 'He's white-washed his figure-head,' said one. 'He's like a ship on her beam-ends,' said another. 'He'll make a rare master's mate,' said a third. 'I'll warrant him to sail within six points o' the wind, and hit Madeira if it was no bigger than the binocle.'"

"Now that was too bad of the sailors."

"A good-natured joke breaks no bones, boys; and I rather think that we bear many a trouble better when we are laughed at, than we should, if all around us were pulling long faces. Where's the use of a sailor being down-hearted? Have not we trouble on shore, boys, as well as on the seas?"

"True, Captain; but sea-sickness must be so very bad."

"Why, the sooner it's over the better, sure enough. Well, boys, in the Bay o' Biscay, a storm came on, and the ship became unmanageable, driving afore the wind for the better part of the day. The storm increased to a hurricane, and the main-mast went by the board with a crash that went to my very heart. When the wind had a little gone down, we came almost alongside a ship that had hoisted signals of distress. Though we wanted help ourselves, we prepared to help the vessel that seemed ready to foundry; but the sea was too

rough. Night came on, and gun after gun told us that the strange sail was in extremity. At last, the long-boat was sent to her, and about a dozen hands from the distressed ship got into her. All at once, the boat was swamped: three or four of the drowning sailors were picked up; and directly after, the strange sail went down through the rolling billows."

"What ship was it? How many sailors were drowned?"

"The ship was a French privateer; so that we had been helping those who, had the storm abated, would have boarded us with all their strength, and thanked us with the edge of their cutlasses. Between forty and fifty perished with the ship; this was told us by those whose lives we had saved."

"Why, then, you must have had a double escape."

"True, boys; and when I came to think of the matter after, how it had pleased God to preserve me from the raging billows, and from the violence of cruel men, my heart was melted. If ever I offered up praise and thanksgiving, it was then; and I prayed fervently, in the Redeemer's name, that the life which God, in his goodness, had preserved, might be spent in his service, and to his glory. Ay, boys! in stormy times, we are ready enough to run to God for help, and we, perhaps, remember his goodness for a little time; but let the wind abate, the waves subside, the sky clear up, and the sun shine upon us, and how soon do we forget the almighty hand that snatched us from the jaws of destruction!"

"Where did you go after that?"

"I will not stop to tell you every little matter that took

place. Enough to say, that we entered the Mediterranean sea. The Straits of Gibraltar lie southward from England, and are about six or eight leagues across. We passed the straits, and sailed easterly. On our star-board were the shores of Africa, and to the larboard those of Europe."

"Did you see any other ships as you sailed along?"

"We did, boys; for vessels from all parts traded with the cities and seaports on the coast. Now and then, we met with odd-looking ships, which had on their decks savage-looking men from Tripoli and Algiers. Then again, there was craft of all kinds from France, and Spain, and Italy."

"It must have been very pleasant to meet so many other ships."

"At times, we were blown a little nearer to the shore than we liked, and then we saw dark, swarthy-looking fishermen, daring sailors, and people on the coast, dressed in a way that I had never seen before. Never shall I forget the suddenness of a squall that came upon us."

"How was it? You had been in a hurricane in the Bay of Biscay, and would not much mind a squall."

"You shall know how it was. We were sailing along with a fair wind, and all seemed right, when I noticed the bo'sun looking a-head, as he stood by the fore-mast, with a scowl on his brow. 'There's a cap-full coming,' said he; but where it was to come from I did not know."

"Why, was not the sky dark? Did it not look stormy?"

"At that time of day, boys, the old sea Captain did not know the Mediterranean quite so well as he has known it since. I looked a-head with all my eyes, but nothing could I see but a little black cloud in the distance to windward; it was to the south, and I should have thought nothing of seeing a score such: but the bluff bo'sun sings out again, 'There's a capfull for somebody.'"

"Ay! Ay! The bluff bo'sun knew very well what he was about; he had been there before, no doubt."

"He had, boys. On came the cloud, spreading across the sky. The ship was altered to meet what was coming, and up went the hands to take in sail. Well it was that they went to work cheerily; for all at once the squall came on us, without so much as saying, By your leave. The creaking and snapping among the sheets and ropes was fearful; the fore-sail was rent into ribands, whistling sharply. Down came a torrent of rain, and off went the ship, running afore the wind, with her lar-board gunwale deep in the water."

"Why, that was enough to put the surprise upon you, Captain!"

"Indeed it was, boys. For the moment, I thought it was all over with us; but in half an hour after, the wind was only a breeze, the black sky had cleared up, and the ship was sailing as steadily on her course as if nothing had happened. We had passed by Minorca and Majorca some time, and Sicily. The Archipelago, in which we then were, abounds with islands. Sailing on through the Straits of Dardanelles, and

entering the sea of Marmora, we at last came to Constantinople."

"Now for the Turks! Did you see any of them with their loose trousers, their red morocco slippers, and their white turbans?"

"I did, boys; though I was not long ashore. Constantinople was a grand city then, as it is now; but the wooden houses looked like poor places, and the streets were wretchedly narrow. The Turks believe the false prophet, Mohammed, to be a true prophet: I hope they will know better some day. Mohammed spread his religion with fire and sword; but Jesus Christ came among mankind with mercy and peace."

"Where did you go after you left Constantinople?"

"We then sailed to Alexandria, an Egyptian seaport. This place, boys, was at first built by Alexander the Great, and once was of great importance; all the treasures of the East Indies being laid up there. But this is a changing world! When ships found their way round the Cape of Good Hope to the East Indies, it was all over with the prosperity of Alexandria."

"Why, Captain? What difference did that make?"

"A great difference, boys; for merchants find it easier to sail a long way by water with their merchandize, than to travel with it a short distance by land. There is now open what is called the overland passage to India; but this, though it may answer very well for passengers and letters, is not likely, at present, to make any alteration in the shipment of goods. Alexandria is not likely ever again to be the place it has been. In

Crippled as the ship was, she brought us safe into port."

"That was your first voyage?"

"The first voyage far out to sea, boys. It showed me a little of the world; it led me to be better acquainted with the life of a sailor; and made me feel at home in a ship. Masts, sails, yards, stays, tackle, and other things, became more known to me; and I picked up some general notions about navigation."

"And then you had been in great dangers."

"True, boys! And now and then a spirit of thankfulness came, like a gleam of sunshine, over my heart; but it did not last. I forgot God, and if his mercy had not been great, he would have forgotten me; but, no! mercy and goodness have followed me all the days of my life."

"Thank you, Captain, for the account of your first voyage."

"Welcome, boys! welcome! Now let me see you stand under easy sail for Cape Academy."





THE SHAM SAILOR DETECTED.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A sham sailor—The Macaroni frigate—Captain Forecastle—Ben Bowlinè—The tobacco box—The impostor—Being at sea—Sharks, whales, porpoises, and flying-fish—A burning mountain—Storms, icebergs, whirlpools, water-spouts, mountains, waterfalls.

“O CAPTAIN, if you had but been ten minutes sooner, you would have seen a sailor!”

“Should I, boys! Many are the blue-jackets that I

have seen in my time, on the coast and at sea, outward and homeward bound, on a cruise and in harbour, weighing the anchor, reefing the sails, bracing the yards, manning the capstan, and running out the guns. It would be no new thing to the old sea Captain to see a sailor. But what sort of a hand was he?"

"Oh, a true sailor all over. What a pity that you did not see him!"

"But how do you know that he was a sailor, boys? for I told you that land pirates are always cruising about, under false colours, to pick up any craft that may happen to sail in the same latitude. Did he get any prize-money?"

"Oh yes! We all gave him a penny a piece; for we knew that he was a real sailor."

"Did you hail him? What colours did he carry? What port did he come from? and where was he bound?"

"He was dressed in an old blue jacket and trousers, with three or four holes in them, and a black silk handkerchief round his neck; and he told us he had been shipwrecked, and was walking from Hull to London, to get another ship."

"He must have been sadly out of his reckoning then, for he had no more business here than at Salisbury Plain; but the wind blows hard sometimes, and drives a ship out of her course. Did you overhaul his log? What did he say to you?"

"At first, we thought he might be an impostor: but we soon knew better when he began to talk. 'Messmates,' says he, when he came up, 'Messmates! poor



Jack has been wrecked, and he's no shot in the locker. The land lubbers won't help him.' And then he pulled out a box, without a lid, and asked us to have 'a bit o' 'bacco,' and talked something about 'shivering his timbers,' and 'splicing the main-brace; so then we knew he must be a sailor."

"Ah! ah! ah! But did he tell you the ship he belonged to?"

"Oh, yes: he said it was the Macaroni frigate, of thirty-six guns, Captain Forecastle; and that the ship went down in the chops of the channel."

"He might as well have told you that he was blown up in the Prince, or that he was one of the hands that went down in the Royal George. I never heard yet of such a frigate as the Macaroni in the British navy, and Captain Forecastle is a captain of his own making. How could he be working his way from Hull in the north, if he was wrecked in the chops of the channel in the south. Oh, boys! boys! you have fell in with a pirate, and now I will tell you a little more about him."

"Why, what do you know about him, Captain? Have you seen him? Did you meet with him?"

"I did, boys; and he won't come across my course again, if he can help it. I saw him first with my spy-glass; and when he neared me, I was just about to hail him with, 'Hoa! the ship ahoy! Whence come ye? What port are you bound to?' But, thinks I, No; let us see what sort of a craft he is! Let him speak for himself. Presently, he came alongside, and spun me just such a yarn about the Macaroni as he spun for

you. He told me all about poor Jack being wrecked, and having 'no shot in the locker,' and 'shivered his timbers,' two or three times over; which, by the way, is not a right sea phrase, but a way of speaking that too many sailors practise; and he asked me to splice the main-brace for him."

"And did he pull out his box, and ask you to have 'a bit o' 'bacco?'"

"He did, indeed, boys; and then it was that I took the liberty to make a few inquiries. 'What's your name?' says I. He said it was 'Ben Bowline.' 'Do you know what the main-sheet is?' 'Yes, messmate,' says he; 'the main-sheet is the main-sail.' Now, a sheet happens to be a rope, and not a sail; so by that I knew at once what sort of a sailor he was. 'How do you sailors sweep the anchor, at sea,' says I. 'Oh, with a besom,' says he. It was very clear, boys, that he had never mounted a companion ladder in his life; so then I told him that I happened to be an old sea captain, and that I knew the name and the use of every mast, timber, yard, sail, tackle, stay, brace, and rope's end, from the figure-head to the rudder, from the keel to the main-top-gallant-mast-head. 'You and I must compare logs, messmate,' said I; but he began to close-haul, and I soon saw that he was set on a run afore the wind."

"Why, then, he was not a sailor, after all!"

"A sailor! he would make a better tailor than a sailor, any day of the year: but I question if he'd do good at any honest calling, boys. Seeing him look sulky, I fired a gun to bring him to. I wanted to get at him yard-arm

and yard-arm, but it did not suit him; he was rather for sailing alone than in company. I then fired off a broadside of sea-phrases at once; and so raked him with my long-tackle blocks, clew garnets, down-jib and stay-sails, hag's-teeth, futtock-shrouds, iron-garters, shackles, sheathing, and double neck-nails, that the pirate hauled down his colours, and sheered off under press of sail. I thought he was for cruising in a cooler latitude; but it seems, that falling in with you young craft, he made a prize, after all."

"What a rogue he must be! We should never have found him out."

"May be not, boys; but he would have been none the better for that. Never sail under false colours. What does the book of Job say: 'The hypocrite's hope shall perish: whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web,' chap. viii. 13, 14. And, again, 'What is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul?'" chap. xxvii. 8.

"Ay, that rogue was a sad hypocrite! he will be found out, and, perhaps, put into prison."

"Very like, boys. See, in his haste to get clear of the old sea Captain, he dropped the lid of his tobacco-box. I sang out after him with my speaking-trumpet; but the louder I hailed him, the more sail he made. So now, boys, if you have any shot in the locker to help out poor Jack, wrecked in the Macaroni, Captain Forecastle—if you are not land-lubbers, but are ready to bear a hand in helpling me on my way from Hull to London,

and will take a bit o' 'bacco with me, why say so at once: if not, I must try what another tack will do for me, and open my 'bacco-box, and spin my yarn about my being shipwrecked, to other people."

"Captain! Captain! We have got no shot left in the locker. We gave all our shot to that sad rogue in the blue jacket and trousers."

"Well! well! If you have no shot in the locker, the old sea Captain has; and he is always ready to help a messmate that sails under true colours. Bless your young hearts, may you ever feel pity at a tale of distress, and your hearts glow to relieve it! but prudence must sit at the helm, boys, and discretion keep a sharp look out from the mast-head. The psalmist says, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing,' *Psa. lxi. 1—3*. And the apostle says, 'Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not,' *Gal. vi. 9*. I like a liberal hand, and a liberal heart, boys. 'The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself,' *Prov. xi. 25*. But, as I said, let prudence sit at the helm, and discretion keep a sharp look out from the mast-head. Here, boys, put that into your locker; it perhaps may enable you to relieve a true-hearted sailor, if you meet one under the weather; and, if not, it will come in at a pinch, maybe, for somebody else."

"Oh, Captain, you are too kind! This is too much by half."

“Not a bit, boys. Here, you may as well take with you, as a prize, the lid of ‘poor Jack’s ’bacco-box.’ It may serve to remind you that all who tell pitiful tales do not speak the truth, and that every one that wears a blue jacket is not a sailor.”

“We are very much obliged to you, Captain. You said it was ‘an ill wind that blew nobody good,’ and so it has been with us: we were cheated out of our money by that land pirate, as you call him, yet now we are richer than before, and have got the lid of his tobacco-box into the bargain. If ever we should go to sea, we shall be able, when we come back again, to find out an impostor.”

“May be so, boys; when duty calls you there, be ready to obey the signal. If, in God’s good providence, you are ever fairly afloat on the billows, pluck up your spirits, and be not cast down by trifles. If scouring the cabin floor or the deck with holy stone, on your knees, as cabin-boys; or if standing on the quarter-deck, commanding as officers, wherever you are, do your duty without flinching.”

“It must be very pleasant to be in a ship in fine weather, Captain.”

“Ay! and in rough weather, too, to those that like the sea. They love the heaving and tossing of the billows, and the rolling motion of the ship, boys. Whether it be a breeze or a hard gale, they delight in it. The tall masts and the bending sails, the winds whistling through the cordage, and the ship dashing her way through the frothy foam, are all pleasant things to them!

Then the blue-jackets on the deck, shrouds, and yards, all doing their duty; sharks and whales, sea-gulls, porpoises and flying-fish, make a change: and now and then a distant sail heaves in sight. On goes the ship, now tacking, and now flying afore the wind, while the heaven above is bright and blue, or hung round with dark clouds, whose edges are bright as silver and gold."

"But the sea-sickness must be the worst!"

"That's not a pleasant thing; but, like other troubles, it does not last always, and then you are all the happier when you feel yourself all right and tight."

"Did you ever see a burning mountain, Captain?"

"I have, boys; and it was when I was on a cruise in the Mediterranean, off Naples. The heavens were blacker than I ever like to see them. At first, there was nothing but smoke came out of the mountain; but after that, fire burst forth high into the air, and showers of ashes and stones. In a short time, the hole at the top seemed to boil over, and the fiery hot lava ran down the sides of the mountain."

"What mountain was it, Captain?"

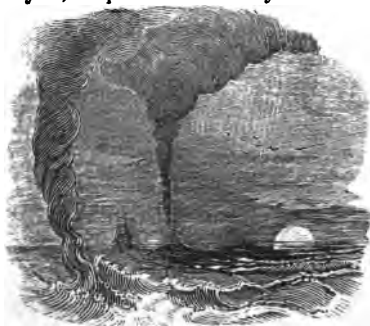
"Vesuvius, boys. It is about a league or two from the city of Naples, and is said to be about three or four thousand feet high. Sad mischief has been done by this burning mountain, time back; villages, towns, and cities have been buried by the lava, stones, ashes, and cinders thrown out of it. It is one of those wonderful things that we cannot understand, boys. We can see in it the power of God; and, if we do not see in it the wisdom of God, it is because of our dim-sightedness.

The thoughts of God are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts."

"What other wonderful things have you seen?"

"What wonderful things! Why every thing in the world is wonderful. I have seen storms, and icebergs, and whirlpools, and water-spouts, high mountains, and fearful waterfalls; but the most wonderful of all the works of creation is man. Well might the psalmist say, 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?' *Psa. viii. 4.* But, boys, we may, perhaps, talk of these things another time. Farewell, for the present: when you next heave in sight, the old sea Captain will look over his log, and find something that will amuse you."

"Thank you, Captain. Thank you."





THE CHASE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Punishments—Flogging—Different opinions about punishments—Old Flog-hard—A spread eagle—Injustice and cruelty of the captain—The French frigate—The deck cleared for action—The captain's threat—The first broadside—The death of Old Flog-hard—The officers and seamen—The chase—Deck cleared for action—Up all hammocks—The waist of the ship—The top—The bo'sun—The carpenter—The gunner—The master—The lieutenant—The captain—The surgeon—The battle—Round, grape, and canister shot, with chain, double-headed, and langrel.

“WHY, what are you about, Captain, with so many things heaped up altogether here! There is no room to come by! What are you about, Captain?”



"Stand off! Tack about, boys! When the sea is too rough for the wherry on the starboard side, you must pull up at the larboard gangway. I am trying to make things ship-shape, that is, to put them in proper order. So there is no entering the harbour this way. Go round, boys; for you must all be tarred with the same brush, that is, you must be all served alike. Never be daunted by difficulties.

"The ship that leaves the port,  
And rides where the billows be,  
Must climb the rolling swell,  
Or lie in the trough o' the sea:

"Come, you have soon found your way. What's the best news from Cape Academy? How many of you have been had up at the gangway?"

"What do you mean, Captain?"

"I mean to ask, how many of you have been flogged to-day?"

"Oh, none of us; but are sailors flogged at the gangway? Please to tell us all about it."

"There are different ways of punishing seamen for neglect of duty and bad conduct; but the principal way is by flogging them. They are tied up at the gangway and flogged on their bare backs, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, by the bo'sun's mate, under the orders of the commander."

"It must be a shocking punishment"

"It is, boys. Some say that soldiers and sailors should never be flogged; and others say, that without

flogging, discipline could never be kept up: however that may be, I have seen some men flogged who never deserved it; and I have seen, too, men who well deserved to be flogged escape. Once I served on board a king's ship with a cruel commander. For the least thing in the world, Old Flog-hard threatened to make a man a spread-eagle, and had him up to the gangway. But what did he get by it? He roused the bad passions of the men; they were silent, and although you could not see from their faces what was working within them, for all that, they hated him; all the time there was a fire burning in their hearts."

"Tell us a little more about him, Captain."

"I will, boys. Things were different then to what they are now in the navy. Sailors are more attended to now; and are, I hope and trust, a little better instructed, and officers are not so cruel. At that time, men were lawless, and captains were often sad tyrants. Well! It happened that a French frigate hove in sight, just after Old Flog-hard had ordered two men up to the gangway, for a fault of which they were not guilty. They were good seamen, and pleasant messmates, and were liked by every man in the ship. When the frigate hove in sight on our larboard bows, every body thought the flogging would stand over; but, no! Old Flog-hard, or Old Hard-heart, (for he was called by both names,) swore that the bo'sun's mate should do his duty, afore a studding-sail was set to stand after the Frenchman."

"He was a hard-hearted fellow."

"The men were tied up at the gangway, their arms

and legs spread out, (for that is the meaning of making a man a spread-eagle,) when the second lieutenant ventured to beg the captain to let the flogging go by till we had taken the frigate, on which Old Flog-hard, with an oath, threatened that, if he spoke another word, he would make him repent it."

"What a savage Turk of a captain he was!"

"The men were flogged, and flogged cruelly, and a deep thirst of revenge rose up in the hearts of the crew; and when the word was given to clear the deck for action, there were looks exchanged, and mutterings and whisperings among the men, that boded no good. The guns and small arms were got ready, and Old Flog-hard had just halloed down the waist, from the quarter-deck, that every man that did not do his duty should be run up to the yard arm, when the frigate, that was at a good distance to the larboard, fired her broadside into us. We then went to work; but the men were dogged, as though they had not got over the hard flogging of their messmates; we were soon alongside of the frigate, and the roar of the broadsides was increased by the firing of small arms from the tops. In ten minutes, Old Flog-hard fell on the quarter-deck, with a bullet through his bosom."

"Was it a bullet from the frigate, then, that killed him?"

"That I can't say, boys; perhaps it was: but I have heard it whispered that it was likely enough to have come from another quarter. How this may be, I do not know, and it is now too late to inquire; but some

whom I have heard speak about it will have it that the bullet came from Old Flog-hard's own tops.

"If that be true, it was his cruelty, then, that brought about his death."

"But if so, boys, after all, it was but a wicked and cowardly act, on the part of the men, to shoot him. Commanders, however, may learn, even from the report, whether it be false or true, the evil of injustice and oppression, and men may see the sinfulness of harbouring revenge in their hearts. 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'" Eph. iv. 31, 32.

"Was the French frigate taken?"

"No, boys; for a man-of-war, with French colours, soon after was seen from the mast-head, and our lieutenant, who then had the command, was too wise a man to continue the fight. I heard one of the old hands say, 'Well, our captain is gone to give in his dead reckonings. He's been out of his latitude long enough, and his log is not one that will bear much overhauling.'"

"How did the lieutenant behave himself?"

"As a commander ought to do. He was every inch a sailor. While I remained in the ship, every man obeyed him cheerfully, and not one of them was ever tied up at the gangway."

"You have told us about a great many things, Captain; please to tell us now how a battle is fought at sea? Do, if you please, tell us about a battle."

"A battle is an awful thing, boys. The old sea Captain has seen too much fighting in his time. He is a man of peace, and would willingly have every one dwell in peace. His motto is, 'Peace throughout the world, and every man a brother.'"

"But you can, just for this once, tell us how they fight at sea. We know that ships carry guns, and that they fire them off against one another; but we cannot make out how they can fight in the midst of so much noise and smoke, and why it is that the ships do not fill with water, and sink, when the cannon balls make holes in them."

"I would rather weigh anchor, hoist sail, and take you on a voyage of discovery, boys; but, if your hearts are set on knowing something about an engagement at sea, why I hardly like to disappoint you: but will it not do as well if I tell you about red Indians, black Negroes, and sallow Turks? palm-trees, bread-fruit, bananas, and cocoanuts? or of white bears, walruses, sea-gulls, and Mother Carey's chickens?"

"We like to hear of these things; but, just this once, please to tell us about a sea-fight. We want to know how they begin, and how it is that every ship does not sink to the bottom of the sea, when the water comes in through the shot-holes?"

"Well, if you must know how tars bestir themselves in a sea-fight, we will sail on that tack. Safer to hear of an engagement than to be within reach of the whistling balls winged with destruction. You must remember, boys, that the crew of a man-of-war consists of officers,

sailors, seamen, marines, ordinary men, (seamen who are useful, but not skilful sailors,) servants, and boys; and you must suppose that the men at the mast-head have just spied an enemy's ship at a distance in the offing."

"What is the offing, Captain?"

"I thought I had told you, boys! The offing is out at sea. If a ship is on the coast, and a strange sail is seen out at sea, the strange sail is said to be in the offing."

"Thank you, Captain: the offing is out at sea; that is quite plain."

"Well, the order is passed to give chase to the enemy, when they crowd all sail. Then comes the order to prepare for action. The drummer beats to quarters, and the ship is cleared for action: from that moment, every man in the vessel has enough to do."

"No doubt they are all then busy enough."

"Some of the hammocks are stowed in front of the poop, where they make a very capital barrier. If a cannon-shot smashes in the wood-work, the splinters fly about; but there are no splinters when a ball gets among the hammocks."

"No! The hammocks must be capital things for that."

"The tops, the waist, and the forecastle, are not neglected: and the sails and yards are well secured, that they may not fall down when the ship is cannonaded."

"What is the waist? and what is the top, Captain?"

"The waist of a ship, boys, is that part of her that

lies between the quarter-deck and the forecastle ; and the top is the platform, surrounding the lower mast-head. In battle-ships, the top is fortified with swivels, musketry, and other arms."

"Thank you, Captain."

"The bo'sun gets ready materials to repair the rigging, wherever it may be damaged ; and the carpenter and his crew prepare their shot-plugs and mauls, with iron-work, to put the chain-pumps in order if they should be broken. Shot-plugs are plugs to stop up the holes made by the cannon shot in the ship, thereby keeping out the water ; and mauls are large iron hammers for knocking in bolts and nails."

"The bo'sun and carpenter have quite enough to do, seemingly."

"They have, boys ! The gunner and his mates see to the cannon that they are all dry and in order ; they get every thing ready to supply them with during the action, and see that there are cartridges enough filled for the occasion. The master has the charge of steering the ship. The lieutenants command the men at the guns. In a line-of-battle ship, the first lieutenant has charge of the guns on the quarter-deck ; the second and third lieutenants, the charge of those on the lower-deck ; while the fourth and fifth lieutenants attend to the main-deck. The sixth lieutenant, if there be one, has charge of the guns on the forecastle. The lieutenants take care that there is a clear ship, call on all to do their several duties, and cheer them in every possible way."

"Where is the captain all this time?"

"He is on the quarter-deck, that is the captain's post. The surgeon and his mate prepare to attend to the wounded men as they are brought down into the cock-pit. The cock-pit is near the after hatchway, and under the lower gun-deck."

"Ah! There must be some sad scenes there."

"True, boys. Let us get out of the cock-pit as fast as we can. Well! when the ships are near enough, the drum beats to arms, and the bo'sun and his mates pipe 'all hands to quarters.' Those that manage the guns haste away to their different stations; and crows, hand-spikes, rammers, sponges, powder-horns, matches, and train-tackles, are placed in order by the side of every cannon."

"Do none of them run away? Some of them must be frightened half out of their wits?"

"Frightened or not, they must fight; they cannot run away, for the hatches are laid to prevent any one escaping to the lower parts of the ship. I should have told you that a crow is an iron lever used, among other things, for directing and managing the guns, by moving them into their ports; a handspike is a wooden bar; a rammer is a cylinder of wood, nearly fitting the bore of a cannon; it is used in driving home the charge of a gun; and train-tackle is a cluster of blocks, or pullies, used to prevent the gun from running out of the port while it is being loaded."

"Now they are almost ready. It must be a terrible moment just before they begin to fire."

"It is boys; and many a brave man feels his heart



sink within him when he thinks of those that are dear to him ashore. When all is ready, the cannon levelled in parallel rows, and the ship placed in her proper position, cannonading begins; guns, swivels, and small arms, are all kept playing away, as fast as they can load and fire without confusion."

"Do they fire off all the cannon at once? What a thundering noise it must make."

"No, boys, not often; for that would try the ship too much: they load and fire away, always taking care that the guns are pointed so as to do execution. The captain shouts out down the waist, from the quarter-deck, 'Now, my lads, for the honour of old England,' or such like words of encouragement to the men."

"Ay! They have need of encouragement in such a dreadful season. They can never be safe for one single moment."

"On goes the cannonading, crashing and smashing, while clouds of smoke rise between the ships. The powder-boys flit from one gun to another with their supplies. The wounded men cry out for water; the dead are dragged amid-ships; and many a stout-hearted sailor is carried to the cock-pit with a shattered limb, and a face as white as the mainsail."

"Oh! This is terrible work!"

"The havoc made is beyond description. The ship, in her sides and deck, is battered and splintered; the guns are dismounted; the yards and masts carried away, or cut asunder; the sails rent into ribands; the rigging destroyed; while cries and groans, words of

command, cheers, the rattling of small arms, and the roar of cannon, are all mingled together in confusion."

"Dreadful! Dreadful!"

"When a ship is so disabled, or weakened in her hands, as to be unable to continue the strife with any hope of success, she strikes, or hauls down her colours, as a sign that she has surrendered."

"The cannon stop directly then; do they not?"

"Yes, boys. To pour a broadside into a ship that had hauled down her colours, and that made no resistance, would be a disgrace to the conquerors. When a vessel surrenders, she is taken possession of by her captors, who take her officers on board their own ship, and send some of their own officers on board instead of them."

"There must be a great deal to do after a battle, to put things to rights again."

"Indeed there is, boys. The wounded are taken care of; the dead are committed to the deep; the guns are secured by their breechings and tackles; the shattered masts and yards are struck, or lowered on the deck to be fished, (that is, strengthened with wood and rope, called woolding, or exchanged for others;) the unserviceable sails are unbent, or unfastened, and new ones bent, or fastened; the damaged rigging is knotted, or tied, afresh; and the running rigging spliced, or properly joined. The carpenter and his crew set to work to repair the hull and deck of the ship; and the gunner and his helpmates refit the cannon, and prepare cartridges ready for future service."

"Come, you have given us a very full description Captain; but you have not told us what grape-shot is. They use grape-shot, do they not, on board ship?"

"They do, boys. Shot is a general name given to all kinds of balls used for artillery and fire-arms, from the pistol to the cannon; but the shot principally now used in the British navy is of three kinds, round-shot, grape-shot, and canister-shot."

"What is round-shot?"

"The most simple of all shot. It is made of cast iron, and just big enough to suit the bore of the gun it is meant for."

"And now, what is grape-shot, Captain?"

"Instead of being one shot, it consists of many small shots put into a canvass bag, and corded up strongly, so that the whole bundle just fits the bore of the cannon."

"Canister-shot comes next, and then we shall know about them all."

"Canister-shot is merely a quantity of small shot put into a case, or canister. Formerly there were many other kinds of shot used. Chain-shot was made by linking together two shots with a chain, to destroy the masts and rigging of ships: double-headed, or bar-shot was formed by cutting a shot into two halves, and then joining them with an iron bar: and langrel-shot was a particular kind of shot made of bolts, bars, nails, and odd pieces of iron, tied altogether; this was very destructive in tearing the sails and rigging of a ship, rendering her unable to pursue or escape an enemy.

This last shot has been mostly used by merchantmen and privateers. But you have now had a long spell of the old sea Captain."

"We have. Thank you, Captain, for all you have told us."

"This is the first time I have told you about a battle, and I trust it will be the last. Peace, boys, is a jewel that should be carried in every one's bosom. My pocket compass here, which you know is my Bible, says, 'Follow after the things which make for peace,' Rom. xiv. 19. 'Seek peace, and ensue it,' 1 Pet. iii. 11. 'Live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you,' 2 Cor. xiii. 11. Now, mind how you get out of the harbour. Cat the anchor! Set your sails! Stand to the nor'-west. The wind is on the quarter, you will have six points large. Now, my hearties, let me see you spanking along on your course."

"Farewell, Captain!"





COURT MARTIAL.

## CHAPTER XX.

The joke of the old sea Captain—Blocks—The Governor Fenner and the Nottingham steamer—A hundred and twenty-two persons perish—Mid-ships—Spinning yarns—Rogue's yarn—The fierce cratur—Articles of war—Sentence of death—Yards—Court-martial.

“OH! oh! here are the boys from Cape Academy with their happy faces. The old sea Captain must try to give them a little amusement. Hoa! the ship ahoy! What cheer, messmates? Have you nothing to spare to splice the main-brace of poor Jack, on a

voyage from Hull to London? Mayhap, you may have heard of the wreck of the Macaroni, Captain Fore-castle!"

"Oh, yes! we have heard all about it, and we won't be taken in again by a land pirate; so you may cruise in another latitude."

"What, messmates! Are you among the land lubbers that won't help out a shipwrecked seaman, that has got no shot in his locker? Won't you help poor Ben?"

"That won't do, so you may as well sail on another tack. We know a land pirate now from a true-hearted sailor. Was it in the chops of the channel that you were wrecked?"

"And is it come to this! Is honest Ben Bowliné to founder, with his timbers shivered, and to be left to run adrift on the rocks? Well, my hearties, mayhap you will take a bit of 'bacco with me, afore we part company!"

"Ah! ah! ah! Captain! You keep up the joke against us capitally, but we never mean to let a land shark get the better of us again. We shall ask the first man in a blue jacket, who begins to shiver his timbers, and talk of having no shot in the locker—we shall ask him what the main sheet is, and what they sweep the anchor with on board a ship. A sham sailor is not likely to cheat us again."

"Very well, boys! If you sail on that tack, he will be rather shy of coming alongside you."

“ Please to tell us what a D.-block means, for we cannot make it out, though we have seen it mentioned in a book.”

“ A D.-block, boys, is a block or pulley in the form of the letter D. There are, on board ship, a matter of two hundred different kinds of blocks.”

“ Two hundred ! Why how can sailors remember them all ?”

“ Every one to his trade, boys. A sailor has too much to do with blocks on board ship to forget their names.”

“ Please to tell us the names of some of them.”

“ I should tire you, I have a notion ; however, you shall have some of them. There are the single, double, treble, fourfold, bee, and bull’s-eye blocks ; the cut, cheek, clew-garnet, D, dead-eye, and deep sea-line blocks ; and the fish, girt-line, heart, iron-strapped, and jear blocks.”

“ What odd names ! Do you remember any more, Captain ?”

“ Oh, yes, plenty. There are the jewel, long-tackle, main-sheet, monkey, and ninepin blocks ; the rack, shoe, shoulder, sister, and snatch blocks ; and the spring, strap-bound, thick-and-thin, top, and voil blocks ; and now, messmates, I think you have had served out a fair allowance of blocks, for any craft that you are likely to build.”

“ You did not like the man-of-war that we brought you ; perhaps we may try our hands at a steam-boat

next time. Do you know anything about steam vessels?"

"I do, boys; but we sailors like sailing ships better: we had rather be pushed along by cold winds, than by hot water; but that is because we have been bred up to the one and not to the other. Terrible affair, that of the Governor Fenner running foul of a steamer!"



"How was it, Captain? Were there any lives lost?"

"More than a hundred. All, without the least warning, launched into eternity. When we hear of a ship's crew thus suddenly buried in the deep, it should drive us all to our Bibles, and with humble and grateful hearts to our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

"Please to tell us about the steamer."



"The American ship Governor Fenner, Captain Andrews, sailed from Liverpool in her passage to New York, in February, 1841. The wind was sou'-sou'-west. She had aboard, beside her crew of seventeen seamen, a hundred and six steerage passengers, with a full cargo of manufactured goods. At a little past two o'clock, the next morning, when about five leagues westward of Holyhead, the weather rather thick, the ship, which was then under double-reefed topsails, the jib, spanker, and mainsail in, saw a steamer to windward on her larboard bow."

"Then there must have been a terrible crash! Did the wind dash one of them against the other?"

"No, boys. The Trinity House Board has laid it down as a rule, that whenever steam-vessels meet others, or cross them near enough to occasion danger, each vessel shall put her helm aport, so as always to pass on the larboard side of each other. How it happened, in this instance, it would be hard to say; but the Governor Fenner, just as the steamer crossed her bows, struck her amid-ships, by which accident her own bows were broken, and the starboard side of the steamer was stove in."

"Terrible! Why they would both go down directly."

"No, boys, the steamer being struck in her strongest part, did not sink; but the Governor Fenner filled in a minute or two, and went down, no one on board her being saved but the mate, who leaped from the fore-yard-arm of the sinking ship to the deck of the steamer, and the captain, who caught hold of a rope hanging

over the steamer's side. A hundred and twenty-two persons were drowned."

"Dreadful! And it was in the night too! Why, the greater part of them must have been asleep!"

"No doubt they were when the vessels struck each other, but the shock would awake them, and a dreadful waking it must have been."

"A hundred and twenty-two drowned! and only the day after they set off on their voyage!"

"These things speak to us all, boys! If God in his goodness keeps us, we are safe, both at sea and on land; but otherwise we are in danger enough."

"What is the meaning of mid-ships, Captain? You said the steamer was struck mid-ships."

"Mid-ships is a sea term given to several pieces of timber that lie in the broadest part of a ship. There is the midship-beam, the beam on which the extreme breadth of a vessel is formed. This is in the midship frame, nearly in the middle of her length. This serves as a sort of guide to the shipwright, in making the masts and yards of a proper length and thickness; and there is the midship-bend, which is the broadest frame in a ship, called 'dead flat.' If you should ever go to sea, you will know more about these things."

"What is a yarn, Captain? They say that sailors spin yarns: please to let us know a little about it."

"Yarn, boys, in rope making, is one of the threads that form a rope."

"Ay! but that is not the yarn that we mean."

"No! Is it spun-yarn, then? Spun-yarn is a line or

cord made of two or three rope-yarns, twisted together by a winch. It is used to fasten one rope to another ; to seize or bind block-straps to the shrouds ; and to serve or wind round ropes liable to be chafed. Is that the yarn you mean ?”

“ No, Captain, no ! Nothing like it.”

“ Let me see ! Ay ! there is another sort of yarn, and that is rogue's yarn. Is that it ?”

“ Please to tell us what rogue's yarn is, and then we shall know whether it is or not.”

“ Why, rogue's yarn is a name given to a rope-yarn twisted in a contrary way to the other part of a rope : if it is in a white rope, it is tarred ; and if it is in a tarred rope, it is white, that it may be plainly seen. This rogue's yarn is placed in the middle of each strand, or twist, in all cables or cordage made for the royal navy, to distinguish them from the cordage used in the merchant's service.”

“ Well, then, Captain, it is not what we mean. We mean the yarns that sailors spin to amuse one another.”

“ Maybe you mean, boys, such a yarn as the land pirate spun for you about the Macaroni frigate, Captain Forecastle ?”

“ No ! no ! No more of that, if you please ; but tell us about such yarns as sailors spin on board ship.”

“ Well, boys ! then, I'll tell you. Spinning yarns, is either making a great deal of a little, or telling a long story about what never happened at all. Sailors are more apt to spin their yarns, when they have the opportunity, to landmen than to messmates.”

"Will you please to spin us a yarn, Captain! Just one, and you shall not be asked for another."

"No! no! boys. The old sea Captain is no rope-maker. It is not his trade to spin yarns."

"But only one, Captain."

"Well, boys, I don't like to clap a stopper on your cable, when you want it to run out more freely than common. Instead of spinning a yarn for you, I will give you one ready spun to my hand. I heard of a sailor who said, he had seen one of the fiercest creatures on board ship that ever attacked a man."

"What creature was it? and what man did it attack?"

"You shall hear the sailor's account: 'Soon arter the hands had been turned up, one on 'em was standing close up agen the greetings o' the gangway, when the fierce cratur flew at him, and at the first scratch with his claws, tore through the skin, leaving a matter of a dozen wounds behind him. The sailor sang out, and twirled himself into as many forms as a twisted cable; but it didn't matter, for the fierce cratur at him again, till the poor fellow was bathed in blood. He roared lustily, but nobody helped him, though the captain and all the hands stood by looking on. The bo'sun's mate was the closest to the fierce cratur; but instead of pulling him off, he only set him on worse than ever, so that the sailor was so scratched and mauled, that he could hardly stagger away from the gangway.'"

"But what kind of creature could it be? Was it a dog?"

"A dog! Oh, no!"

"Please to tell us what animal it was?"

"It was a cat, boys!"

"A cat! What kind of a cat."

"Why, boys, if you must know—it was a cat-o'-nine-tails!"

"Oh! that is too bad. Then the sailor was being flogged at the gangway. Who would have thought it was the cat-o'-nine-tails! Does the captain flog a sailor just when he likes, or is the man tried first?"

"It is thought necessary that a captain should have the power of punishing, because the fear of instant punishment keeps many men in order, who would not otherwise submit; but an account is entered into the ship's log-book of every seaman and marine who has been flogged, with his age, crime, and amount of punishment. So that, if a man be flogged unjustly, it is known at the Admiralty."

"That is all very right."

"I think I told you that the articles of war are hung up in a public place in every ship in the royal navy, so that sailors may see, if they do wrong, what they have got to trust to. The first article is, that, for the better government of the navy, all commanders, captains, and officers, shall cause the public worship of Almighty God to be solemnly, orderly, and reverently performed in their respective ships, and that the Lord's day be observed according to law."

"How many articles of war are there?"

"Six and thirty, boys. The breach of some of them

is punished with death; and others are followed with flogging, or other punishments."

"Tell us some of the crimes that are punished with death."

"There are a great many of them. Death is the punishment to every sailor for giving intelligence to the enemy; for knowing that a communication has been received from the enemy, without giving information of it; for acting as a spy, and thereby betraying his trust; for not obeying his officers in time of action; for playing the part of a coward; for desertion; for mutiny; for striking his superior officers; for setting fire to any ship or magazine; for sleeping, when especially placed as a watch; and for many other offences. For every serious offence, a man is tried by a court-martial, and then sentence is pronounced; but we hear of very few, now-a-days, being run up to the yard-arm. When a man is hung at sea, he is run up to the yard-arm."

"What a number of yards there must be in a big ship!"

"There are, boys. See here! look at my man-of-war. This is the main-yard; then comes the main-topsail-yard; the main-top-gallant-yard; the main-royal-yard; the fore-yard; the fore-topsail-yard; the fore-top-gallant-yard; the fore-royal-yard; the cross-jack-gaff; the cross-jack-topsail-yard; the cross-jack-top-gallant-yard; and the cross-jack-royal-yard. Have you had enough of them now, boys?"

"No, Captain! There cannot be many more, so please to tell us the rest."

"Well, then, there is the spritsail-yard; the spritsail-topsail-yard; the driver-yard; the lower-studding-sail-yard; the main-topmast-studding-sail-yard; the main-top-gallant-studding-sail-yard; the fore-topmast-studding-sail-yard; and the fore-top-gallant-studding-sail-yard. And now I think you will do, boys, pretty well."

"You said that sailors were tried by a court-martial. What is a court-martial?"

"A court-martial, boys, in the royal navy, is a company of officers, called a court. It is formed by the second in command, usually an admiral presiding, and captains and commanders, and is held in the forenoon, in the most public and convenient part of the ship; and any one of the ship's crew who likes to be present, may."

"That is very fair. The men may be there as well as the officers?"

"Yes. Every complaint is made in writing to the commander-in-chief, and a copy of the charge is given to the man about to be tried, at least twenty-four hours before his trial. A solemn thing, boys, to be tried for life. It should make us all call to mind the great court-martial, the judgment day, when all of us must appear before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ. John says, in the book of Revelation, 'And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in

it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works,' Rev. xx. 12, 13. But now, boys, the old sea Captain must stand on another tack; so once more, see to your sails and your sky-scrapers. This cruise has been a long one. Farewell till we again come alongside in the harbour of Cape Come-again."

"Thank you, Captain, for all you have told us about a court-martial, blocks, yarns, yards, and the articles of war."







COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA.

## CHAPTER XXV.

The way that sailors speak of ships—Columbus—Vasco de Gama—Cabot—Cortes—Pizarro—Pedro de Mendoza—Hudson—Cartier—La Roche—Ribault—Forbisher—Sir Walter Raleigh—Magellan—Cano—Sir Francis Drake—Noort—Spilbergen—Le Maire—Schouten—John Cook—Rogers, Cooke, and Courtney—Clipperton and Shelvock—Commodore Byron—Wallis—Carteret—Captain James Cook—Portlock—Pérouse—De Langle—Flinders—Von Krusenstern—The helm—Knots—Bending a course.

“HoA! The ship ahoay! Luff, boys, luff! and back your main-topsail! Hoa, aloft there! mast-head there! What cheer, messmates? You are keeping pretty

close to the wind. Where are you bound now, my hearties?"

"We are going on the common, to fly our kites, Captain, and this is not much out of our way. What is the meaning of a Hamburger, Captain? On this piece of an old newspaper, that lay in the road, it says, 'A Hamburger lay on the sands.'"

"A Hamburger, boys, is a ship from Hamburg. When sailors speak of ships of different nations, they talk of them just as if they were men. Thus we say, We spoke a Hamburger, a Prussian, or a Turk. We fell in with the wreck of a Frenchman, an American, or a Spaniard. We were boarded by a Venetian, a Swede, a Maltese, or a Dutchman; or, We spied from the mast-head, to the sou'-west, an Englishman, a Norwegian, a Russian, a Portuguese, or a Dane."

"Oh, that's it. Then if you meet a ship from Portugal, you call it a Portuguese?"

"We do, boys. England is now the first maritime country in the world; but it was not always so."

"Will you please, Captain, to tell us something about navigators—about those who went on voyages of discoveries; for there must have been a great number beside Captain Ross, Captain Parry, and Captain Back?"

"You are right, boys; but it would puzzle me to tell you of them all. Columbus was the most famous navigator of his day—bold, hardy, and enterprising: he made great discoveries."

"Do tell us a little about him, and about the rest of them that set off to find out different countries."

"If that be the case, you must ride anchor off Cape Come-again for some time. Well, now I will begin. Between three and four hundred years ago, Venice and Genoa were the only powers in Europe that were dependent on commerce. They had all the trade of India. Christopher Columbus was a Genoese, and he wanted to go on a voyage of discovery. Other countries would not send him out, but Spain did, and he discovered the West Indies, and afterwards America. At one time, his sailors mutinied against him; but he was firm, and persevered till he discovered land. If a man is not firm, he has no business to be a sailor."

"Who went after Columbus?"

"A navigator from Portugal, named Vasco de Gama, in 1497, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and landed in India; and Sebastian Cabot discovered Newfoundland, and the north-east coast of our possessions in North America."

"Newfoundland! Ay, we remember Newfoundland."

"Cortes was sent out from Cuba, by the Spaniards, in 1519, and he conquered the empire of Mexico. Pizarro, also a Spaniard, subdued Peru, and founded the city of Lima. Oh, boys! boys! All the gold that is under the surface of the earth, would be dearly bought at the price that Cortes and Pizarro paid for conquests. Great numbers of human beings were sacrificed by them in their successes. There is another world, boys! there is another world! And if the conquerors of South America meet with no more mercy than they showed their fellow-creatures, their conquests

will indeed cost them dear. 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'" Matt. xvi. 26.

"They must have been very cruel, Captain."

"They were, indeed, boys; and shed human blood as if it had been water. It will not bear thinking of. Pedro de Mendoza, in 1538, went out, and settled the colony of Buenos Ayres; and Hawkins made a voyage from England to Guinea. He brought away three hundred of the natives, whom he sold at St. Domingo. Some say, that this was the beginning of that cruel and inhuman traffic, the slave-trade, which, like the blood of Abel, crieth to God from the earth: but I believe the slave-trade was begun long before by the Portuguese. What a dreadful thing is sin! If men had had the spirit of the gospel in their hearts, they would never have embarked in the slave-trade."

"Who was the next navigator, Captain?"

"In 1610, Hudson tried to discover the north-west passage; and Hall and Baffin discovered Cockin's Sound. Captain James, from England, discovered New South Wales. Tasman and Dampier were celebrated navigators: but I will tell you of some of those who have sailed round the world."

"Yes, do! That will be the very thing."

"I have said nothing about Cartier, Francis de la Roche, Ribault, Forbisher, Sir Walter Raleigh, and twenty others: but no matter."

"Who was the first to sail round the world?"

"Magellan was sent out in the year 1519, by the

emperor Charles, king of Spain, on a voyage round the world. He discovered the strait now called Magellan's Strait, through which he sailed to the South Sea. He had a successful voyage; but oftentimes, a man's success brings about his ruin. He touched at the Philippine Islands, and then at the island of Matan, but there he was killed by the natives."

"Poor Magellan! What did his men do? Did they set off back again?"

"No, boys. When a commander dies, the next in rank fills up his post. Cano took the command: he discovered Borneo, and then came to the Moluccas, to Malva, and Timor. Proceeding sou'ard, he doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at St. Lucar, in September, 1522. This was the first voyage round the world."

"It seems a wonderful thing that the world should be round, and that the people should be able to sail round it!"

"Every thing around us is wonderful, and God's mercy to us is more wonderful than all. In 1577, Sir Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth. He, too, entered the Straits of Magellan, went to the Moluccas, to Java, and to the Cape of Good Hope, arriving in England in November, 1580; and in the year 1586, Sir Thomas Candish, taking the same course, sailed round the world, touching at St. Helena in his return."

"St. Helena! That was where Buonaparte was buried!"

"The very place; but his body has now been

removed to France. Beware, boys, of pride and ambition ! Buonaparte was a mighty monarch ; but he wanted to be still more mighty, and in his vain attempt to become so, lost his throne and his liberty. Be not high-minded, but fear."

" Ay ! Had he been contented, he might, perhaps, have been a king now !"

" Very likely. Disappointment, no doubt, helped to shorten his days. Oliver Noort was a Dutch navigator, and Spilbergen was another. Both these, as well as Le Maire and Schouten, sailed round the world, meeting with many adventures. John Cook (not the famous Captain Cook) sailed from Virginia in 1683 ; and Captains Rogers, Cooke, and Courtney, in 1708 : all these, also, sailed round the world."

" What a number have sailed round the world ! After Magellan's ship had come back safe, there were plenty to follow."

" Clipperton and Shelvock went on their voyage in 1719 : three years and seven months elapsed before Captain Shelvock came home. Captain Byron, in quality of a commodore, sailed from the Downs in 1764, and returned in 1766. There is a very interesting account of his voyage printed."

" It would be very pleasant to read about all that you have spoken of."

" The next navigator that sailed round the world, was Captain Wallis : he had three ships, and discovered many islands in the South Seas ; among them was the island of Otaheite."

“That was where the mutineers of the *Bounty* were, till they were taken away.”

“True, boys. Captain Wallis set sail in August, 1766, and returned home, anchoring in the Downs, in May, 1768. Captain Carteret had already sailed round the world with Commodore Byron; he discovered many places, and returned home safe, though his ship was by no means thought equal to such an enterprise.”

“These captains must all have been brave fellows!”

“None but brave men are fit for such undertakings. On the 30th of July, 1768, the famous navigator, Captain James Cook, sailed from Deptford with the *Endeavour*. He doubled Cape Horn, and entered Port-Royal, in the island of Otaheite, trading peaceably with the inhabitants. He then discovered the Society Islands. Proceeding to New Zealand, he discovered it to be composed of two islands, by sailing between them. He anchored in Botany Bay, discovered New South Wales, sailed to Java, Batavia, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, arriving in the Downs in June, 1771. Captain Cook again went out in the following year, and returned in July, 1774. In his third and last voyage round the world, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope, Otaheite, and New Zealand, he sailed to Owhyee, one of the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed by the natives, one of them stabbing him in the back.”

“That was a cowardly act.”

“It was, boys; but remember, they were ignorant savages, and we cannot tell how they might have been

ill used by white men. We must not judge them too hardly. Two captains, the one named Portlock, and the other Dixon, who had accompanied Captain Cook, were sent out in August, 1785, by a company of English merchants. They doubled Cape Horn, and came to the Sandwich Islands, King George's Bay, and other places, and getting two cargoes of furs, they proceeded to Canton, and sold them there to the East India Company; bringing home cargoes of tea and other articles."

"Ay, there is plenty of tea brought from China now: it was very different then."

"It was, boys. When different nations trade peaceably together, they help one another, and are a blessing; but when they begin to quarrel and fight, they become a curse."

"In the year 1785, Pérouse, a French navigator, sailed from Brest, on a voyage of discovery, accompanied by De Langle. De Langle, after many discoveries, was murdered by the Indians of the island of Maouna, with eleven others of the ship's crew. Pérouse touched at Botany Bay, and as he was not heard of after, it is generally thought his vessel was wrecked, some fragments being found, and that all on board perished."

"Poor Pérouse! How many navigators have died while making their discoveries!"

"We must all die, boys, whether we go out in discovery ships or stay at home, and we should think of this a little oftener."

"Captain Flinders sailed from England, in the Investigator, in 1801; and when his ship run on a coral



rock, he built a small schooner out of the wreck, and sailed to the Mauritius, where the French, instead of treating him kindly, as was customary among civilized nations, confined him in prison seven years. He afterwards returned home, and printed an account of his adventures."

"We never thought that so many people had sailed round the world."

"The emperor of Russia, Alexander I., sent out Captain Von Krusenstern, from Cronstadt, in 1803, on an embassy to the court of Japan; but an order was issued by the Japanese, that no Russian ship should again come to Japan. Von Krusenstern had two ships; the one he sailed in was called the *Nadeshda*. In this vessel he visited La Pérouse's Strait, Kamtschatka, Sachalin, and, sailing between it and Tartary, reached the Bay of Awatchka, in order to return to Europe by China. Von Krusenstern completed his voyage in about three years."

"What a long time to be sailing about! However, he came home safe."

"I need not tell you of any others that have sailed round the world. No one should sail round this world, boys, without being better prepared for the next, because every one who performs such a voyage sees much of the wonderful works of God, and is preserved in many and great dangers."

"Is it the helm that makes the ship go the right way through the water, or the sails, Captain?"

"The helm, boys, should be used as little as possible.

The compass points out the way of the ship, and the sails should be so set, that she may go on a proper course. The least motion of the rudder ought to be sufficient to regulate the course of a vessel."

"What is the difference between the rudder and the helm? Sometimes you say the helm, and at other times the rudder."

"The helm, boys, in a large ship, consists of three parts—the rudder, the tiller, and the wheel; but in small vessels the wheel is not wanted. The rudder is the part that is hung on the stern-post. The tiller is the long bar of timber fixed in the upper part of the rudder; it comes into the ship, and by means of a tackle, called the tiller rope, which is wound round a wheel, it is easily turned backwards and forwards. If you look at the helm of a boat, or a barge, you will find it formed of a rudder and tiller: the tiller moves the rudder backwards and forwards in the water."

"We shall not forget now, Captain!"

"I have never told you the names of the knots that are tied by sailors. You would find it hard work to untie them with your teeth, let alone your fingers."

"I dare say we should, Captain; please to tell us the names of a few of them."

"If seamen tied such knots as boys are in the habit of tying in their whipcord or their packthread, they would be slipping every hour of the day. A knot, among sailors, is a large knob made at the end of a rope, generally by untwisting it, and then weaving the several strands together again one amongst another.

There are knots of all kinds. The bowline knot, when drawn close, makes a loop, and when once fastened to the cringles of the sails, they must break, or the sails split, before it will slip."

"What is a cringle, Captain?"

"A cringle is a small hole formed in the bolt-rope of a sail, by weaving the strand of a rope round itself in the shape of a ring; but I think I have told you this before."

"What other knots are there?"

"The buoy-rope knot, and the diamond knot, are very different, but both very useful; the diamond knot is used for the side ropes, jib-guys, and others. The double-diamond knot; the over-hand, or figure of eight knot; and the reef-knot, are all useful in their places. Then there is the sheep-shank knot, the stopper knot, the wall knot, and the single wall and crown knots, from which the double-wall, and double-crown knots are soon made. Some other day, maybe, I shall have something to tell you about cables. You know all about anchors already."

"Yes; we have not forgotten the bower, the stream, the kedje, the pilot, and the floating anchors."

"Well, now, boys, as it is time to get under weigh, I will tell you how to bend a course, or sail, in fair weather. Stretch the sail athwart the deck, the starboard side to the starboard, the larboard side to the larboard; bend yard-ropes to the earing cringles, and make fast the head-ear-rings a few feet up on the yard-ropes; bunt-lines, leech-lines. clew-garnets, and all the

jeer bent ; make fast a rope-band to each bunt-line, and leech-line leg. Man well the yard-ropes, bunt-lines, leech-lines, and clew-garnets, and run the sails up to the yards. The sail aloft, now send the hands up to bring it to ; let them haul out the weather earing, and then the lee. And, as it happens to be a new sail, let the hands ride the head-rope to stretch it. Now, the sail being hauled square out upon the yard, make fast the rope-bands, and keep the head of the sail well upon the yard."

"Ay, Captain ! Now you want us to sheer off again. Whenever you talk so that we cannot understand you, it is to tell us we must be steering towards Cape Academy."

"Why, boys, you would never think of being laid up in ordinary with the old sea Captain. You must get something better aboard than sea lingo. I might tell you how to stand clear of the cable ; to rig the capstan ; to lash a tail-block ; to sling a hammock ; to frap the long-boat ; and to dress a ship : but that would be of little use to you. Farewell, my hearties. Whatever else you learn, do not forget that the principal thing you should learn is, to fear God and to keep his commandments."

"Farewell, Captain, and thank you."



DIVINE SERVICE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Why the sea is salt—All hands piped on deck—Saluting the quarter-deck—The crew of a first-rate man-of-war—Sunday at sea—Hammocks piped up—Clear for muster—Beat to divisions—Inspection—Rig the church—The pulpit—The hassock—The congregation—Divine service—Drum beats to quarters—Reef topsails—Stand by the hammocks—Pipe down—Roll up the cloths—Call the watch.

“ Good day, Captain ! You are hoisting up your Union Jack. Ay ! Now it flutters about famously ! ”

“ This summer-arbour, boys, is my flag-ship, and

that flag-staff is her main-top-gallant-royal-mast. You do not carry the hospital-flag in your faces, boys, but the 'red flag at the fore.'"

"Can you tell us, Captain, why the sea is so salt as it is?"

"Remember, boys, that I am only an old sea Captain. Ask me what you will about ships and blue jackets, and I will give you an answer, and if you like it better through my speaking trumpet, why you shall have it; but as to overhauling the wonders of the wide ocean, it is a little out of my latitude. However, I think I can tell you why it is that the sea is so salt."

"Then do, Captain; please do."

"They say, and I think with some truth, that at the bottom of the ocean, there are mines and mountains of salt, and this salt the water is always washing away and mingling with itself. They state this as the cause of the water of the sea being salt."

"How very strange! What curious things are found out!"

"Curious indeed, boys; and they all show, plainer and plainer, the greatness and the goodness of God; for the saltness of the sea, and the wind and the tides, keep the waters in a healthy state. Pity but what sailors thought more of these things than they do, and glorified God more."

"Please to tell us how they spend the Sunday on board a man-of-war."

"I will, boys; but suppose, before I do this, I pipe all hands on deck, and call over the muster-roll of a

man-of-war, that you may know what they are, and how many there are of them."

"Do, Captain; do."

"There's one thing, boys, about the quarter-deck, that I have not told you of; indeed, for the matter of that, there are many, but one thing in particular. Every one, if it be the captain himself, that sets his foot on the quarter-deck, touches his hat. This is done rather to the place itself than to those upon it, though all who are there are bound to return the salute; and when a middy (a midshipman) goes there, and makes this salute, the captain is sure to return it. I have been to the quarter-deck, boys, when the admiral was there, and when I have taken off my hat, he has returned the salutation directly."

"Thank you for telling us that, Captain; and now you will pipe all hands on deck."

"Ay, boys, I will play the bo'sun for you, and you shall have all hands up in the order in which they are paid. He who has the highest pay will come first. Well! There is the captain, and eight lieutenants, a master, a chaplain, a surgeon, a purser, and a second master."

"There are two masters, then?"

"Yes, boys. Then come three assistant surgeons, a gunner, a boatswain, a carpenter, and their mates. There are twenty-four Admiralty mates and midshipmen, six master's assistants, a schoolmaster, a clerk, and a master-at-arms."

"What! is there a schoolmaster on board?"

"There is, boys! There are two ship's corporals, a captain's cockswain, a launch cockswain, twelve quarter-masters, five gunner's mates, and eight boatswain's mates. There are three captains of the forecastle, one of the hold, a ship's cook, and a sail-maker."

"How can you remember them all, Captain?"

"Easy enough, boys! It is all plain sailing to the old sea Captain. Next come the caulker, the armourer, three captains of maintop, and as many of the foretop, mast, and after-guard; with a yeoman of signals, a sail-maker's mate, a caulker's mate, two armourer's mates, a cooper, and twelve volunteers."

"How many different kinds of men there are!"

"Ay, boys, and I have not quite done yet. There are twenty-five gunner's crew, eighteen carpenter's crew, two sail-maker's crew, two cooper's crew, a yeoman of store-room, and four hundred and seventy-eight seamen, reckoning able seamen and ordinary seamen together."

"Surely you have got to the end of them now, Captain!"

"Not quite, boys! There is a cook's mate, a barber, a purser's steward, a captain's steward, a captain's cook, and a ward-room cook. These, with the ward-room steward, the steward's mate, the landsman, and thirty-one boys, make up the complement of the ship, leaving out the marines."

"And how many marines are there?"

"A captain, three lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals, two drummers, and a hundred and forty-six



privates. And now, boys, I believe you have got them all."

"How many of them are there altogether, Captain—marines, as well as the others?"

"Six hundred and ninety seamen, or thereabout, in a ship of one hundred and twenty guns, and one hundred and sixty marines; making, together, eight hundred and fifty."

"Eight hundred and fifty in one ship! Well, now, Captain, as you have piped them all on deck for us, you must now please to tell us how they spend the Sunday."

"I will sail on that tack, boys, directly. If sailors thought more of the sabbath, and valued it more than they do, it would be all the better for them: but I will tell you how the day is spent on board. On the Saturday, a double washing and scrubbing takes place on deck, so that every thing may be in order on the Sunday. You may have seen many a clean house, boys; but you never yet saw one so clean as the deck of a king's ship on a sabbath morn."

"That is a very good beginning, however."

"The captain takes care that as little duty shall be done by the men on the Sunday as the management of the ship will permit. He will not let a man be absent from Divine worship without a good reason for it. This is, perhaps, often done more to keep up discipline on board, than with a view of the men getting any good from the chaplain. I would not say an ill-natured thing, of either men or officers, willingly; but this is my opinion: I may be wrong."

"How do they begin the day, Captain?"

"At seven o'clock, the hammocks are piped up, and then you may see the Jack Tars all alive, every one loaded with his hammock and bedding, closely packed. The hammocks are stowed in the nettings, the ropes are properly coiled, and the men go to breakfast; and while they are at it, the word, 'Clean for muster,' is passed among them."

"Ay! They know what that means."

"Sailors are not dressed alike winter and summer, in hot climates and cold, on the sabbath and week-day, more than other people. At one time of the year, the word is given, 'Do you hear there; fore and aft! Clean for muster at five-bells; duck-frocks and white trowsers!' At another, 'Blue jackets and trowsers!' or 'Do you hear there! fore and aft. Clean shirt, and a shave, for muster at five-bells.'"

"What an odd sight it must be, to see them all shaving!"

"Odd enough, boys! When the first watch is called, at half-past eight, there is no hole or cranny to be found that is not swept out; for you must know that the sabbath day is a day of inspection, not only for the ship, but the men too, and every thing is as right and tight as hands can make it."

"It seems a strange thing to have an inspection on Sunday!"

"I must tell you of things just as they are, boys! As soon as the first lieutenant has had the reports from the mates and warrant officers, he loses no time in going

round the ship, to see, with his own eyes, that every thing is in order. The command, 'Beat to divisions,' is given; the drummer sets to work, and on the sides of the quarter-deck, the gangways round the fore-castle, and on each side the main-deck, the crews are drawn up in single lines; while at the after-part of the deck, under arms and in full uniform, stand the marines."

"Ay, the marines must be inspected as well as the sailors."

"The officer at the head of each division, and the medical men, then examine those under their care, to mark out such men as are untidy in their clothes, or ill in their health. All this is done before the captain comes, with the first lieutenant; and if the wind does not whistle, or the ship's timbers creak, or the water wash against the bows, you will hear no noise, except the voice and the footfall of the captain, for the men are as mute as mice."

"The captain is a great man on board a ship."

"He is, boys! Every captain in his own ship is a kind of king. Well! The men, the ship's cook, and cook's mates, in the galley, or kitchen; the soup that is boiling; the sick-bay, or hospital; the sick, the clothes bags of the crew, and every thing else, undergoes a close inspection; for the captain has the eye of a hawk, and there is a pretty to-do if any thing is found out of order."

"It would never do, if he was not particular."

"When this is all over, the next thing is to rig the church."

"Rig the church! What, do they rig out a place on purpose?"

"They do, boys! This place, in bad weather, is on the main-deck, aft under the quarter-deck; but if the weather be fair, the quarter-deck is the place for the church. You must not expect to find things on board ship just as you would in a church on shore; but they manage matters as well as they can. One of the binnacles makes a very decent pulpit; a binnacle is a wooden case, or box, containing the compass. Sometimes, a stand of arms is used instead, with a flag over it, and a canister of shot, with some gun-wadding, forms a tolerable hassock for the chaplain to kneel on."

"And where do the sailors sit during the service?"

"The officers sit on chairs, that have been carried from the captain's cabin and ward-room, and the men manage with their mess-stools, capstan bars resting on tubs, or with the gun-carriages, while overhead awnings are spread to keep off the sun. There is nothing like confusion or bad conduct; all is decent, quiet, and orderly. A pendant is hoisted at the peak during Divine service, and the prayers and the sermon are listened to in silence."

"Why, they are as orderly as in a church on shore!"

"Every whit, boys! Order is a part of their discipline; and without great attention to discipline, a crew of eight hundred men would soon be in confusion."

"What do they do with themselves after service time?"

"Why, boys! seamen and marines can no more do

without eating than you can. They have their dinners, to be sure. In the afternoon, they are left pretty much to themselves. If every other day of the week is a busy one, the sabbath day, at least the greater part of it, is an idle one. The sailors look as though they hardly knew what to do with themselves. Here and there, mayhap, you may see one reading a book, or spelling over a letter, but not often. Groups of men stand talking on the deck; some relate stories one to another; while others walk backwards and forwards on the fore-castle, or up and down the lee-gangways; and scores may be seen asleep."

"Poor fellows! the time does not seem to pass very pleasantly with them."

"At half-past four, they are all piped away to the mess-tables again, and then they are busy enough; and when, at the set of the sun, the drum beats to quarters, every man answers to the roll-call. The guns are inspected as usual; for that is a duty that is never neglected. The order, 'Reef top-sails,' is attended to; and next comes, 'Stand by the hammocks;' after that, 'Pipe down,' and 'Roll up the cloths.' There is then but another order to give, and that is, 'Call the watch.' And now, boys, you know how they spend Sunday on board the wooden walls of old England."

"Thank you, Captain! Thank you."

"The time may come, when sailors will be as much in earnest in praising God, as they are now in the discharge of their other duties; but the time is not come yet. What a glorious hallelujah a whole ship's crew

would raise—captain, officers, seamen, marines, ordinary seamen, servants, and boys, altogether !”

“ They would, indeed, Captain.”

“ Sailors have been asleep a long while as to holy things. They make preparation for every other port but the last they will put into, and of that their log says right little. Death, judgment, heaven, and hell, are subjects that blue jackets seldom overhaul. In his own good time, God will take away the scales from their eyes, that they may see. Look you here, boys, at my pocket compass, and see what God will do for those of stony hearts, when once their prayer is directed towards him in sincerity. ‘ A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you : and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.’ And again, ‘ As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways ; for why will ye die ?’ The old sea Captain has seen many a mariner spelling over the word of God ; and he trusts that the time is coming when thousands of them will rejoice in the gospel of Jesus Christ.”

“ Poor Jack Tars ! They are a hard-working set of people, but very thoughtless.”

“ Put them in your prayers, boys ! Put them in your prayers ! and when you grow older, you will find a way of lending them a helping hand. I feel for them all as brothers, and I want to see them going along the right gangway. There are more Bibles afloat now than there

used to be. Let us hope, and pray, and trust, that God's word will not only reach the hands of sailors, but their hearts. You have had another long spell, boys; so now tack about. You are in good sailing trim, let us see what you can do under a press of sail."

"You want us to 'sheer off' again, Captain. Thank you for all you have told us. Here we go, at the rate of nine knots!"

"Fair breezes, and God's blessing go with you, my young craft Farewell, boys, farewell!"





COMING TO AN ANCHOR.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Coming to an anchor—The American skipper—Sailor's library—Port of London—The wreck of the *Atalanta*—The great steadiness of Captain Hickey—Every one of the crew saved—Bells of the watch—Sailors' biscuits—Jack of the bread room—Box-hauling.

“HOA ! The ship ahoy ! You are coming to an anchor are you ? You have made land near the roadstead, and you are close-hauled on the larboard tack. You can fetch a safe place till the wind comes round. Mind, my hearties ! the top-gallant sails, courses, jib and stay-sails must be taken in ; then, with her fore-top-mast



stay-sail, mizen, and three top-sails, she'll stand on till near her berth. Let go the anchor! Veer away the cable! clap on the stopper forwards! Throw the bight of the cable over the bits, and clap the stoppers on aft! Now, my hearties, up to the yards to furl the sails!"

"Captain! Captain! You know that we cannot understand you."

"Not understand me! Why I have been telling you how to come to an anchor, and I might just as well have been singing out to the porpoises. Well, boys! what cheer? If you cannot palaver in my lingo, I must just join you in yours."

"We are come up once more to Cape Come-again to pick up what information we can from our good friend the old sea Captain."

"Pull up, then, at the larboard gangway, and come aboard. Let me see; did I ever tell you of the American skipper? a skipper is the master of a small merchant ship."

"No, Captain! you never told us: what did the American skipper do?"

"Whatever he might do, boys, there was one thing that he did not do; he did not do his duty: but you shall hear. The people at Nahant, in America, are well known for their industry. I have put into the port myself before now, with a cargo, and found the people ever ready to lend a hand in unloading and loading. An American skipper, on one occasion, returning from the banks with a cargo, passed by a vessel in distress. Indeed, for the matter of that, she was ready to sink,

and gave signals accordingly. The skipper, caring more for his cargo than for the lives of the men in the sinking ship, paid no attention to the signals, and continued his course. It happened, however, in God's providence, that the crippled ship, bad as her case was, won her way through the billows, and reached the harbour. No sooner was it known to the people at Nahant how the skipper had acted, than a party of them rose in a body, seized the skipper, and gave him a round dozen or two, as good as he would have got at the gang-way; after which, he was seized, tarred and feathered, and carted about the boundaries of the township, with a label hung round his neck, stating, that he was tarred and feathered for his hard-heartedness."

"Well, really, it did serve him right! he was a very cruel man for his pains."

"A shipwreck is a terrible calamity, and in such seasons, sailors ought to have every possible assistance."

"If ever we go to the seaside, when the ships are sailing away, or coming into port, we shall know more about sailors."

"You are right, boys! You are right, my hearties! Such as have never strained their eye-balls to catch the lessening sails of a vessel outward bound, and never welcomed her on her return into harbour; such as have never seen a ship with towering spars bending to the breeze under a press of sail, nor witnessed one dismasted, shattered, water-logged, and sinking, rolling a helpless hulk in the trough of the troubled ocean—

'One wide water all around her,  
All above her one black sky,'

have got a sight to gaze on, that would move their very souls!"

"A shipwreck must be very terrible."

"Terrible indeed, boys! nothing like it in the world! All that is grand and awful in nature seems brought together—the roaring tempest, the raging deep, the coal black sky, and often, too, the blazing lightning and the rattling thunder. Yet here the intrepid sailor does his duty. All that sailors want is God's grace in their hearts, and then they would live better lives, and die happier deaths."

"When you told us how Sunday was spent on board a king's ship, you said there were very few of the sailors seen reading. Is it the same on board a merchant's ship? Is there no reading there?"

"Not a great deal, boys; but there will be more of it by and by. There are many ships now, that are furnished with books, for the use of sailors, by the 'British and Foreign Sailors' Society.' I will give you a list of some of these, that you may know what kind of books they are. The Holy Bible, of course, comes first; for there is no other book in the world to be compared with it; and after that follow such as these, The Companion to the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Flavel's Saint Indeed, Bunyan's Holy War, Scott's Force of Truth,

Manners and Customs of the Jews, Boston's Crook in the Lot, and Burder's Sea Sermons.

Now, if sailors should ever be in the habit of reading such books as these, with God's blessing, it will steady them—we shall have fewer oaths and more prayers aboard."

"What should we do without sailors? We should never have any thing from foreign parts, and no trade could be carried on with other countries. They ought to be well taken care of."

"Great Britain is much indebted to sailors for their services. Look at the port of London alone. Why, between six and seven thousand ships, with cargoes from foreign ports, entered the port in the year 1840; bringing in the product of other countries, and taking away the manufactures and merchandize of England. There are not less than 15,000 cargoes enter the port every year; this you will say is a great number. Almost always there are as many as 2,000 ships in the docks and in the river, besides 3,000 barges, and small craft of



different kinds, in lading and in unlading them. In this account, I have not reckoned the wherries and boats for passengers, amounting to perhaps 2,300: at least 8,000 watermen pick up a living in navigating them. In lading and unlading the ships, mayhap, 4,000 labourers are employed; and 12,000 revenue officers find enough to do in the discharge of their duties. I cannot tell you exactly the number of men that the crews of the vessels amount to, but you will judge, by what I have said, that old England would indeed be badly off without sailors."

"Very true, Captain. What a figure that American skipper must have cut when he was tarred and feathered!"

"Ay! And what a figure he must have cut in his own eyes, afterwards, when every one threw in his teeth his want of humanity! The sailor who turns a deaf ear to a messmate in distress may find himself deserted when he wants a friend to lend a hand in misfortune. What does my pocket compass say, 'Love one another,' John xiii. 34. 'Be kindly affectioned one to another,' Rom. xii. 10. 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' Gal. vi. 2. And, 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy,' Matt. v. 7. Some time ago, I told you, boys, about Captain Murray Maxwell, but I never told you of Captain Hickey."

"No! please to tell us now: who was Captain Hickey?"

"A Captain that was wrecked off Halifax, in America: The American skipper brought him into my head. It was in November, 1813, that the Atalanta, commanded

by Captain Hickey, was standing in for Halifax harbour, when, owing to some mistake in the signal gun of another ship, she struck on the rocks. Away went her rudder, with half the stern post, as well as a part of the false keel, and some say a part of her bottom too."

"Ay, then she would soon fill with water, and go down."

"Down she would have gone, boys, no doubt, at once, but the empty casks on board in her hold kept her afloat till she was broken up by the waves."

"Were all the crew drowned?"

"You shall hear, boys! The captain, every inch a sailor, ordered the guns to be thrown over, but it could not be done: the jolly boat was lost, and the ship broke in two with the crash of the masts, as they went by the board. Many of the hands had crowded into the pinnace, but the captain, seeing the boat overloaded, ordered a part of them to return to the broken ship; and they obeyed as orderly as if nothing had happened. They would not have done this, boys, if they had not had confidence in their commander. For a time, the pinnace floated; but after that, it was upset: the men, however, behaved well, righted the pinnace, and got clear of the wreck."

"The men were gallant fellows! but what became of the captain?"

"With about forty men he clung to the broken ship; and when obliged to quit her, he sent off his men, by a few at a time, in the small boats, to the pinnace, and directed them to lie down in her, and pack themselves

as close as herrings in a cask. In this way, the boats were filled : there were eighty men in the pinnace, forty-two in the cutter, and eighteen in the gig. As to the broken ship, that went down just as Captain Hickey, who was the last man to leave her, stepped into the boat. The crew gave a hearty cheer when they saw their commander safe."

"Safe, Captain! Why they seemed to be in as much danger as ever."

"One of them happened to have a small compass, fixed to his watch as a toy, and it pleased God to make this the means of their being enabled to direct their course aright. They all landed safe, about six or seven leagues from Halifax, wet enough, cold enough, and cramped enough, after being stowed away in the boats like pilchards in a barrel, but still all safe. Those who were the most worn, and the worst provided, the captain took round to the harbour in the boats, and the rest marched across the country with their officers, as steadily as if no accident had happened. Officers, men, and boys, without so much as one missing, arrived at Halifax the same night."

"Captain Hickey was as brave a man as Captain Maxwell."

"About such another, boys! both were steady men, and excellent officers."

"What is the meaning of a bell on board a ship, Captain?"

"I told you, boys, (for I must get a little sternway,) that a ship's crew is divided into watches, and that the

space of time each watch is on duty is called a watch too. Well, then, the time is again divided into bells, or half hours, so that to 'strike the bell,' is the order to strike the clapper against the bell as many times as there are half-hours of the watch gone by. When sailors say 'two or three bells,' they mean that two or three half-hours of the watch have passed."

"Thank you, Captain; and now we have two or three other things to ask you. We shall be breaking up soon, and we want to take home with us as much knowledge about ships and sailors as we can get."

"Bear a hand, then, boys, for the old sea Captain must be after setting up his studding sails to cruise in another quarter. Bear a hand!"

"What are sailors' biscuits made of?"

"What are they made of? Why do you think Jack Tars live upon kickshaws cooked up with sugar and caraway seeds. No, no! Sailors' biscuits are made of nothing but flour and water, baked till there is no moisture in them. And now, as you know all about biscuits, you may set up to be 'Jacks of the bread-room,' who are assistants to the purser, or ship's steward."

"No, no! we will not be Jacks of the bread room. We will be sailors when we go to sea."

"Stop till duty calls you, boys, and then mount the ship's gangway as soon as you like; whether you have any thing to do with the bread-room or not, do not forget what my pocket compass says of the Saviour of the world. When speaking to the Jews, he said, 'I am the bread of life—He that eateth of this bread shall



live for ever,' John vi. 35, 58. And now, boys, the wind seems in the right quarter for Cape Academy."

"That is rather bad news, Captain; for we want to near a great deal more about ships and sea phrases."

"Say you so, boys; then I will tell you what box-hauling means. It is a method that we sailors have of veering the ship when the swell of the sea keeps us from tacking. We keep the helm hard a-lee, and haul off all, brace about the head and after sails, haul close for'ard the lee-fore and fore-top-bowlines, and up mizen, and down after-stay-sails. The wind acts on the sails thus aback, and the water on the lee-side o' the rudder, by her stern-way, boxes the ship short round on her keel, with her stern up to the wind aft enough for the after sails to draw full the right way to act with the helm, which we shift hard-a-weather when the stern-way ceases; so that the head-way, with the wind so far aft, brings the ship round on the other tack."

"Captain! Captain! What are you talking about?"

"About box-hauling, boys! We easily get down the main and fore-tacks when the wind is on the quarter and shivers (that is, shakes) the sails; the mail-sheet is easily hauled aft, and the after-sails braced up and trimmed sharp, as the ship brings the wind more aft, helping her round the faster, till the wind comes on the other quarter, that we may set the mizen, and mizen-stay-sail to take the right way to bring her to the wind, while we tend and trim the head-sails as she comes home."

"Ay! We must 'tend and trim' our head sails,

Captain, before we can make top or tail of such lingo as that."

"Shall I tell you how to 'slip the cable,' to 'stand on,' to 'shoot a head of a ship,' or to tack?"

"No, no, no! We understand how to sheer off without any further instructions, and that is the tack that you want us to go upon. So farewell, Captain! and once m're thank you for all you have told us."

"A fair wind, and a welcome port, boys : farewell."





HEAVING THE CABLE.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Cables—Nails—Ribands and Harpings—The severe captain—  
The strange sail—Chase and order for action—The refusal of  
the crew to fight—The captain's amazement and rage—The  
ship is boarded and taken—The stilling effect of oil on the  
waves—Pilots—Cats, hounds, bears, and horses—Weighing  
anchor by the long-boat.

‘ How do you do, Captain ? No wonder that you wear  
your sou’-wester and p.-jacket such a windy day as

“ Ah, boys ! cables may be strong, but storms are yet stronger. Man makes the cable ; but it is the Almighty who sends the winds abroad. No ship should go to sea without three cables, at the very least, one for the sheet anchor, and two for the bowers. A cable of a hundred and twenty fathoms may do very well in good anchorage ; but when a ship has to anchor in deep water, such a cable would be too short, for the anchor would then lie almost under her bows ; and if the sea was rough, she would be pitching about, and plunging with her fore part too deep in the water.”

“ What can sailors do, then, if their cables are not long enough ?”

“ Splice a couple of them together. A long cable will stand the stress of the ship better than a short one, and it allows the vessel to ride easier. It acts like a spring, and protects the ship from the sudden jerks that she must put up with, when she rides with a short cable.”

“ Yes ! That seems clear enough.”

“ Cables are not always made of the same sort of materials. In Europe, they are made of hemp ; in Africa, they are formed of long straw, or rushes ; and in Asia, they are often made of Indian grass. Let them, however, be made of whatever they may, they are frequently broken by the tempest, and yield as easily as tow or flax when touched by the flame. There is one cable, boys, that will never break, and that is the word of God ! What man does, and what man says, shall pass

away; 'but the word of our God shall stand for ever,'"  
Isa. xl. 8.

"What a number of nails there must be in a ship to hold it together! The cable and anchor keep it from being blown about, but the nails must be long and strong to hold it together."

"True, boys! to count the nails, used in building a ship, would puzzle you. The scupper nails are about an inch long; but the ribbing nails, used to fasten the ribands and harpings to ship's timbers, are well nigh a foot in length."

"What are ribands and harpings, Captain?"

"The ribands are the long narrow pieces of timber that are nailed on the outside of the ribs of a ship, and the harpings are the fore-parts of the wales that go round a ship's bows. There are all sorts of nails used in ship-building—bradded nails, clincher nails, copper, single-deck, and double-deck nails, flat nails, filling nails, plate nails, port, ribbing, rudder, and scupper nails, sheathing, tree, and spike nails; beside twopenny, fourpenny, sixpenny, tenpenny, twentypenny, thirtypenny, and forty penny nails."

"What a number of different sorts! and what long nails ribbing nails are!"

"Long are they, boys! what do you think, then, of the tree nails? They are made of wood to be sure. The ribbing nails, as I said, are some of them nearly a foot long, but the tree nails are often more than a yard; they are used to fasten the inside and outside planks of a ship to her upright timbers."

"All the nails in a ship cannot keep her together always when she strikes on a rock. You said the *Atalanta* broke in two."

"I did, boys; and many other ships have met with the same misfortune. You remember what capital discipline Captain Hickey had his men under."

"Yes, Captain."

"Well, then, I will just tell you what is related by a well-known and well-respected English captain. Discipline in the navy is necessary, but it may be carried too far. A commander may not only discourage his men, but he may set their hearts against him. If all the mutinies that have ever taken place could be seen as the Searcher of hearts sees them, it would be made clear that mutineers have not always been the only people to blame. But you shall hear my account. A captain of a certain ship of war, some years ago, made up his mind, come what would, to distinguish himself in battle: he thought this was the only way to acquire reputation. With this end in view, he had paid great attention to the discipline of his men, believing that he should thus render them more than a match for any enemy he might have to fight with."

"Well! he seems to have taken the right road to gain his ends."

"Ay, boys; it may seem so. But when, led by vain-glory and pride, a man tries to lift himself up in the world, his wisdom is often turned into folly. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall,' Prov. 16. 18. The captain foundered when he

thought of riding the billows with his sails set, and his colours flying."

"How was it, Captain? How was it?"

"Why, he worked his men too hard; he harassed and distressed them. There they were at their exercise, hauling at the ropes, running the guns in and out, hour after hour, and day after day, without mercy."

"That was too bad!"

"It was too bad. The least fault was punished with such severity, and so unreasonably strict was he in his orders and discipline, that the crew hated him. He thought of himself and not of his men; he wanted to make them, as it were, perfect for his own ends, and he succeeded in this; for never was a tighter crew seen on board a king's ship than they were. Every thing in the vessel was in good order, except the men's hearts, and they were burning with discontent and thirst for revenge. At last, an enemy's ship hove in sight."

"Ay! such a crew would be sure to get the victory, after such discipline as that."

"Yes! So thought the captain. Chase was given to the strange sail: they came up with her, and then it was that the captain summoned the crew. 'My lads,' said he, 'now is the time to signalize yourselves. Remember that you are British sailors; let your duty be done for the honour of old England: glory is now before you.' Confident of success, he gave the word, 'Clear for action!' and every man went to his post, and stood by his gun."

"Now there will be terrible work!"

"The crew all knew that the captain had set his heart on a victory, and they were sternly determined to disappoint him, and be revenged for his cruelty towards them. They were not afraid, but their hearts were hot for vengeance; and when the enemy poured in a broadside, they kept their places, but refused to return a single shot."

"Why, what would the captain say?"

"There the men sat, with folded arms, resolved on the course they had taken. The captain, amazed and enraged, commanded and threatened in vain. Nothing that he or his officers could say or do had any effect on them. He reproached and entreated them, but all to no purpose; broadside after broadside came, but not one was returned."

"Never, sure, was such a case as this before."

"The enemy at last boarded the British ship, and found most of the officers and men destroyed. The captain lived long enough to see the mistake he had committed; but at last he fell, just before his ship was taken."

"You have never told us any thing more surprising than this."

"The account of this adventure is given by Captain Basil Hall, in a much better way than I have related it; but enough has been said by the old sea Captain to show you that discipline itself may be carried too far. We are poor blind creatures, boys, when we give way to our own unreasonable desires; and never commit a greater folly, than when we forget that we are in the



hands of God. What says my pocket compass, 'He taketh the wise in their own craftiness: and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong,' Job. v. 13.

"You make your pocket Bible come in for every thing, Captain."

"And well I may, boys; for it has guided me when I have had no other guide, and comforted me when I have had no other comfort. It has given me light in seasons of darkness, and kept me steady in a storm. As I have made use of it to show the folly of the severe captain, let me now use it to rebuke the mistaken conduct of the disobedient crew. They refused to obey their stern commander: but God's word says, 'Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward,' 1 Peter ii. 18. They acted out of revenge, but God's word says, 'Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord,' Rom. xii. 19. Oh that we all regarded such Divine admonitions! God's word often stills the mind, as oil stills the waves."

"How is it that oil stills the waves?"

"That is more than I can explain, boys; but if, on a windy day, you will pour a little oil on a pond, when you are on the weather side of it, you may form some notion for yourselves. The oil does not make the water all of a flat surface, but seems to hold it together. When a ship is in a heavy sea, the waves break over her; but if oil were poured on the water, instead of

breaking over the deck, the billows would lift up the ship, so that she would rise and fall with the waves."

"Please to tell us about pilots. Does every ship take a pilot when it sets sail to a foreign land?"

"A pilot is only wanted on coasts and shores that are unknown to the master, and, therefore, he does not go the whole voyage. A pilot is a skilful seaman, who is qualified and licensed to conduct ships on or near the sea-coast, or through any difficult channels, and into roads, bays, and rivers. The navigation of a man-of-war is left to the management of the master, under the captain's orders; but if a pilot is taken on board a merchant ship, the master has no longer any command of her till she rides safe in harbour."

"A pilot must be a very useful man!"

"True, if he does his duty. If any sailor takes on himself to act the part of a pilot without being regularly examined and licensed, he is liable to a penalty; and if a pilot by misconduct loses a ship, he is liable to be struck off the list of pilots for ever. Remember, boys, that we want a pilot on land as well as at sea—a heavenly Pilot, to guide us through the rocks of danger and shoals of temptation.

"Guide us, heavenly Pilot, guide us,  
Till the storms of life shall cease;  
From the raging tempest hide us,  
Bring us to the port of peace."

"What else is there on board a ship that you have not told us of?"

"A thousand things, boys. Did I ever tell you of the cats that are there?"

"The cats! no, Captain. One cat surely would be enough to catch the rats and mice."

"Mayhap not, boys! however, let me tell you, that we have aboard cats; and hounds, and bears, and horses."

"Cats, and hounds, and bears, and horses! Why, what can you want with them on board a ship?"

"Cannot do without them, boys. Must have them on board ship."

"Do, Captain, please to say what you mean: you are laughing at us!"

"And why may not the old sea Captain laugh in his turn; he has been laughed at often enough in his time: but I will tell you, my hearties, about the cats; you shall know all about them. A cat, on board ship, is a sort of strong tackle, to pull up the anchor perpendicularly to the cat-head; and then, as I told you before, we have the cat-o'-nine-tails."

"Oh! oh! that is the kind of cat, is it. And now, what are the hounds?"

"The hounds are those parts of a mast-head which stick out right and left, serving as shoulders to support the frame of the top and trestle-trees, as well as the top-mast, and rigging of the lower mast."

"Now for the bears and horses, for they are the greatest puzzles."

"A bear is a square piece of wood, with pigs of iron-ballast fastened on it. It is used to clean a ship's deck,

when a holy-stone cannot be had. And a horse is a rope reaching from the middle of a yard to its arms, and hanging about two or three feet under the yard, for the sailors to tread upon when they are loosing, reefing, or furling the sails. So now you have hauled over the cats, and hounds, and bears, and horses."

"What are you looking at so hard through your spy-glass?"

"At a group of your messmates, bearing up against the wind bravely. My bring-'em-near tells me that they are hoisting signals. They have got a flag of some sort among them."

"Then we must have a scanper; for we are going to have a flag-staff and union-jack to ourselves. Farewell, Captain! We shall hoist it so that you can see it from Cape Come-again."

"Up with it, my hearties! And now weigh anchor. If by the long-boat, take her to the buoy of the anchor; put the buoy-rope over the davit of the long-boat, and a tackle on the buoy-rope, by which with the hands on the fall, the anchor will be weighed out of the ground. Heave the cable in on board! Now, as your buoy-rope and tackle are fast in the boat, as the cable is hove on, you will near the ship, and the anchor will be catted and stowed."

"Ay, Captain! Our heels are our anchors, and we can weigh them with half the trouble. Farewell."



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Quarantine—The sparkling of the sea—The grassy sea—A storm and a calm—A sail at a sea-port—Rowing—A French galley—An Algerine galley boarding a merchant-ship—Sailor's funeral—Ship-lanterns—Lighthouses—The Bell-rock—The Casket lights—The Dudgeon light—The Eddystone—Lizard Point—The needles—Portland—St. Anne's and South Fore-land lights—Salutes—Brailing up and hauling down a main-top-mast-stay-sail—Making a good board—Making sail.

“CAPTAIN! Captain! what a fire and a smoke you are making! Why, we saw the flame from the bottom of

the hill; and the smoke went up narrow at first, and then broader, like a waterspout; and at one time the union-jack could not be seen."

"The ship ahoy!"

"Hailing us again! Do you take us for pirates, or for an enemy under false colours?"

"Whence come ye? Where are ye bound? How can I tell but you set sail from Grand Cairo, or Constantinople? What say you to perform quarantine, boys?"

"What is quarantine, Captain?"

"All ships coming from foreign stations are bound to lie at anchor a certain time, in places appointed for them, without holding communication with the shore, except for such provision as is wanted. This is done to prevent the spread of any infection that a ship may bring from a foreign shore. And now you know what quarantine is."

"That is a very good regulation!"

"Well, I suppose you can give us a clean bill of health, and, therefore, I must admit you into harbour. Yes, I am making a pothier to-day, sure enough, burning all the weeds that have been pulled up in the garden. I warrant the flame put you in mind of a burning mountain."

"We said it was the lighthouse of the old sea Captain!"

"In that case, you should have stood on another tack, and not run on the rocks of Cape Come-again. What cheer messmates? what cheer?"

"We are come on the old errand, to hear a little more about sea affairs."

"What is in the wind, then? What do you want to know now?"

"Anything, Captain! Anything that you have not described to us."

"Have I ever told you, that the sea sometimes sparkles as though ten thousand lights were moving about in all directions under the waters?"

"No, Captain! what makes the sea sparkle so?"

"Different causes: myriads of small insects that live in the sea, and decayed animals, vegetables, and other things, give a phosphorus light that is reflected on all sides. I have sailed through the grassy sea, not hundreds, but thousands of miles. I never told you of that."

"No. What is the grassy sea?"

"A part of the Atlantic ocean, which on each side the equator is covered with a kind of grass. Swarms of insects and vermin live there. No wonder that sailors call it the grassy sea, for in some places it looks as though a man might walk upon it."

"But did you say, thousands of miles, Captain?"

"I did, boys. I have been in many a storm, when the ship at one moment seemed as if she was boring her way to the bottom of the ocean, and then again, in another, rising up as if she had a mind to mount into the air. And I have been, too, in a calm, when the vessel lay on the water as still as if she had rested on the land, with her sails as motionless as though they had been fastened against the sky."

“But is there no way of making a ship sail in a calm?”

“A steam-vessel can pursue her course in a calm; but how a sailing ship is to do it I cannot tell. A calm teaches us the value of the winds, which are servants of the Almighty, and obey his bidding. None but God has gathered the winds in his fists. I have been becalmed in a warm latitude, the deck almost as hot as an oven, the sun right over head, and the scuttle-butt empty.”

“What is the scuttle-butt?”

“A cask that stands on the deck, containing fresh water. The sailors lade out the water with a leaden can. You may get a little pleasant sailing, if you should ever go to a sea-port, without running much risk of a storm or a calm. A sailing boat, and a skilful hand or two to manage her, are always to be had. The sea shining like burnished gold upon the waters; the tide rolling along majestically; the sea, green, purple, greyish, and blackish, just as the fleecy clouds may happen to scud away the sky; the white, silvery, sparkling foam with which the waves are fringed, together with the fishing smacks, and the gulls, and the sea breezes, will give you great pleasure; and, perhaps, you may try your hands at rowing a boat yourselves.”

“Is it hard to row a boat? It seems to be very easy.”

“Almost every thing is hard, till we are a little used to it. I have seen many a young hand, when his oar — has lost hold of the water, pitch backwards into the



boat, with his heels high enough over his head. A little practice makes it easy."

"Yes! 'Practice makes perfect,' is written in many a copy book in Cape Academy."

"I dare say it is. If you learn to row, there is a little rowing lingo to make yourselves masters of: 'To get your oars to pass,' is to prepare them for rowing. To 'ship your oars,' is to put them in the row-locks ready for rowing. To 'lie on your oars,' is to stop rowing for a time, when you want to speak to any one, or to pay respect to a superior. To 'feather your oar,' is to turn the blade of it cleverly, so that it shall not hold the wind. To 'unship your oar,' is to heave it from the row lock: if you did not do this at times, in passing close to a vessel, your oar might break short. And to 'boat your oar,' is to give over rowing, and to place your oar in the boat. I warrant now that you will make tolerable freshwater sailors."

"You told us that a galley was rowed with oars."

"Like enough, boys; for so it is. Many of the French galleys used to have fifty banks of oars, twenty-five on each side, with six or seven slaves chained to every oar."

"What is a bank of oars?"

"A seat, or bench of rowers, is called a bank. The oars of the galleys that I spoke of were fifty feet long; thirteen feet in the vessel, and thirty-seven outside. If the slaves did not put out their strength, down came the lash upon their shoulders. Sad work, boys, for a heavy-laden merchantman to be chased by such an enemy."

"Why she would never get away!"

"Fancy, boys, a merchant ship, with a valuable cargo, and but few hands aboard, with an Algerine galley making after her, almost flying through the waters. The ship stretches every rag of sail, but the galley still bears down upon her, nearing her every stroke of the oars. Escape is impossible! A struggle must be made, a victory must be won, or death or slavery must be endured."

"What a state for a ship to be in!"

"On comes the galley, and when almost alongside, a horrible shout, from six or eight hundred throats, goes to the very hearts of the sailors on board the ship. The three hundred slaves yell aloud, and clank their chains; the prow of the galley is run right over the gunwale of the devoted ship, the pirates rush on with their pistols and cutlasses to the platform on the prow, and leap on the deck of the merchantman. No mercy shown! no quarter allowed! The crew must beat back their enemy, or they must give themselves up to the hard-hearted and pitiless pirates."

"What a picture you have drawn, Captain!"

"Oh that bloodshed and war were done away, and that sailors of all countries were Christian men, feeling affection one for another, and following after the things which make for peace!"

"Would they make as good sailors, Captain, if they were all Christian men?"

"Captain Parry, who went, as you remember, to the Polar Regions, would have cut but a poor figure there,

if he had not had good seamen with him. Well, he said on his return, that the very best seamen on board the *Hecla*, such as were always called on in trying cases, were those who had paid most attention to religion."

"Captain Parry ought to know, for he went through great dangers."

"He did, boys. A sailor should always have a heavenly port in view; for his name may be struck off the ship's muster-list without warning. The sight of a seaman's funeral is solemn enough. Wrapped up in a hammock, the body of the dead is committed to the deep, with a heavy shot at the feet; down! down it goes through the cold, deep waters!"

"Yes, that must be solemn!"

"I have seen this, boys, by sunlight, and by moonlight. Ay! and by lantern-light too."

"What! have they lanterns on board ship?"

"They have, boys; poop, quarter, and top-lanterns; signal, store-room, and powder-room lanterns. The new patent lantern, for signals and top-lights, will burn twelve hours without trimming, and give a capital light, let the lantern be in what direction it may. The lights in lighthouses are much better than they used to be."

"We have not many lighthouses, have we?"

"Oh yes, many! and I wish there were more. Let me see: there is the Bell-rock lighthouse, at the entrance of the frith of Forth and Tay. Many a good ship has been wrecked there, and many a one has no doubt been saved, through God's mercy, by the lighthouse that now stands there. When it was building, some of the

---

workmen were beat off the walls by the sea-spray, at a height of seventy feet."

"What a rage the sea must be in, to dash up the spray so high as that! What other lighthouse have we?"

"The Casket lights are three lighthouses, a few miles from the western point of the isle of Alderney; and the Cromer lighthouse is on the sea coast of Norfolk. The Dudgeon light is a floating light, lying about seven or eight leagues north of Foul-ness light, a little to the west'ard of the shoal called the Dudgeon."

"You have not mentioned the Eddystone lighthouse yet, Captain."

"No, boys, but I will mention it now. The rocks of Eddystone lie in the English channel, four or five leagues from Plymouth, and all the heavy seas that come rolling up from the Bay of Biscay, and the Atlantic, dash against them. Winstanley built a lighthouse on the rocks. 'Now,' says he, 'let the winds do their worst; I should not mind being in the lighthouse in the heaviest storm that ever blew.' We are poor, rash, sinful creatures, boys, when we trust in our own strength, or in our own works. Winstanley was in the lighthouse, during the hurricane of November, 1703, and before the night had passed away he was in eternity! The lantern, the lighthouse, and poor Winstanley were washed away altogether."

"Dreadful! He did not know the power of the waves."

"There is none but God that can say to the raging deep, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,' Job xxxviii. 11.

After Winstanley's lighthouse was gone, another was built of wood: it stood more than forty years, and then was burned down. The present lighthouse was built by Smeaton. If ever you become sailors, boys, you will bless God for a lighthouse, and you will do well, at all times, to pray to him, that his word may be a lamp to your feet and a light to your paths."

"Have you mentioned all the lighthouses?"

"No, boys. The old sea Captain cannot think of them all; but there are lights at Lizard Point, and at Lowestaff, and the Needles; beside those at Portland, St. Anne's, South Foreland, and many more. But now tell me how you managed with your flag-staff and union-jack."

"Oh, Captain! We could not make it do at all at first, for we fastened the flag to the top of the pole, and then stuck up the pole in a hole in the ground."

"Ah! ah! ah! You are rare sailors! And how did you manage to strike your flag, if you made it fast to the staff?"

"We could not strike it at all, so we were obliged to pull the pole down again. After we come back from the holidays, we shall have it up again, and manage it better, and then we will hoist the union-jack to the very top of the staff, in honour of our kind friend the old sea Captain."

"Thank you, boys! Thank you! But that will be rather an unseaman-like way of showing me respect. When sailors want to pay homage, they do it by hauling down, not by hoisting up their colours. Respect is paid

on board ship in different ways, by firing a number of cannon, by striking the colours or top-sails, or by giving three general shouts of the ship's crew, mounted on the yards and rigging for that purpose; but running up the colours to the very top of the flag-staff is a new method, introduced into the service by the flag officers of Cape Academy!"

"O Captain! how you do laugh at us! Well! we shall strike the union-jack, then, when we see your flag flying. A pretty mistake we should have made!"

"My fire is gone out, I see. The ashes of the weeds will do very well to lie on the ground, to make it fruitful. What a proof it is of God's goodness to us, that the perishing remains of the produce of the earth should render the soil more productive! There is none but a fool, that can say in his heart, 'There is no God!' whether he lives on the land, or sails over the watery deep. The mercies of God are 'new every morning;' and the more we know of his goodness, the more we shall love, obey, and praise him. And now, boys, will you learn the readiest way to 'brail up, and haul down a main-top-mast-stay-sail.'"

"Captain! We do not want to know any thing about brailing up and hauling down, for we cannot understand it."

"Say you so, boys? Then, perhaps, I had better tell you how to 'make a good board,' that is, to sail in a straight line, when close hauled, without turning to leeward?"

"No! no! that will be as bad as the other!"

“ Well ! well ! it will, perhaps, be best to let you into the secret at once of ‘ making sail,’ by letting out the reefs of what sail you carry, or by hoisting additional small sails. ‘ What say you to this, boys ?’ ”

“ We say that we understand you now very well, Captain. We are off. Farewell, and thank you.”





## CHAPTER XXVI.

Arrival at Cape Come-again—The note of invitation—Barbary dates—Captain's biscuits—Slavery—The garden—The summer-house—The goodly prospect—The pocket compass—The old sea Captain's address.

“GLAD to see you! Glad to see you, boys! But how come you to stand for Cape Come-again to-day? How is it that you are not riding in the harbour at Cape Academy!”



“ Oh, Captain ! You know the reason ! ”

“ You don't seem to bear down upon me with any unfriendly intention, though I saw that you carried as much sail as you could spread. This is the first time you ever entered the port on a Sunday.”

“ And we should not have entered it now, if it had not been for the kind note which you sent. We are much obliged to you, Captain.”

“ Why, for the matter of that, I am quite as much pleased as you are. Thinks I to myself, yesterday, as I hauled down the union jack, My young friends at Cape Academy will go to church in the morning, but they cannot go in the afternoon, nor at night, seeing that there is no Divine service within three or four miles of the place. There can be no harm, then, in my sending a bit of a note, to ask leave for them to take a cup of tea with the old sea Captain. Thinks I, we have never been alongside one another on the sabbath day, and as we have talked pretty freely together about sea affairs, why should we not have a word or two about better things ? I have no Bethel flag to run up on my flag-staff ; but that will not matter ; for the old sea Captain was never cut out for a chaplain. But come, haul down your top-gallant-studding-sails, and enter the cabin. You must taste what kind of biscuits I keep in my bread-room. This way, boys, this way ! ”

“ Oh ! how nice you have got every thing ! If we had been admirals, you could hardly have treated us better.”

“ Plain food, boys ! plain food, and a hearty welcome !

Sit down ! sit down ! But before we begin to eat, let us ask a blessing. May every bit that we eat, and every drop we drink, strengthen our bodies ; and God's grace dispose our hearts to live more and more to the Redeemer's glory."

"What are these, Captain ? they look very nice : what are they ?"

"They are Barbary dates, and I thought they might be a treat to you. Try them ! try them ! The date tree grows in Egypt, Arabia, the East Indies, Persia, Italy, and Spain. But drink your tea ! These are captain's biscuits, and you see there's plenty of them, and of plain bread and butter too."

"The dates are capital, and so are the biscuits, Captain."

"Help yourselves to the biscuits and the dates, boys ; and don't forget the strawberries : they are fresh from my garden. After tea, we will sit awhile in the summer-house ; for the air will be pleasant to us all. What a blessing is the sabbath ! It is oil and balm to a wounded heart, and like a cordial to one that is at ease. And what a blessing, too, is the house of God ! Well might David say, ' I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness,' Psa. lxxxiv. 10. Drink your tea, boys ; drink your tea !"

"There is an anchor at the bottom of all the cups and saucers, Captain !"

"Yes ! yes ! Old sailors like to be reminded of their calling. Come, another cup, boys, another cup ! If you

were at Sierra Leone, or off the coast of Madagascar, you would drink more thirstily. Try the dates and strawberries again, and the bread and butter. If I do not give you sugar enough, take up the pearl shell and help yourselves. The sugar is not of slave growth, that's a comfort. If you had seen what I have seen in the slave countries, you would be ready to bless God that slavery is done away in the British colonies."

"The sooner it is done away every where the better."

"Right, boys. He who deprives another of liberty, is unworthy to enjoy it himself. Now, one more cup, and then for the summer-house. The flowers smell so sweet, the air is so pleasant, and the bees and butterflies are roaming about so happy, that it does one's heart good to get out of doors. You shall have a walk round the garden."

"Yes, that will be very pleasant."

"Oh that we were all more worthy of the abundant mercies that surround our path.

"There's mercy on the sea and land,

In every passing hour ;—

In every breath of air we draw,

And every opening flower.

"Now, then, take a walk round the garden by yourselves ; and if you should find any flowers you like, so much the better. By and by, I will join you in the summer-house."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, boys ! you have had a walk round my garden ; now let us go into the summer-house together. There !

sit you down! sit you down! for I want to talk to you."

"Oh it is a pretty place! and then the garden and all the country round can be seen from it."

"It is, boys, a pretty place, and I find it a great comfort to me. Many an hour do I sit here alone, now reading, and then looking on the clouds of heaven, as I used often to do on the wide ocean, when nothing but water and sky could be seen; and then I call to mind how God in his mercy has preserved me in perils that thickened around me, and in storms that burst over my head. The burning heat of summer under the line, and the freezing cold of winter at the poles, have tried, but not overcome me; toil, hunger, and thirst have been endured, and God has covered my head in the day of battle. If ever man had reason, I have reason to say, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!' After all my buffetings on the billows, what a snug little port have I put into, or rather to what a snug little port God has guided me. His Almighty hand has sustained me, and to Him be the glory and the praise now, henceforth, and for ever.

"Life is a voyage, boys; and it becomes us to take good heed that we are not shipwrecked at the last. If sailors never think of venturing out to sea without their charts and compass, we ought to be doubly careful, who are bound for an eternal world, to examine with care the chart and compass that our heavenly Father in mercy has put into our hands.

"Look, boys! here is my pocket Bible, that I call

my pocket compass. As I told you about a ship compass, I will now say a little about my pocket compass; for it is worth more than all the ship compasses in the world put together. In my plain way, I will tell you some of the principal things it contains. At any rate, it will refresh your memories, if it does nothing else; and if, at some future time, what I say should occur to your remembrance, you will, mayhap, think none the worse of it, because it fell from the lips of an old seaman.

“ You are young, boys, and you have got, as we say, the world before you; but this is not the case with me: the wrinkles on my brow, and the grey hairs on my head, tell me that my time in this world will be short. A few more keen blasts from the north-east, and a few more sultry breezes from the south-west, and the old sea Captain will no more be seen either at sea or in harbour. It has been a pleasant thing to me when you have run up to Cape Come-again, for a little cheerfulness does an old man good, and it has made me feel very friendly towards you; this being the case, I want to call your attention to the blessed book which has been as a sheet anchor and a strong cable to me in many a storm.

“ Look what a goodly prospect there is around us! There is the valley: how peaceful it looks! Yonder is the common; and further on, the winding brook, and the wood, and the orchards; and in the distance, the blue hills, that lose their heads in the skies where the sun is brightly shining. When I was once lying at Spithead, on a glorious sunny day, I was struck with

the contrast seen in the faces of two of the men who were aboard. One was all hope and sunshine, and the other all despair and darkness. Now, what was the reason? It was this—there was a difference in their prospects: the one had reason to believe that he should be promoted for good conduct; and the other had no doubt at all, that on the morrow he would receive a hundred lashes at the gangway. A fair prospect for time is a good thing; but a good look out for eternity, boys, is a thousand times better.

“But now for my pocket compass. There is no other book in the world that makes known God’s will to us. It tells us many important things; but the two most important for us to know are, that we are all sinners, and that Jesus Christ died for sinners. Until we know that we are sinners, we never can see our need of a Saviour. Have you felt and confessed your sinfulness, and have you earnestly asked forgiveness of your sins, believing in Christ, and looking to him as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world? Your precious souls cannot be saved in any other way; for there is no other name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved, Acts iv. 12. Life is short; but your souls will last for ever: the value of the soul, then, is far beyond any worldly object. Each of you is bound for eternity: every day brings you nearer to the end of your voyage; it may be a short one. I cannot tell how short; the next day, nay, the next hour may finish it. What if we were all merchants, and could bring home ship-loads

of silver and gold! What would it profit us, if we gained even the whole world, and lost our own souls? O my dear boys! seek pardon through Christ now; for there are no pardons in eternity.

"This blessed book is God's word, which 'holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' 2 Pet. i. 21. No other book tells us of the creation of the world, and of God's dealings with the first inhabitants of the earth. When our first parents sinned by eating the forbidden fruit, God did not leave them to perish, but promised to raise up for them a Saviour; and this promise he made good in the person of Jesus Christ.

"The world was drowned for sin, but still the promise failed not. Holy prophets foretold the birth of the Saviour; and eighteen hundred years ago, Christ was born in Bethlehem. Angels bore witness to him, 'praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,' Luke ii. 13, 14. The wise men of the east bore witness to him, and 'fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,' Matt. ii. 11. John the Baptist bore witness to him, 'Behold,' said he, 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' John i. 29. And God himself bore witness to him, speaking in a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' Matt. iii. 17. Oh that we all bore witness to him, by ever living to his glory.

"Boys, what say you? are you thus bearing witness

to him? Is it your constant desire and prayer to be renewed in your minds by the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit, to be made new creatures in Christ Jesus? And is it your earnest wish, at all times, to show your love to the Saviour by keeping his commandments? Now, it is no use saying we should do these things, if all the time we are neglecting them: to know our duty, and not to do it, only increases our guilt. Boys, are you daily seeking God's grace to enable you to obey the precepts of the Bible?

"Jesus Christ declared who he was; he showed his love for children; he explained the law of God; he taught men to repent, and believe in him as the promised Saviour; he gave a new commandment to mankind, that they should 'love one another,' John xiii. 34. He healed the sick; gave sight to the blind; made the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak; raised the dead to life; gave up himself to be crucified for sinners; rose again from the dead for their justification; and ascended into heaven to plead for them, and to prepare a place for them in that world of glory.

"I have told you much about ships and sailors, and the deep sea; but I never told you any thing of them that could compare with these things. If it be not quite so pleasant to hear this account of my pocket compass, yet, remember, boys, this is the sabbath day, and bear with the old sea Captain. It is out of love for you that he thus dwells on sacred things.

"The gospel was written, that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing



we might have life through his name, John xx. 31. 'He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him,' Heb. vii. 25. Surely, then, we should take heed to the Holy Scriptures, and do as they require of us. We should love the Lord our God with all our hearts, and love our neighbours as ourselves. We should pray for repentance, and thoroughly forsake sin, and seek faith to believe in the promises of God. How humble and meek, how kind, forbearing, and forgiving ought we to be ! How diligent in business, and fervent in spirit ! How watchful against sin, and how thankful for the means of grace and the hope of glory !

"Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, boys, for the days of age may never be yours. A mess-mate of mine who had acted a cruel part towards his father, determined to go to him, to fall on his knees before him, and ask his forgiveness ; but he put off this good intention till he had made another voyage. 'Another trip !' said he, 'another trip ! and I will walk my feet off but I will go to him ; for I have been a cruel son, and he has been a kind father to me.' It was a good intention to go to his father, but a very bad course to put it off. Before he had been at sea a month, a levanter, an easterly wind in the Mediterranean, blew him from the yard, in reefing the main-sail ; he fell into the roaring billows, and was seen no more. Again, I say, boys, Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.

"It may be well to call to your minds, now and then, the uncertainty of life. Many of the green hillocks in the churchyard are six feet long ; but there are some

of them that are only a few spans. Think of this, boys ! think of this ! But it is not death only that should occupy our thoughts. After death will come the judgment. Whether we have died in age or youth, whether we have passed our lives at sea or on shore, 'we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ,' Rom. xiv. 10. The wicked will 'go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal,' Matt. xxv. 46. Oh that in that day we may be found righteous in Him, who died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring sinners unto God. He is the righteousness of all who trust in him ; for he is made of God unto us 'wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,' 1 Cor. i. 30.

" Now all these things are set down plainly in my pocket compass ; no wonder, then, that I should carry it about with me, for I cannot be reminded of them too often.

" How sweet it is to read in peace,  
The record from on high ;  
The promise of eternal life,  
To mortals doom'd to die !

" Remember, my dear boys, that the word of God speaks to each of you as distinctly as if each were addressed by name. It says to each one : ' You have sinned, and come short of the glory of God—Repent, and believe the gospel—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved—Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation—Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon

him while he is near—Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon,' Rom. iii. 23; Mark i. 15; Acts xvi. 31; 2 Cor. vi. 2; Isa. lv. 6, 7.

“ Thank you, boys, for your attention. I have long wanted to talk a little with you in this way. It would be a sad mistake in an old man, to teach and amuse you with the things of time, and to lose sight of the things of eternity. You must now have another half-hour in the garden; none of you forgetting, as you walk along, to try if you like my fruit; and then, once more getting under weigh, you shall leave with the warm-hearted blessing of the old sea Captain.”





## CHAPTER XXVII.

Cape Come-again—The first meeting with the old sea Captain—Account of a storm in the Bible—Ships of different kinds—Wreck of the Royal George—Ben Bowline, and Captain Fore-castle—Crossing the line—Loss of the Alceste frigate, and of the Neva convict ship—Captains Ross, Parry, and Back—The first voyage of the old sea Captain—Blocks of different sorts—Navigators, and Circumnavigators—Captain Hickey of the Atalanta—Cables—Close-hauling—Nails—Oil on the waters—Bidding farewell to the old sea Captain—Parting salute at Cape Come-again.

“ Ah ! Captain ! Here you are at Cape Come-again,

in the very middle of your curiosities. The man-of-war, quadrant, telescope, and mariner's compass; the shark's jaw, the sword fish, the pearl shells, and the red and white coral."

"I am in harbour, sure enough, boys; but there is good anchorage for us all, without running foul of one another. Glad to see you, boys! glad to see you!"

"Here are the cockatoo and the cocoa-nuts, the bamboos and bananas, the ostrich's egg and the stuffed chameleon, all in order, and as clean as if they were in a toy-shop. We are come to thank you for all your kindness, Captain, and to bid you farewell; for we break up to-day, and shall go home to-morrow."

"Oh! oh! If that be the tack you are sailing on, no doubt your studding sails will be blithely set, and every rag of canvass be stretched on your yards. But now, boys, let me question you, that I may know you are a little wiser than you were in maritime affairs. We have had some pleasant cruises together since we first sailed in company. Do you recollect our first coming alongside. I remember it as well as if it were only yesterday. You hove in sight in the roadstead, pretty near Cape Come-again, when the weather was hazy, and the wind sou'-west by south."

"Yes, Captain! you had on your p.-jacket; and we asked you what you thought the weather would be?"

"Ay, boys, and I palavered a little about a knot, and a sheet-anchor. I told you what 'bailing out water' and 'springing a leak' meant, and 'taking in a reef;' and we said something about a 'taught rope,' and 'shot

in the locker.' Mayhap you have forgotten the meaning of 'bearing a hand,' and 'going by the board.'"

"No, Captain! no. You opened your little Bible, too, your pocket compass, as you call it, and read us the account of a storm from the Psalms."

"You keep a fair log, boys. What else have I ever told you?"

"Oh! All about the different parts of a man-of-war, and catching a whale and a shark. All about sword fish, cockatoos, and chameleons, conger eels, and mother Carey's chickens; and then you gave us the account of the Essex, that was struck by a whale, and wrecked in the South Seas."

"I did, boys! I did."

"You described a jolly boat, a gig, a yawl, a cutter, a pinnace, a long boat, and a barge, as well as a gun-boat, a bomb-ketch, a privateer, a frigate, and a man-of-war; and after that, you told us of an East Indiaman, a brig, a schooner, a sloop, and a slave ship. Oh! that terrible slave ship, where the old man was left alone!"

"That was a terrible affair, sure enough. Have you forgotten the speech of the old bo'sun at the temperance meeting?"

"Oh, no! Nor the wreck of the Royal George, when poor Admiral Kempenfelt went down with all his men. Nor the long account of the ship Bounty, with Captain Bligh and the mutineers: when you gave us this last account, you told us about 'heaving the lead,' 'heaving overboard,' 'heaving at the capstan,' and 'heaving a flag aboard.' That was a strange account that you read

to us of Lieutenant Archer, in the Phoenix, full of sea phrases : it was just like a sailor's account."

"Why ay, boys! You are excellent judges in a case of that kind! you know a true sailor the moment he opens his mouth. How are your old friends, Ben Bowline, of the Macaroni frigate, and Captain Fore-castle?"

"Now, Captain, you are firing another broadside at us."

"Do you know whether honest Ben got a ship in the port of London? or whether he contrived to get any 'shot in his locker?' or whether any of his messmates spliced the main-brace for him? or if he ever bought a new lid to his 'bacco box?"

"Captain! Captain! you are too hard upon us."

"Why, you know, boys, that you thought you had found him out to be a true sailor, by his lingo! Do you think that he will ever again venture into the 'chops o' the channel?"

"You will never forget that land pirate, Captain. The very day that he deceived us so, you told us about a burning mountain, porpoises, and flying fish, storms, ice-bergs, water-spouts, whirlpools, mountains, and waterfalls."

"May be so, boys! May be so! And did not I say something about a telescope, quadrant, and compass?"

"Not then, Captain! It was before then. You described, at the same time, a breeze, a steady breeze, a gale, and a hurricane, and told us of the dreadful burning of the Prince East Indiaman."

"You are right, boys! You keep a better log than the old sea Captain. It was somewhere about the same time, that I ran through the account of the raft of the Meduse : that was as bad an affair as the other. We cannot thank God too often, boys, for being kept away from such dreadful trials."

"Do you remember, Captain, telling us about hailing a ship, and crossing the line?"

"Ay, my hearties ; and about oceans, lakes, mountains, and rivers ; as well as of the points of the compass, the latitude and longitude, the bower-anchor, the stream-anchor, the kedge-anchor, the pilot's anchor, and the floating anchor. I warrant you have spun some fine long yarns to your messmates, about what has been told you by the old sea Captain. I hope you remember the loss of the Alceste frigate, when Captain Maxwell showed so much resolution, and his men behaved so steadily."

"Yes ! yes ! If Captain Maxwell had not been a brave man, the whole crew would have been killed by those savage Malay pirates. The account you gave us of the Maria mail boat was a most terrible one ; for all the crew perished, and a missionary's wife alone was saved."

"Yes ! the missionaries died, but they died like men, or, rather, like Christians ; trusting for eternal life in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross. That shipwreck should never be forgotten."

"You told us, too, about the Neva, with the hundred and fifty convicts on board ; and explained the meaning



of the 'red flag at the fore,' placing a 'ship in stays,' and 'unshipping a rudder;' and then you said a great deal about life-boats, life-rafts, tackle, cringle, junk, bobstays, and halyards. That was the time that we showed you our man-of-war; and you said, the hull was broken-backed and lob-sided, the main-mast like the chimney of a steam-boat, and the sails just as stiff as if they had been made of cast-iron; and, what was still worse, you said, that if you had gnawed such a cock-boat out of a stool leg with your teeth, and rigged it at midnight without a candle, you should have been ashamed of it."

"Ah, ah, ah! Well, that was hard upon you, boys; but the old sea Captain loves a joke, now and then, as well as his messmates. What else have you heard from me?"

"All about Captain Ross, and Captain Parry, and the Esquimaux Indians, and the red snow, and the aurora borealis; and about Captain Back, the Chipewyans, and Yellow-knives, the fall of Kakabikka, the Great Slave Lake, the robins, the grosbeaks, the gulls, and the butterflies. You said the Esquimaux pulled their noses as a sign of peace; that they laughed and shouted when they saw themselves in a looking glass; and that one of them, thinking the ship was alive, went up to it, pulled his nose, and asked it whether it came from the sun or moon?"

"Come, I think you could spin yarns as well as old sailors can. Have you any thing down in your log about the first voyage of the old sea Captain?"

"Oh, yes! How you sailed from Liverpool in the Dolphin, and was overtaken by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. How the long boat of the pirate was swamped, and the pirate ship went down. How you met with a squall in the Mediterranean, and went to Constantinople, Alexandria, and the isle of Madeira.



LIVERPOOL.

It was at the last place that you saw that old convent with the chamber of skulls and thigh bones."

"It was, boys. Even now, it often comes into my mind. When God in his mercy takes away the fear of death, and gives us the hope of eternal life in his Son Jesus Christ, he confers upon us a greater blessing than the East and West Indies could purchase. I am glad, boys, that you keep so correct a log; for mayhap when you call to mind some of the dangers of the old sea Captain, you may be more mindful of God's goodness, and more ready to fear him, to obey him, to trust in him, and to glorify him."

"You told us, also, of the 'trade-winds,' and about 'scudding before the wind,' and 'scudding under bare poles;' and after that, we had the whole account of old Flog-hard, and the chase after the French frigate, and the sea-fight. Oh, it was terrible work, the roaring

of the cannon, the crashing and smashing of the hull, masts, and yards, the cries of the wounded, and the poor sailors, with shattered limbs, being carried to the cock-pit, with faces as white as the main-sail! You told us all about round-shot, grape-shot, canister-shot, chain-shot, and many other sorts of shot. It was almost like being in battle, to listen to the account you gave of it. You wanted to say nothing of a sea-fight, and to put us off by talking about red Indians, sallow Turks, and black negroes, palm-trees, bananas, and bread-fruit, walruses, white bears, sea-gulls, and mother Carey's chickens."

"Why, boys, I like peace better than war, and had rather go a voyage in the steerage of a merchant ship, than in the captain's cabin of a seventy-four!"

"You told us of about thirty or forty different kinds of blocks, some of them with very strange names. Bull's-eye blocks, fish-blocks, monkey-blocks, nine-pin blocks, and thick-and-thin blocks. And then you described the yards of a first-rate ship; besides telling us of spinning yarns, rogue's yarn, and the articles of war. The court-martial, that followed what you said of the yards, was a very interesting account. That was the same day that you told us of the Governor Fenner and the Nottingham steamer."

"Very likely! See how the union-jack is flying yonder on the flag-ship, in Summer Arbour Cove! When you are sailing in pleasant latitudes with your friends, look through your 'bring-'em-near,' which you know is a telescope, and try to make out the flag of the old sea

Captain. I told you about navigators, and circum-navigators, did I not?"

"You did, Captain; and the list of names was a long one. Columbus, Cortes, Magellan, Sir Francis Drake, Commodore Byron, Pérouse, Captain Cook, and a great many others; and then, after describing the helm to us, and explaining the meaning of 'bending a course,' you talked sea-lingo, about 'lashing the tail-block,' 'rigging the capstan,' 'frapping the long-boat,' and 'dressing the ship:' you told us a great deal of one sort or other."

"Ay! but there's quite enough left to talk about when you return from your present voyage, and come cruising again into these ports. We shall cook up something that will amuse the young hands, never fear. I shall turn over a new leaf of my log when you come back again."

"Among other things that we have heard at Cape Come-again, you told us the reason of the sea being salt. You then said that every sailor saluted the quarter-deck when he put his foot upon it; and after that, you described the sabbath on board a king's ship. There was the pulpit, and the hassock, and rigging the church; and the last thing was to 'call the watch.'"

"Did not I describe coming to an anchor to you?"

"Yes, Captain; and a strange confusion it was about 'fetching a safe place,' 'clearing the cable,' 'taking in the top-gallant-sails, courses, jibs, and stay-sails,' 'starting the sheets,' 'clapping on the stopper for'ards,' and a dozen other odd sea phrases. If we were in a

ship, it would be of no use looking to us to come to an anchor. That account of the American skipper was a capital one. Tarred and feathered as he was, he deserved all that he got."

"If we were all to be treated as we deserved, it would go hard with many. Do you remember the wreck of the *Atalanta*?"

"What! where the men were packed in the pinnace, like so many herrings in a cask?"

"The same, boys."

"Oh! it was Captain Hickey that commanded the ship, and a brave fellow he was. One of the men had a little compass fastened to his watch, and that enabled them to steer right. Yes! yes! We shall not forget Captain Hickey. You told us of the Port of London and of a ship's library; and after that you spoke of sea biscuits. Do not you remember telling us, that we might set up, if we would, for Jacks of the bread-room?"

"I recollect something about it, and a word or two was dropped about the 'Bread of life:' but I am afraid, boys, that in telling you of sea affairs, I have not said half so much as I ought about the Almighty Maker of the sea; and of his goodness, in sending his Son to die on the cross for sinners, whether they are seamen or landsmen. I ought to have led your young minds, more than I have done, to the consideration of his goodness and mercy."

"You have been very kind to us, Captain. It has been a great pleasure to us to pick up a little knowledge about sea affairs. We could make neither top

nor tail of the account you gave us of close-hauling. And then 'tacking,' and 'slipping the cable,' and 'shooting a-head of the ship,' were almost as bad. Did not you tell us, that a cable belonging to a first-rate man-of-war was two hundred and forty yards long, and that it weighed above six tons?"

"I did, boys; and that sometimes two or three cables were spliced together. when a ship rode in deep water."

"Ay! And you pulled out your pocket compass, as you call it, and read the account of the Saviour rebuking the winds and the sea; and you said, that the word of God was a cable that would never break."

"I am glad that you remember these things. But you must not forget what I told you about seeking the salvation of your souls. All the wisdom and learning in the world will be useless without the knowledge of the Saviour; for this is life eternal—to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent," John xvii. 3.

"Yes, Captain. We hope we shall never forget the good advice you gave us about our precious souls: it is our wish to remember all that you said. What a deal you told us about nails, and ribbing nails, and clincher, bradded, sheathing, and spike nails. Scupper nails are an inch long; ribbing nails are almost a foot long; but tree nails are the longest of all, for they are often more than a yard. What was the name of that captain who was so severe to his men, that they would not fight when they were alongside the enemy?"

"I cannot tell you, boys; for I never knew it myself."

"It was a very strange account, and no one who ever heard it is likely to forget it. The oil stilling the waves, was another thing that you mentioned; and then you told us of pilots. But the oddest of all, was what you said of cats, and bears, and hounds, and horses: only to think that we should take them for living creatures!"

"I hope you have not forgotten how to weigh anchor with the long boat."

"We never knew how, Captain! When you spoke of the long boat, we knew that you wanted us a long way off. The last time but one we were at Cape Come-again, you told us of a great many things. Quarantine was one, the grassy sea was another, as well as about the sea sparkling so bright as it sometimes does. You gave us a terrible account of an Algerine galley chasing a merchant ship, coming up with her, and boarding her: it was enough to make us shiver."

"You have given a very fair account. You have kept your log in a way that does you great credit, boys."

"What you said of the lighthouses is not forgotten; nor of the way in which respect is paid to another ship at sea. We made a sad affair of our flag-staff and union-jack; but we shall do better next time."

"Do you think that you are sailors enough to 'brail up and haul down a main-top-stay-sail?' or, to 'make a good board?'"

"No, Captain! no! but we are sailors enough to

‘make sail,’ and to ‘sheer off;’ for our playmates will now be waiting for us.”

“Like enough! You are all thinking of to-morrow. There is no cloud in your blue sky; all is clearness and sunshine. When I was a boy!— Ah, well! no matter, for I must not stand on that tack now. Your hearts are stowed with hope and holiday, and I will say nothing that will put a shade on your sunny brows. Do not forget, boys to pray for poor sailors.”



“Indeed we will not; and all the good we can do them, when we grow older, shall be done with hearty good will. When we have money enough to do as we like, a part of it shall go for the benefit of sailors, and



we will inquire how to lay it out in the best manner. You have been very, very kind to us, and we shall have a great deal to say about you when we get home among our friends. Farewell, Captain, and once more, thank you."

"Give me your hands, boys. Odd enough, that the weather should take on to be hazy, just now, as it was when I first met you! the wind sou'-west by west too. Give me your hands. Outward bound, as you are, fair breezes and God's blessing go with you! When your figure-heads are seen again in these latitudes, you will meet with a hearty welcome at Cape Come-again. And if (for life is uncertain) we should never all meet on earth again, may we all meet, when the voyage of life is ended, in the haven of everlasting peace and joy. That it may be so, let us all constantly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, depend on his grace, love him, and obey him; then we shall unite in the heavenly world in ascribing our salvation to 'him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever?' Let us part, then, in the hope that we shall all join in the song of the saints in heaven, brought there by the love of the Redeemer: 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen,'" Rev. i 5, 6.

The old sea Captain was seen, the next morning, gazing towards Cape Academy, with his spy-glass in

his hand. His deep bronzed skin set off the thin, silky, white locks, that straggled across his brow; and the mildness and steadiness of his demeanour was mingled with a daring-like look, which spoke of energy and courage. As the chaise containing his young friends ascended the hill, and just as it came to the opening at the turn of the lane, which commanded a full view of the summer harbour, the union-jack on the flag-staff was struck, a salute of six guns was fired from Cape Come-again, and the old sea Captain was seen and heard giving three hearty cheers, from his window, with his sou'-wester waving in his hand.



HS

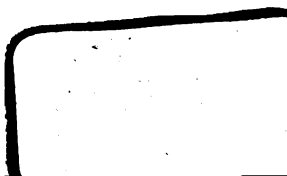
p

MS





JUN 27 1944





JUN 27 1944

